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SELECT

EPISTLES

OR

LETTERS

OUT OF

M. Tullius Cicero;

AND

The best *Roman*, *Greek*, and *French* Authors both Ancient and Modern.

Adapted to the Humour of the present Age.

By Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

Together with

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OR,

Letters between an ATTORNEY and a dead PARSON;

With Several

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Volo Epistolas *diligentiùs scribas* —— *presſus ſermo puriſq; ex* Epistolis *petitur.* Plin. Lib. 7. Ep. 9.

LONDON, Printed for *Sam. Briſcoe*, and sold by *J. Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1702.

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TO THE

Right Honourable

Sir *John Leveſon Gower*,
Knight and Baronet,

One of Her Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council, and Chancellor of the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*.

TO entertain your leiſure hours this Vacation, I have preſum'd to lay the following Collection of Letters before you, compil'd out of ſome of the moſt celebrated Authors, who whatever reaſon they may have to complain of the Injuſtice I have done them in the Tranſlation, cannot blame

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me, I am confident, for the choice of my Patron. As by aſſerting the Majeſty of the Crown, and maintaining at the ſame time the juſt Rights of the People, you have ſhewn your ſelf a Benefactor to the Nation in general, ſo 'tis but reaſonable you ſhould receive our Thanks and Applauſes: I know a true Patriot contents himſelf with the virtuous reflexion of having ſerv'd his Country, however that is no excuſe for our ſilence; and as uncapable as I am of managing a Subject ſo much ſuperiour to my Abilities, yet I have Zeal enough to undertake it, were I not ſenſible that thoſe Eminent Services you have done the Kingdom, ſpeak more eloquently for you than the moſt pompous Commendations.

Can any thing be ſaid more to your Advantage than that you were the Chief Promoter of the Self-denying Bill, and that you ſtood in the foremoſt rank of thoſe Illuſtrious Heroes in the late Reign, that ſo vigorouſly aſſerted the Dignity of the Houſe of Commons; and to make us formidable abroad, wou'd firſt make us a juſt People at home?

Can

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Can any Panegyriſt pretend to add to your Glory, after the beſt and wiſeſt of Princeſſes, the trueſt Diſcerner as well as Rewarder of Merit, has ſo effectually eſtabliſhed it, by taking you ſo early into her Councils, and giving you ſo many diſtinguiſhing Marks of her eſteem?

But theſe Glories and Services, that ſcorn to be confined within the narrow limits of a Dedication, will for ever ſhine in our *Engliſh* Annals; and although the induſtrious malice of an impotent Faction, whoſe conſtant Practice it has been clandeſtinely to calumniate that Virtue, which it durſt not look in the face, endeavour'd to blacken you and the reſt of thoſe generous Worthies, to whom we principally owe our preſent Tranquillity; yet, Heaven be praiſed, their Artifices were too groſs to be long undiſcover'd, the People are made ſenſible of their miſtake, and you with the reſt of your Friends already begin to taſte the effects of that gratitude, which not only this Age, but Poſterity will conſpire to pay you, while they have an *Engliſh* Monarchy to live under, and *Engliſh* Liberties to boaſt of.

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I cannot tell how far ſo inſpiring an Argument wou'd carry me, ſhould I indulge the noble Tranſport it gives me, therefore in a due ſenſe of my own Unworthineſs I will diſmiſs it before it grows too unruly for me. All I beg of you at preſent, is, to vouchſafe a favourable acceptance of the Trifle I now lay at your Feet, which boaſts of no other Merit than that it hath furniſh'd me with an Opportunity of telling the World with what Reſpect and Sincerity

I am

Your moſt Humble and

Moſt Obedient Servant.

THO. BROWN.

THE

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THE PREFACE.

HAving been concerned in two or three Collections of Letters, that found a better reception than I cou'd have expected, I was encouraged to attempt a new one wholly by my ſelf, and that I might the better ſucceed in this deſign, I reſolved not only to make my choice out of thoſe Authors, that are acknowledged on all Hands to have perform'd the beſt in the Epiſtolary way, but alſo to ſelect the moſt entertaining Parts out of them, and doe them all the Juſtice in our Language that I was capable of. How far I have executed this deſign, I wholly ſubmit my ſelf to the Reader, tho' I think I may, without Vanity, affirm that few Miſcellanies of this Nature, have been compil'd either out of better Authors, or can ſhow a greater Variety. For the Reader's farther eaſe and convenience I have likewiſe taken care all along to prefix the Argument before every Letter, that if he diſlikes one Subject he may turn to another that will give him more Satisfaction; and now becauſe it may not be improper to inform him what Authors I have been beholding to, I will briefly run them over, and give a ſhort account of them as they fall in my way.

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I shall begin with Tully's *familiar Letters, under which Name we are not only to comprehend such as were written by that excellent Patriot and Orator himself, but likewise those of his Friends that maintained a Correspondence with him The ingenious* Monsieur de St. Evremont *in a Discourse addressed to the* Mareschal de Crequi, *which begins the Second Volume of his Works, has very well observed that the* Roman *Noblemen, whose Letters are to be found among* Cicero's, *are rather superiour to his than come short of them, as well in point of Language, as the delicacy and justness of their Thoughts: And I believe the famous* Brutus's *Letter, which ushers in this Collection, will clearly show that* Monsieur de St. Evremont *has advanc'd nothing here but what is agreeable to Truth. Nothing certainly was ever written with more Impetuosity and Spirit; the true Character of an austere inflexible Republican shines in every Line, particularly the* Quid si nolit *has an Air of haughtiness and fierceness in it, which 'tis impossible to equal. Upon showing my Translation of this Letter to a Learned Friend, who to his incomparable Mastership of the* English, *has join'd no less a Skill in the* Greek *and* Latin *Languages, he was pleased to tell me that several judicious Critics looked upon this Letter to be spurious, and written by some Sophist, on purpose to try how he could personate that great Man, and their reason was, adds he, because it by no means agrees with* Brutus's *Character, who, as* Plutarch *observes in his Life,*

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Life, affected the Laconic *way, of which he gives us two or three Instances, whereas this is a prolix long Letter, and written in the Declamatory manner. But I begged leave to dissent from these Gentlemen, for in the first Place I think 'tis a plain case that this Epistle is infinitely above the narrow Talent of those sordid Imposers upon the World, the Sophists; and secondly, tho'* Brutus *when he writ in the Character of a General, deliver'd himself as compendiously as he could (and the Letters* Plutarch *takes notice of are only of that kind) yet what should hinder him, when he writ like a private Person to* Tully *his intimate Friend, and upon so important an occasion too, as that of* Augustus's *seizing the Government into his Hands, to give full Liberty to his Resentments, and display that Eloquence, of which he is confess'd to have been so great a Master?*

I have often wondred why some late Writers should censure Tully's *Letters for being too naked and jejune, when that to his Friend* Lucceius, *which the Reader will find in this Collection, is a plain Demonstration to the contrary? I own indeed that the generality of his familiar Letters, which he addresses to his Friends, are written in all the Simplicity imaginable, without that Pomp and Magnificence of Figures, which reigns in most of his other Writings, and so they ought to be, otherwise he had made an unseasonable Ostentation of his Rhetoric. Not but that whenever his Subject required it, we find he con'd deliver himself in a more elevated and figurative Stile:*

Tho'

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Tho' after all, I wou'd much rather read those Letters of his, that have the least Art bestowed upon them, than the most laborious Compositions of Balzac, *whose Thoughts, especially in his younger Works, are seldom just or natural.*

As for Pliny, *indeed, I confess his manner is too affected to please, and having formerly translated some of his Letters, without Success, for that Reason I wou'd venture but upon one of them now, which only containing general Advice how a young Gentleman ought to regulate his Studies, and coming from so great a Master as we must own him to be, I thought might very well deserve a Place in such a Miscellany as this.*

And now 'tis time I should say something of Aristænetus, *some of whose Letters I publish'd about two Years ago in the first Volume of* Voiture, *and unless my Friends flatter'd me, were some of the most diverting in that Collection. This encouraged me to bestow a second reading upon him, to see whether I cou'd not find a few more in him that deserved to be put into an* English *Dress, and I hope I have made no injudicious Choice. As for the Author himself, no ancient Writer that I know of makes the least mention of him, however, it plainly appears by a Passage in his* Epist. 26. l. 1. *that he liv'd after the Translation of the Empire to* Constantinople; *for he not only talks of* Caramallus, *the famous* Pantomime, *whom we find mentioned by* Sidonius Apollinaris, *who flourish'd a little after him, but he speaks of old and new* Rome, *which latter was the Name*

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Name of Byzantium *under the* Greek *Emperors. To speak impartially of him, he is little better than a purloyner of the Authors before him, particularly of* Plato *and* Lucian, *whose Phraſes as well as Thoughts he often borrows, and inſerts among his own. In ſhort, he gives good hints, and that is all, for moſt of the pleaſantry that the Reader will find in his Letters, is entirely my own.*

After him come Balzac *and* Voiture, *of whom I will ſay the leſs, becauſe their Characters are ſo well known. Both of them were undoubtedly Men of Wit and Eloquence, but their greateſt defect, in my opinion, is the little or no Variety that any obſerving Reader muſt needs diſcover in them: for* Balzac *is an everlaſting dealer in* Hyperboles; *and as for* Voiture, *if we except ſome few of his Letters, that are truly elevated and ſublime; to rob him of his dearly beloved* Irony, *is to take away from him at once all that is either beautiful or agreeable in him. As it was my deſign to pick out their beſt Compoſitions of this nature, I wou'd not rely upon my own Judgment, but ſuffer'd my ſelf to be govern'd by* Monſieur Perrault, *who having made it his Buſineſs in his* Parallele des Anciens & des Modernes, *to bring ſome of his own Countrymen into the Liſt with the Ancients, we may be ſure wou'd take care to ſingle out their moſt ſhining Performances; tho' for my part I think he had done more wiſely to have let this Controverſy alone, and not engaged his* French *Authors in a Competition, which has turn'd ſo much to their Diſadvantage.*

The

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The Chevalier de Her *** *commonly ſuppos'd to be the famous* Monſieur Fontenelle *under that feign'd Name, and* Monſieur de Pays *come after them. 'Tis certain they have more Variety and Humour than* Voiture, *tho' they fall infinitely ſhort of him in the Elegance and Purity of their diction, in the elevation of their Thoughts, and fineneſs of their Raillery. However, the Subjects they write upon are generally well choſen and diverting, and their management of them pleaſant enough, ſo that one may juſtly ſay of them, that they are no ill Copiers of* Voiture *in the Comic way.*

To acquaint the Reader now with the Method I have obſerv'd in my tranſlating of theſe Authors, I am to inform him that in the Latin *Letters, as likewiſe in thoſe of* Balzac *and* Voiture, *I have allowed my ſelf no greater a Freedom than what any Man may be ſuppoſed to take, that wou'd make it his buſineſs to pleaſe. I have neither added to them nor retrench'd from them, but only endeavour'd to do them Juſtice in* Engliſh. *As for* Ariſtænetus, Fontenelle, *and* Monſieur de Pays, *I have not ſo religiouſly kept up to their Originals, but frequently left out what I thought improper, and inſerted a great deal of my own as I ſaw occaſion.*

I intended at firſt that one half at leaſt of this Volume ſhould have conſiſted of Original Letters of my own, but having ſwell'd it unawares to a much greater Bulk than I imagin'd, I was forced to drop that deſign, and content my ſelf only

only with two or three, which the Reader will find at the Concluſion. Not but that the tranſlating of moſt of the French *Letters gave me as much trouble as if I had written them out of my own Fund. However, if this Collection has the good Fortune to pleaſe, (and I may ſafely ſay that no care has been wanting on my ſide to make it ſucceed) I may take an occaſion to publiſh a Set of my own Letters next Winter, addreſſed to ſeveral Gentlemen of my Acquaintance in Town, wherein I hope to make it appear that we come not much ſhort of our Neighbours, even in this way of writing, as 'tis plain we have out-done them in moſt of the reſt.*

I have nothing more to add, but only to ſay a word or two about the Certamen Epiſtolare *between the Attorney and the dead Parſon. I had the firſt hint of it a few years ago at one of our Univerſities, where a Frolick of that nature was actually play'd, and pleas'd me ſo well, that I was reſolved to attempt ſomething of the kind whenever I had a proper Opportunity. By an unlucky Miſtake theſe two Sheets were delivered to the Preſs, before I had given them the laſt finiſhing Strokes, and printed off while I was in* Suffolk, *for which reaſon more Faults have eſcaped in them, than in the whole Book beſides, which the Reader is deſir'd to correct out of the Table of the* Errata.

Er-

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ERRATA.

PAge 5. l. 14. for *our* read *his*. p. 22. l. 19. after *that*, add *it*. p. 37. l. 5. after *time* make a Comma and not a Point. p. 173. instead of what follows after *Husband* to *Estate*, read *who should only propose to himself the fingering of her Money*.

In the *Certamen Epistolare*, p. 184. l. 14. after *Plantin's*, read *Grand-mother*. p. 193. l. 20. for *now* read *meer*. p. 194. l. 3. for *de robustâ naturâ*, read *de Elasticitate materiæ primæ*. Ibid. l. 18. for *her* read *the*. Ibid. l. 23. dele Comma after *Mandevil's*. p. 197. l. 20. after *that*, add *one of my Function*. Ibid. l. 22. after *that a*, add *Person in Holy Orders*. p. 199. l. 11. after *de usu*, read *de usu Microscoporum in Controversiis Ecclesiasticis*. Ibid. l. 18. for *Glandula Pinealis* read *and the Aspera Arteria*.

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SELECT LETTERS OUT OF TULLY.

Brutus *to* Cicero.

The Argument.

After Cæsar *had been assassinated in the Senate-house,* Octavius, *who was then about* 18 *years old, was sent for out of* Epirus, *and desired to take the Government into his Hands. Among the rest,* Cicero *made his Court to young* Octavius, *and recommended his Friend* Brutus, *and those of his Party, to his Protection; for which* Brutus, *who was zealous for the Republick, quarrels with him in this Letter. 'Tis written with a great deal of Fire and Vehemence; and fully answers the Character that Antiquity gives us of that great disinterested Man.*

I Received by our Friend *Atticus* the Parcel of Letters which you sent to *Octavius.* Your Affection and

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Concern for my *Safety*, gives me no *new* Pleaſure, becauſe I *daily* receive *freſh* Inſtances from all Hands of your Friendſhip, and hear how *zealouſly* you ſpeak in behalf of your *abſent* Friend; but 'tis impoſſible for me to tell you how much I was *grieved* at that part of your Letter directed to *Octavius*, wherein you take occaſion to mention *me* to *him*. What ſhall I ſay? I am *aſhamed* both of my Condition and Fortune: However, I muſt write on. You recommend me to his *Protection*: Gods! what Death is not preferable to ſuch a *Servitude*? And you *thank* him for his great *Care* of the Republick in ſo *abject* and ſo *ſubmiſſive* a Strain, that one would conclude from what you write, that the *Tyranny* was not *extinguiſhed*, but only the *Tyrant* chang'd. Reflect a little upon your *Words*; and deny if you can, that this is the *Language* of a crouching *Slave* to a haughty *King*. You tell him there is one thing *required* and expected from him; that is, that he would be pleaſed to take into his *protection* thoſe Citizens, of whom the People of *Rome* have a *good* Opinion: But what if he *won't*? muſt we

we therefore be treated like *Out-laws*? For my part, I think it much *better* not to *be* at all, than to *owe* my Being to him. I can never believe that *Heaven* has ſo far abandoned the *Roman* People, and the *Preſervation* of our Empire, that ſuch a one as *Octavius* ought to be *petition'd* for the Life of any one ſingle *Citizen*, much leſs for that of the *Deliverers* of all *Mankind*. I am proud to uſe this *magnificent* Language: and certainly a Man is *allow'd* to do it, when he talks to *thoſe* that neither know what they are to *fear* or *ask* for others. But this you'll tell me, is in *Octavius*'s Power, and are his Friend: but if you have any *Kindneſs* for me, can you wiſh to ſee me in *Rome*, ſince you have begg'd leave of a *Boy* to ſuffer me to live there? What occaſion is there for you to *throw* away ſo many *Compliments* upon him, if he muſt be intreated and humbly *petitioned* to *grant* us our *Lives*, which we never *forfeited*? Or do you think that he looks upon it as an Obligation, that for the obtaining ſuch a Favour, you addreſs your ſelf to him rather than to *Antony*? What Man in his *right* Senſes

ever asked the *Succeſſor*, much more the *Aſſerter* of another Man's *Tyranny*, that he would be *pleaſed* forſooth not to cut the Throats of thoſe that have beſt *deſerved* of the Common-wealth. Now this *ſcandalous* Weakneſs and Deſpair, for which you are no leſs to be *blamed* than the reſt of your Complexion, ſee what bleſſed Effects it has produced: It firſt of all taught *Cæſar* to *aſpire* to the Empire, and after his Death *incited Anthony* to purſue the ſame *Deſigns*; and now at laſt has ſo far *incouraged* the Ambition of a young beardleſs *Stripling*, that you muſt *humbly* beg him to ſpare the *Lives* of the *Defenders* of the common Liberty, and we muſt depend upon the *Mercy* of one, who cannot as yet ſtile himſelf *Man*. But if we would remember that we have the *Blood* of the ancient *Romans* in our *Veins*, theſe arrogant *Uſurpers* ſhould not be ſo forward to eſtabliſh their Greatneſs at the *Expence* of the *Publick*, as we to *pluck* them down; neither would *Anthony* be ſo much *encouraged* by *Cæſar*'s invading the *Sovereignty*, to attempt the *like* after him, as *deterred* and *humbled* by reflecting upon his *Fall*. You

You that have born the *Conſular* Dignity in your time, and ſtickled *earneſtly* for thoſe generous *Patriots*, who if they are once *brought under*, I am afraid your *deſtruction* will not be far off, how can you look back upon your *paſt* Actions, and either *approve* the *preſent* Villanies, or behave your ſelf ſo *ſneakingly* and *ſubmiſſively*, as at leaſt to ſeem to *approve* them? Tell me what private *Quarrel* you have to *Antony*? why becauſe he wou'd have our *lives* in his *Power*, becauſe he would have us *petition* him for our *Protection* who had received his Liberty from us; in ſhort, becauſe he would *trample* upon our *Liberties*, and *govern* the Common-wealth in an *arbitrary* manner. Then you thought it *neceſſary* for us, to take up Arms to *prevent* his Tyranny; and now we have *prevented* him, muſt we be ſuch *Slaves* to *deſire* another to *take* his place, or elſe *manfully* aſſert the *Rights* of the Republick; unleſs after all it can be ſaid, that we had no *averſion* to *Slavery*, but only to the manner of it. If this had been our *Caſe*, we could not only have preſerved our *Fortunes*, under that *righteous* Maſter *Antony*, but ſhared the chief *Employments* and *Dignities* of the

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State; and this treatment we might well *expect* to find from him, since our *passive abject* behaviour would have been the greatest *security* to his *Usurpation*; but no *Bribe* was great enough to make us *prostitute* either our fidelity or liberty. This very *Boy*, whom *Cæsar*'s Name seems to stir up against *Cæsar*'s Murderers, what would he not *give*, if we were capable of being *bribed*, that he might set up an absolute *Authority* by our *means* and *assistance*, as it is probable he will soon do, because we are *content* barely to *live*, to keep our *Estates*, and retain the empty *name* of *Senators*. Why did we *dispatch Cæsar*, or to what purpose did we so much *rejoice* at his *death*; if after we have removed him out of the way, we can resolve to carry Fetters, and take no care to prevent our *Slavery*. But may Heaven take *every* thing from me, even what the World reckons the *dearest*, rather than that *greatness* of mind, which not only *forbids* me to *suffer* that in the *Heir* of him whom I kill'd, which I could not *bear* in the Usurper himself, but not even in my own *Father*, were he now alive; I mean, to assume to himself a despotic *Power* over the

Laws

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Laws and the *Senate*, and I to ſtand *tamely* by and ſee it. Can you be ſo *vain*, as to imagine that others will have *better* quarter from him, if we cannot be allowed to live at *Rome* without his *permiſſion*: Beſides, how can you think to *obtain* that which you *deſire* of him: You ask him that he would be pleaſed to let us *live* in *ſafety*; do you think we receive our *ſafety* from him, if we receive our Lives, and how can we be ſaid to *receive* the latter, if we are forced to throw up our *Dignity* and our *Liberty*. Perhaps you fancy that to live at *Rome* is to live in *ſafety*; Alaſs! 'tis not the *place* I value, if the *thing* be wanting; I never look'd upon my ſelf to be *ſafe* while *Cæſar* was *alive*, till I had *fairly rid* the World of him; neither will I be a *baniſhed* man if I can *help it*, while I hate *Servitude*, and the tame bearing of *Affronts*, above all the *Plagues* in the Univerſe. In the *Græcian* Republics, when they *knocked* any *Tyrant* on the *head*, they uſed to ſerve his *Children* the ſame *ſawce*; and are not we the moſt abandon'd *Sots* that ever *crawl'd* upon all *four*, if we can ſtoop to *flatter* the Man that has taken a *Tyrant's* Name upon himſelf, we, I ſay,

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that were the *Deſtroyers* and *Puniſhers* of *Tyranny*? Do you think that I have any regard for that City, or indeed believe it deſerves the *Name* of one, that would not *accept* of *Liberty* when it was ſo *fairly put* into its hands, nay is rather inclined to *truckle* to a *Boy*, whoſe *Father* was *ſerved* according to his *merits*, becauſe he has aſſum'd the Name of *Cæſar*, than to *aſſert* its own Freedom, eſpecially ſince it has ſo *freſh* and *recent* an Example before its Eyes, of an *Uſurper*, who wanted no *Power* to ſupport him in his *Pretenſions*, that was taken off by the *bravery* of a *few* perſons. Therefore let me deſire you for the future to *recommend* me no more to your *new* Lord and Maſter, nor indeed your ſelf, if you'll be rul'd by me. You ſet too *high* a value upon the *few* years you have to live, if you can *condeſcend* to *ſupplicate* a Boy, that he would be *graciouſly* inclin'd to let the *Candle* burn out to the *Snuff*. You behaved your ſelf very *bravely* againſt *Antony*, and ſtill continue to do ſo, for which reaſon I would not have you *forfeit* your old *Reputation*, or give the World any occaſion to ſuſpect your want of *Conſtancy*; for if you can ſo *vilely* ſneak to *Octavius*, whom you have

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have, I find, *desired* to be *merciful* to us, People will be apt to conclude, that you are not out of *love* with a *Tyrant*, but are only for having his *Nails pared*. As for your *commending* him for what he has already done, I own indeed the Actions are *praise-worthy*, cou'd I be satisfied that the *end* of 'em was to *repress* another's Usurpation, and not to *establish* his own. But when you carry matters so *far*, as to tell me, that it is not only *convenient*, but *necessary* to *petition* him in our behalf, take my word for it, you pass a *Compliment* upon the *young* Gentleman, which he never *deserved*: You bestow that very *Power* upon him which I thought the *Republick* had obtained by his means; besides you don't consider, that if *Octavius* deserves our *esteem*, because he makes *War* upon *Antony*; the *Roman* People, tho' they bestowed all they have, yet they can never sufficiently *recompence* those who *cut* off that Monster's *Head*, of which that *Fellow* and his *Party* are only the *Tail*. This may let you see how much farther our *fear* carries us than our *gratitude*, because *Antony* is still alive and in Arms. As for *Cæsar*, all that cou'd or ought to be done

to

to him is *paſt*, and cannot be *recalled*: But is *Octavius* one of that *bulk*, that the *whole Roman* People muſt *ſtay* to ſee how he will be *pleaſed* to uſe us; or are *we* ſuch contemptible Wretches, that *one* Man muſt humbly be *implored* to grant us our *lives*? As for me, to return to my ſelf, I am of that *temper*, that I not only *ſcorn* to *ſupplicate* him, but will do all that lies in my power to hinder others from doing the like: However I will take care to get out of the Neighbourhood of *ſupple* Slaves. In whatever *place* I am, that *place* I ſhall fancy to be *Rome*, and ſhall heartily *pitty* ſuch as you, who can neither be taught by your *Age*, nor by your *Quality*, nor yet by the *Examples* of brave gallant Men, to deſpiſe a vile, naſty, precarious life. To be plain with you, I ſhall think my ſelf ſo *happy*, if I can keep up to this *vertuous* Reſolution, that I ſhall think my duty and ſervices to my Country overpaid: For what greater *pleaſure* can we enjoy, than the *remembrance* of honourable Actions, and under the happy contemplation of our *Liberty*, to deſpiſe the *vain* greatneſs of the World? I

am

am fully resolved not to run with the *Populace*, or be carried down the *Stream* with a Herd of tame *passive* Fools, or overcome by such as are willing to be made *Slaves*. I will still oppose our Usurpers, I will *try* all Expedients, and leave nothing unattempted to *free* my Country from *Servitude*. If my Desires are crowned with *success*, as they deserve, we shall all *rejoice*: But if it happens otherwise, I shall not *repent* of my labour; for how can any Man *better* imploy his time or thoughts, than in setting his Country at *liberty*? Therefore I conjure you, my dear *Cicero*, not to be *cast down* or *discouraged*, and while you endeavour to avert the *present* Evils, cast your Eye upon the *future* too, unless you have already *provided* against them, least they should surprize you *unawares*. Take this for granted, that without *constancy* and *resolution*, all your bravery and freedom of mind, with which both when a *Consul*, and now when a *Senator*, you *asserted* the *Rights* of the Republick, will be reckon'd as nothing. The Case of an *experienced* Virtue is much *harder*

er than that of one that is not *known*. We consider their Services as so many *Debts* or *Earnests* of future *Payments*; and if they don't answer our *Expectations*, we proclaim them *Bankrupts*, and look upon them as *Cheats*. For this reason, when we find *Cicero* to oppose *Antony*, although it deserves our highest *Commendations*, yet because the *former* is in all respects superiour to the *latter*, no one wonders at it. If the same *Cicero* who chased *Anthony* with so much Resolution and Gallantry, should be found *warping* in his Conduct towards others, he will not only *rob* himself of all his past *Glory*, but utterly *efface* the *Memory* of it; for what can be called *perfect* where *Constancy* is wanting? And to be plain with you, no one is more obliged than you, to stand up for the *Common-wealth*, and to maintain its *Liberty*; not only in regard of your own great *Qualities* and past *Actions*, but the *Wishes* and *Expectations* of all that know you. In a word, you need not trouble your self about petitioning *Octavius* to protect us: Rather rouze up your

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your self, and doubt not but that City where you have performed so many *great* things, will recover its *ancient* Splendour and Liberty, if its *Noblemen* will but head the *People*, and *unite* to hinder the *wicked* Designs of our *Enemies*.

Farewell.

Sul-

Sulpitius *to* Cicero.

The Argument.

Sulpitius *in this Letter condoles* Cicero *upon the Loſs of his Daughter* Tullia. *One of the chief Reaſons by which he endeavours to alleviate his Grief, is taken from the ſhort duration of all mortal Beings, the inſtability of humane affairs; and particularly from the Confuſion and Diſorders which reigned at that time, and at laſt ended in the utter Subverſion of the Common-wealth.*

I No ſooner received the *unwelcome* News of your Daughter *Tullia*'s Death, but I was heartily and earneſtly *afflicted* at it, as, I confeſs, I ought to be, and looked upon it to be a *common* Calamity, wherein I had no *little* ſhare. Had I been upon the *ſame* Spot with you, I had not been *wanting* to teſtifie to you my *Reſentment* on this occaſion, and adminiſter all the *Help* that I was capable of giving you. I muſt own indeed that this ſort of *Conſolation* is melancholy and

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troubleſome; for our *Relations* and *Friends*, from whom we expect this *Relief*, are equally *concerned* with our ſelves; and therefore rather *want* others to comfort them, than are in a *condition* to do it themſelves: however, I reſolved to ſend you by the firſt Opportunity all that my *Thoughts* ſuggeſted to me; not that I am ſo vain as to imagine that you *know* them not; but becauſe your Grief perhaps does ſo *entirely* poſſeſs all the Faculties of your *Mind*, that you are not at *liberty* to *reflect* on them. Now give me leave to ask you why this *domeſtick* Loſs ſhould afflict you in this *exceſſive* manner: Do but conſider how *Fortune* has already *dealt* with both of us. VVe have ſeen all thoſe things *ſnatch'd* from us, which ought to be no leſs *dear* to a *ſenſible* Man than his *Children:* we are robb'd of our *Country*, our *Reputation*, of our *Places*, and in ſhort, of all our *Honours*; and when we have ſuffer'd this, what can *farther* happen to *inhance* our Grief; or what *Soul* that has labour'd under theſe *Calamities*, ought not to grow *callous* and *inſenſible* to all other *Accidents?* Can you regret the *Loſs* of your Daughter when ever you think? (and how can you

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you avoid it? for 'tis no more than what I say *daily* to my self) That in this *wretched juncture* of Affairs 'tis no great *Unhappiness* to shake off a troublesome *Life*, which at best is scarce worth the *dragging* after us. Now what was it that should make her so *fond* of Life in this general *Shipwreck* of the Republick? What *Temptations*, what *Hopes* could she have, or what mighty *Advantages* could she propose her self? I suppose to marry some fine young *Gentleman* of Quality, and live *handsomely* and *comfortably* with him. I don't question but that a Person of your *eminent* Rank in the World, when ever you pleased, might have *chosen* a Son-in-law, with whom you might *safely* trust your Daughter. But let us see what you could have *expected* from such a Match, suppose it had been never so *advantagious*: Why, to have Children by her Husband, who might be a *Comfort* to her when they were *grown* up, who might enjoy the *Fortune* left 'em by their Parents, advance themselves by *degrees* to all the considerable *Posts* of the *Government*, and have it in their Power to serve their Friends. Alas! *all* these things are already *gone* be-

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before they are *given*; and our *Government* and *Liberties* lie *buried* under the ſame *Rubbiſh*. But ſtill you'll tell me, 'tis a *ſad* thing to loſe ones Children. 'Tis ſo, I confeſs; but 'tis a more *ſtabbing* Affliction to ſurvive the *Deſtruction* of ones *Country*: And this puts me in mind of a certain *Paſſage*, which did not a little contribute to make me *eaſie* in my Mind, in hopes it may have the ſame *effect* upon your ſelf. At my Return from *Aſia*, as I was ſailing from *Ægina* to *Megara*, I had the curioſity to *look* about me, and caſt my *Eyes* upon the Coaſt by which we paſs'd. *Ægina* was behind me, *Megara* before me: I had *Piræus* on my right, and *Corinth* on my left Hand: All which were formerly Flouriſhing and Wealthy Towns, but at preſent nothing but a Heap of Ruines. So then I began to make theſe *Reflections* with my ſelf; "Why ſhould we poor Mortals *com-*
"*plain* and *repine*? We, who cannot
"reaſonably expect to live long
"in this World, if the Fate of *War*
"or the common Courſe of *Nature*
"carries us out of it; when we ſee
"the Skeletons of ſo many *Illuſtrious*
"Cities, that might have promiſed

"themſelves a much longer Durati-
"on? Stifle all your *Reſentments*,
"and remember that you were born a
"*Man*, and conſequently ordained to
"*die*. To deal *ingenuouſly* with you,
this *Reflection* gave me a great deal of
Eaſe; and I would adviſe you to *cure*
your ſelf, by ſetting ſomething of the
like nature before your Eyes. As for
Inſtance; So many conſiderable *Men*
have lately been killed in the *Wars*;
Our *Government* is ſhattered all to
pieces; our *Provinces* are all exhauſted
and undone. Can you then be ſo ex-
ceedingly concerned for the *Loſs* of
one *Daughter*, who, if ſhe had not
died now, muſt certainly have paid
the *Debt* of *Nature* at another time,
ſince ſhe was born ſubject to its Laws?
But I conjure you to divert your
Thoughts from theſe melancholy
Conſiderations, and rather *remember*
thoſe things that *become* a Man of
your *Character*. Conſider that ſhe
liv'd as long as it was worth her while
to live; that ſhe ſaw her *Father* poſ-
ſeſs'd of the moſt eminent *Dignities*
of the *City*; that ſhe liv'd long enough
to ſee the better part of her Citizens
die before her; in ſhort, that ſhe went
off the *Stage* when our *Republic* likewiſe
was

was destroy'd. I would desire to know what Reason either *you* or *she* have to complain of Fortune in all this.

Lastly, *Remember* who you are, one that us'd to *give* Advice and Consolation to others; and don't *imitate* those sordid *Quacks*, that pretend to cure all the World, and are not able to *help* themselves; but rather make use of the same *Remedies* you prescribe to others, and expect a *Cure* from 'em. There is no Grief so *obstinate*, which length of time can't diminish and soften. 'Twill be *scandalous* in you to expect your Relief from Time, as the common *Herd* of *Mankind* use to do, and not *overcome* it rather by your Wisdom and Philosophy. If the *Dead* below have any Sense left them, your Daughter in *duty* to you, and *love* to all her Relations in general, is so far from *countenancing* this Affliction, that even she *conjures* you to *grieve* no longer. Pay therefore this Respect to the *Dead*; pay it to your *Friends* who are *concerned* for your Grief; pay it to your *Country*, that when ever an Occasion offers it self, you may be able to *serve* it with your Advice and Assistance. In short, since we live in such Calamitous Times, that we must go down the

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Stream whether we will or no, don't give thoſe at the Helm any *Umbrage* to think that you rather *regret* the Deſtruction of the *State*, and the good Fortune of our new *Conquerours*, than the Loſs of your *Daughter*. I am aſham'd to ſay more to you on this Head, leſt I ſhould ſeem to *diſtruſt* your Prudence; for which Reaſon I will conclude. Your Friends have ſeen you behave your ſelf ſo ſteadily in the time of *Proſperity*, that you were univerſally *admired* for it. Let 'em ſee, that you can bear bad *Fortune* with the ſame Equality of Mind; and don't afflict your ſelf more than *Decency* and *Prudence* require of you, that you may give no occaſion for People to *ſay*, that this is the *only* Virtue you want. As for me, ſo ſoon as you are grown *calm* and *ſedate*, I will take care to inform you how *Affairs* go in this *Part* of the World.

Farewel.

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Cicero *to* Titius.

The Argument.

This Letter is consolatory, and of the same nature with the former. The Arguments are almost the same, taken from the common Destiny of Mankind, and from the calamitous Disorders of those miserable Times. By this it will appear, that the Letter which Lentulus *sent to* Cicero *was still fresh in his Memory, since he uses most of the same Reasons that are to be found in that; unless it will be said perhaps, that two Great Men, when they come to write upon the same Subject, may easily happen to fall upon the same things, without communicating their Thoughts to one another.*

ALthough I am one of the unfittest Men in the World to administer *Consolation* to you, because I am so exceedingly *afflicted* at your Troubles, that I want a Comforter my self; yet since my

my Grief, as *great* and as *juſt* as it is, is not altogether ſo *violent* as yours, I thought my ſelf obliged in point of *Gratitude* and *Friendſhip* to hold my Peace no longer under this your preſent Sorrow, but endeavour to give you ſome little *Comfort* at leaſt, that may ſerve to *alleviate* and *aſſwage* your Grief, if it cannot perfectly *cure* it. The Conſolation which is moſt *commonly* preſcribed in theſe Caſes, and which we ought always to have in our *Mouths* and *Thoughts*, is to *remember* that we are born *Men*, and that we were ſent into the World on purpoſe to be *expoſed* to the Uncertainties of a fickle capricious *Fortune*; that conſequently we ought to *acquieſce* in theſe Terms that Fate has allotted us; that is the greateſt *Folly* imaginable to be overmuch *afflicted* at thoſe *Misfortunes*, which it was not in our power to *prevent*: And laſtly, that if we *reflect* upon thoſe that were born before us, or caſt our *Eyes* upon our Neighbours *about* us, we ſhall ſoon find that we do not ſtand ſingly by our ſelves, but that others have their Loſſes and Calamities as well as we. Theſe Reaſons indeed are not without their *Weight*, having been uſed by the *wiſeſt* Men, and may be

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be found in the *Writings* of our *greateſt* Philoſophers: But in my Opinion, neither *they*, nor any other Reaſons of the *like* nature, ought to make that *Impreſſion* upon us, as the Confuſions and Diſorders of theſe *miſerable* Times; when thoſe are the *happieſt* Men in my Opinion, that have *no* Children at all; and even thoſe that have *loſt* 'em in this *calamitous* Juncture are far leſs *miſerable*, than if they had *buried* 'em when the Republic was in a *flouriſhing* Condition, or when we had at leaſt the *Face* of a Government amongſt us. Now if your own private *Loſſes*, and the *Reflections* you make upon them, are the things that *wholly* take you up at preſent, I ſuppoſe that your *Stock* of Grief, let it be as *great* as it will, may ſoon be *exhauſted*: But if you are griev'd for the *Miſfortunes* of thoſe that are *dead*, which ſeems to be the Effect of your *Compaſſion* and *Love*, I will not repreſent to you upon this Head what I have frequently *read* and *heard*, That there is no Evil in *Death*; for if there remains to us any *Senſe* after it, 'tis rather to be called *Immortality* than *Death*; and if we *loſe* all manner of *Senſe*, we ought by no means to call that a *Miſe-*

ry, which we don't feel; but this I dare venture to *affirm* to you without pretending to set up for a *Prophet*, that there are those *Rods* preparing for our Backs, and those *Calamities* hang over our Commonwealth, that whoever gets out of the way to *avoid* them, in my judgment takes the wisest Course that can be. Have we not *banish'd* all manner of *Virtue* and good *Learning* from amongst us? Nay, don't we daily see our Lives and Liberties *ravished* from us by the *Violence* and *Rapine* of unjust *Usurpers*? For my part, I never hear of any of our young Fry carried off by Distempers and other Casualties in this most *lamentable* and *dismal* Year, but I am so far from thinking them unhappy, that I take it to be the highest *Mark* of the *Affection* and *Goodness* of Providence to *remove* them out of these Miseries, and take away a *Life* from them, which would have been a perpetual Series of *Calamities* and *Vexations*. And therefore if you can but so far *prevail* upon your self, as to believe that no *Misfortune* has hapned to those *Friends*, whose loss you so much *regret*, you will find that you have *beaten* your Grief out of one of its *strongest* Holds, and that very little *remains* to per-

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perfect your Cure; for when once all those *Branches* of your *Sorrow*, which had *Communication* with them, are *dried* up, you have none but your self left to mind; and one would think it no difficult Matter for a Person of your *consummate* Prudence and Discretion; of which you have given the World so many *Testimonies* even from your *Infancy*, to forget your Grief, especially when it is wholly *confined* to your self, and has nothing to do with the Miseries and Misfortunes of your *Friends*. Upon this occasion give me leave to *represent* to you, that you have all along managed your self with that universal *Applause* in all your Affairs, both *Public* and *Private*, that you are obliged in *Reputation* to preserve your *old* Character, and shew that you are still *Master* of all your former Constancy. 'Tis not enough for you, that *Time*, which uses to *conquer* the most *obstinate* Grief, will at last *abate* your *immoderate* Sorrow: You ought to *anticipate* so vulgar a *Remedy*, and should make use of no other *Physician* but your *Moderation* and *Prudence*. What *Woman* was ever known to *abandon* her self so excessively, to *grief* upon the Loss of her *Children*, but at last she *ceased* her Lamen-

mentations? A Man of *Conduct* and *Temper* will not tarry till so tedious a Healer as Time *closes* up the Wounds of his *Sorrow*, but will immediately call his Reason and Resolution to his Relief. Now if this Letter of mine is so *happy*, as to give you the least *Ease* under your *Afflictions*, I shall think I have performed a very *meritorious* Work; but if it *fails* of Success, I shall however *satisfie* my self with having discharged the *Duty* of a Cordial and Faithful *Friend*; in which you may *assure* your self I will never be found *wanting* to the *last* Moment of my Life.

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Cicero *to* Lucceius.

The Argument.

One who has been never ſo little converſant in Tully's *Works, needs not to be told here, that the Deſire of Glory was his predominant Paſſion, which perhaps he carried to an Exceſs. Accordingly we find him very urgent in this Letter with his Friend* Lucceius, *a famous and Learned Author, but none of whoſe Works are now extant, to write the Hiſtory of his Actions, and particularly* Catiline's *Conſpiracy, upon the defeating of which he valued himſelf ſo much. Monſieur* Perrault, *at the End of his* Paralelle des Anciens & Modernes, *T.* 1. *where he pretends to ſet the Moderns upon the ſame Level with the Ancients, with what Juſtice I will not ſay, oppoſes to this Letter of* Cicero *one written by Monſieur* Balzac *to Cardinal* de Richelieu, *which the Reader will find below. What an Opinion* Tully *had of this Letter, appears by what he ſays to his Friend* Atticus *about it.* Epiſtolam Lucceio nunc quam miſi

miſi, quâ res meas ut ſcribat rogo, fac ut ab eo ſumas; valde bella eſt. *Ad Att. l.* 4. *Epiſt.* 7.

AN awkard ſort of *Baſhfulneſs* has all this while hindred me from asking a certain Favour of you, altho' I have *frequently* endeavoured to do it; and yet I can make a ſhift to communicate it to you at this *diſtance*; becauſe Letters don't uſe to *bluſh*. I am extreamly *deſirous*, and I hope the World can't *blame* me for it, to ſee my Name made *immortal* in *your* Works. 'Tis true, you have often promiſed to do me that *Honour*; but excuſe me if I am *importunate* and *preſſing* with you upon this Article; for altho' I had always a very great Opinion of *your* Writings, you have nevertheleſs ſurpaſſed it; and I am ſo *tranſported* when ever I read 'em, that I am impatient to the laſt degree to have you *celebrate* my Actions with all *Expedition*; For 'tis not only my deſire that *Poſterity* ſhould talk advantagiouſly of me hereafter, and that my *Name* ſhould live in future *Ages*: I am ambitious while I am alive, to *enjoy* ſo authentic an Approbation as *yours*, to receive ſo diſtinguiſh-

guiſhing a Mark of your Friendſhip, and to be praiſed by a *Hand* ſo *univerſally* eſteemed. I am ſenſible that while I am writing this *Letter* to you, you are engaged in ſeveral other *Deſigns*, which you have undertaken and begun: But ſince your *Hiſtory* of the VVars of *Italy*, and *particularly* that of our late *Civil* Commotions, is in a manner *finiſhed*; and ſince I heard you ſay, that you were going to begin the *Continuation* of them, I was reſolved not to be *unmindful* of my ſelf, and therefore beg you to conſider whether it will be moſt proper to inſert my Actions into the *Body* of that *Hiſtory*, or elſe to make a *ſeparate* Volume of *Catiline's* Conſpiracy, as ſeveral of the *Greek* Hiſtorians have done: *Calliſthenes*, for Inſtance, has compos'd a Treatiſe of the VVars of *Troy* by it ſelf; *Timæus* has done the ſame in his VVars of King *Pyrrhus*, and *Polybius* in that of *Numantia*. I confeſs that it does not much concern me in point of Fame, whether 'tis ſo or no; but it highly concerns my preſent *Impatience* not to wait till you come to that part of your *Hiſtory*, but to engage you, if poſſible, to *diſpatch* me out of hand. Beſides, I foreſee this Advantage in it, that

that if you *confine* your self to the Limits of one *Subject* and of one *Person*, you will have more room to *display* the *Fertility* of your Wit, and the *Riches* of your Eloquence. I am not ignorant what an *impudent* Request this is, considering the *multiplicity* of Business which takes you up at present, and how ill it looks in a Man to *court* Commendation and Applause; but what will you think of me, if after all I don't deserve to be so much commended as I *desire*? But a Man that has once abandoned *Modesty*, must be *heroically* impudent, and not do things by halves. For this Reason I *earnestly* entreat you to *praise* me, and perhaps more than you think I *deserve*, without tying up your self so *religiously* to the strict Laws of *History*; and if you find any favourable *Inclinations* for me (tho' I remember it was *pleasantly* said by you in one of your *Introductions*, that you were no more to be *influenced* by them, than *Hercules* in *Xenophon* was by the Goddess of *Pleasure*) let me request you not to *check* them, but for once make those *Allowances* to *Friendship*, which the *Severity* of Truth will not permit. Could I prevail with you to undertake this Affair,

fair, I dare engage it would not be *unworthy* of your Eloquence; for it might make a *pretty History* by it ſelf, beginning with the *Conſpiracy*, and ending with my *Return* from Baniſhment; in which compaſs of time you might take notice of all the *Changes* that have hapned in the Republic; and either deſcribe the Cauſes of theſe *Diſorders*, or lay down thoſe *Remedies* that may be moſt proper to prevent 'em for the future. I ſhall wholly leave it to your own Diſcretion to *condemn* or *juſtifie* whatever you think deſerves your *Cenſure* or *Commendation*; and if you have a mind to expreſs your ſelf *freely* and *openly*, as your Cuſtom is, you may take notice of that *perfidious baſe* Treatment I have found in the World. With Submiſſion, I ſay it, the *Adventures* of my Life will afford a *Variety* that muſt *certainly* pleaſe; for nothing gives a *greater* Pleaſure to the Reader than the diverſity of *Times*, and the *Viciſſitudes* of Fortune. I muſt confeſs that when I *ſuffered* under 'em, they were not very *pleaſing*; however the reading of them muſt needs be *agreeable*; for the Remembrance of a paſt *Affliction* gives a Man *Joy*, when he has no longer any occaſion to fear

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it; even those who never *suffered* any, and behold the Misfortunes of other Men at a distance, without taking any *part* in 'em, must surely find a secret *Joy* in *commiserating* them. Is it possible for any Man to read how *gallantly Epaminondas* died at *Mantinea*, without feeling in himself some *Compassion* for the *Hero*, when he finds he wou'd not suffer the Fatal *Spear* to be pluck'd out of his Side, till he had asked whether his *Buckler* was in the Hands of the *Enemy*; and when he was told that it was not, *expir'd* with Pleasure and Satisfaction? VVho can read of the *Banishment* and happy *Return* of *Themistocles* without being sensibly affected at the fantastick shifting of the Scene? I may *positively* affirm, that the reading of our common *Annals* makes no more *Impression* upon us, than the reading of an *Almanac*; whereas the dangerous and uncertain Revolutions in a GreatMan's *Life* inspire us with all sorts of Motions, give us *Admiration* and *Desire*, *Joy* and *Grief*, *Hope* and *Fear*; and when all this is finished by some remarkable *Catastrophe*, the Mind, if I may so express my self, is *sated* with the Pleasure it finds in the Narration. And this makes me the more

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importunate with you to beſtow a *ſeparate* Treatiſe upon this *Tragi-Comedy* of my *Adventures*; for ſo I may very well call it, ſince it comprehends ſo many different *Acts*, play'd at ſeveral *Intervalls*, and carried on by ſo many various *Motions*; Neither am I afraid that you'll *ſuſpect* me of Flattery, for deſiring to be prais'd by *you* rather than *any* one elſe; for you cannot be a Stranger to your own worth, and muſt *certainly* know that thoſe who don't *admire* you, ought with more Juſtice to be reckoned among the *Envious*, than thoſe who praiſe you among the *Flatterers*. Beſides, I am not ſuch a Fool neither, as to expect *immortal Glory* from a Man who will not obtain the ſame for himſelf by the *Beauty* of his Language, and the *Elegance* of his Work, even while he commends me. Thus, when we find that *Alexander* would ſuffer himſelf to be *painted* by none but *Apelles*; and none but *Lyſippus* to make his Statues and Medals; 'twas not becauſe he had a mind to gratifie and humour theſe two *great Maſters*, but becauſe he thought that the Excellence of their Art, as it would do *credit* to them,

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wou'd bring much more *Glory* to himſelf: And yet theſe famous Artiſts only gave the Repreſentation of his Body to thoſe that knew him not: And had it never been done, what had he *loſt* by it; or indeed what great *Man* makes the *leſs* Figure in Story, becauſe his *Portraiture* was never taken? *Ageſilaus* of *Sparta* is no leſs *eſteemed*, although he never would ſuffer his *Picture* to be drawn, or any *Statues* to be erected to him, than thoſe who were ſo *extravagantly* fond of theſe *Vanities*: For that little *Book* wherein *Xenophon* has deſcribed his excellent *Qualities*, has done him infinitely more *Honour* than the others received from all their *Pictures* and *Statues*. Therefore if you'll oblige me ſo far as to allow me a *ſmall* place in your Compoſitions, I ſhall be much more pleaſed, and think my *Memory* much better ſecured, than if all the Writers of this Age ſhould *conſpire* to do me the ſame Honour: For, not to mention the advantage of a *beautiful Stile*, which I may as certainly expect to find from you as *Timoleon* found from *Timæus*, or *Themiſtocles* from *Herodotus*, I ſhall have this farther Satisfaction, to ſee my

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my self *supported* by the *Authority* of a *great* and *deserving* Man, who has shown the Wisdom of his *Conduct* in the greatest and most important *Revolutions* of State; so that I shall not *only* have my Actions described in the *politest* Language, not *inferiour* to that which *Alexander* acknowledg'd to have been bestow'd on *Achilles* by *Homer*; but I shall likewise have the *grave* and *solid* Approbation of the most *Illustrious* Person of his Age. I love the *Saying* of *Hector* in our Poet *Nævius*, who not only tells us that *it is a Pleasure to him to be praised*, but goes further on, and adds, *to be praised by a Praise-worthy Man.* Now, if you cannot *oblige* me in this Particular; that is to say, if your other Affairs should *hinder* you, (for I cannot believe that you'll refuse me any thing by your good will) I must be forced to do that for my self which several Persons have often *condemned*; I mean, to *write* my own *History*; although 'tis certain that I have the *Example* of several Great Men to justifie me in so doing. But you know, my dear Friend, that there are *many* Inconveniences in an Undertaking of this nature:

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A Man is obliged to write of *himself* with more *Indifference* than he would of *another* Person, when he is to relate any Action that deserves *Praise*: On the other hand, when he is to speak of his own *Defects* or *Infirmities*, 'tis natural for him to pass them over in *silence*. Besides these *Disadvantages*, there are many *more* behind; a Man is apt to be less *believed* when he tells his own Tale; he talks with less *Authority*: In short, the World exclaims against him, and *says* that he is more impudent than your Trumpeters at the *Publick* Sports, who after they have crowned the other Conquerours, and *solemnly* named them, when they themselves at the Conclusion of these Sports, come to receive the *Crown* which they have deserved, desire a Brother Trumpeter to *do* the Ceremony for 'em, lest they should be forced to *proclaim* their own *Victory*. Now this is what I would *willingly* avoid; and I shall *effectually* avoid it, if you will undertake this Affair for me, as I *earnestly* desire you; and that you may not be surprized to see me *beg* this of you with so much Eagerness, and

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in so tedious and so long a Letter, as if you had never given me your Promise to oblige the World with an Exact *History* of all the Ocurrences of our time. I must farther declare and confess to you frankly and ingenuously that I am in *pain*, as I have *already* told you, to see this *History* concluded by you in my *Life* time. Whether this proceeds from the natural *Impatience* of my Temper; or whether 'tis because I am desirous to be known by *your* Books, and to *taste* while I am alive, the Pleasure of that *Glory*, which they will *certainly* bestow on me after my *Death*. I conjure you to let me know what you *design* to do, if it will not be too troublesome to you: for if you'll set about it, I will furnish you with sufficient *Memoirs*; but if you defer it to another time, you and I will talk more of it when we meet next: But I hope you'll *immediately* take it in hand, polish at *leisure* what you have begun, and continue to *love* me.

Farewell.

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C. Pliny *to his Friend* Fuscus.

The Argument.

In this Letter Pliny *adviſes a young Gentleman what Method to follow in his Studies.*

SInce you have been pleaſed to ask my Advice how you are to *regulate* your *Studies*, and improve the preſent *Retirement* you *enjoy* to the beſt advantage, In the firſt place I am of opinion, that it will be *highly* beneficial to you (and 'tis what ſome of our *greateſt Maſters* have often adviſ'd) to *tranſlate* out of *Greek* into *Latin*, and back again out of *Latin* into *Greek*; for by this ſort of Exerciſe a Man not only makes himſelf a *compleat Maſter* of both Languages, acquires the *Propriety* and *Beauty* of VVords, *Variety* of Figures, and *Perſpicuity* of Stile, but by ſetting the *beſt* Authors before him as *Patterns* to imitate, he attains at

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at last to *copy* their Virtues and Perfections. Besides, there are several things which escape the *Observation* of the nicest *Reader*, which 'tis impossible for the *Translater* not to see. So that by thus *employing* our selves, we cultivate the Understanding, and improve the Judgment: Neither will it be amiss, when you meet with any *Passage* in an Author that is *extremely* fine and beautiful, to enter the Lists in *competition* with him, if I may so express my self, and *try* how you can perform upon the same Subject; then when you have so done, *carefully* and *impartially* to consider in what Places he *excels* you, and where you have the better of him. It will be no little Satisfaction to you to find that you *out-do* him in some things; as on ther hand, it will be a Mortification, if you see he *exceeds* you *every where*: But if you are minded to be upon this *Sport*, I would not have you *practise* upon mean ordinary Authors of little or no *Reputation*; but single out the most *Eminent* Masters, and chuse the most *shining* Places. This is a daring *Enterprize* I must confess; but such as can't be taxed with *Impudence* or *Vanity*, since a Man per-

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forms it in private by himself. However 'tis certain that abundance of Men, to their *great* Commendation, have ventured to *contend* with our most *admired* Writers, by the same token that they were not at their first setting out ashamed to *follow* them at a distance, while they were in hopes one day to *overtake* them. You will likewise find it very *serviceable* to you, when you have committed *any* of your *Thoughts* to writing, to lay 'em aside for some time, and endeavour to *forget* 'em: Then when you are *cool* and *sedate*, and divested of that Fondness that a Man *naturally* has for his own *Compositions*, to call 'em to a severe *Examination*; to strike out some Expressions, and to retain *others*; in short, to make such Improvements and Alterations as you see convenient. Did not the *Advantage* we receive by it, make us sufficient amends for our Pains, 'tis an *ungrateful* piece of *Drudgery*, I confess, to call our Works to a second *Review*, to expunge and amend 'em; and when the whole *Body* of the Building is finished, to *enlarge* the Entrance, to *strengthen* the weak Parts of it, to strike out new *Lights* where they

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are neceſſary; in ſhort, to make ſeveral *Additions*, however ſo, as not to *deſtroy* the *Symmetry* or Proportion of the whole *Structure*. I know that at preſent your Intentions run *chiefly* for the *Bar:* However, I would by no means adviſe you to *confine* your ſelf *wholly* to that wrangling and litigious Stile which is practiſed by our Pleaders: For, as we find by common Experience, that the *Ground* is ſoon worn out and exhauſted, if it is *only* ſowed with *one* ſort of Grain; whereas it recovers *heart* by exchanging the *Seed*; ſo the Faculties of our Mind loſe all their *Vigour* and *Activity*, when they are *conſtantly* employed upon one Subject, while a judicious *Variety* gives 'em new force. For this Reaſon, if you would be governed by me, you ſhould ſometimes *try* how well you can perform in the *Hiſtorical way*; ſometimes I would have you *employ* a few Hours in writing of Letters upon occaſional Subjects; and ſometimes too I would adviſe you to ſacrifice to the *Muſes*, and ſee how you can perform in *Poetry*. I ſay, I would ſometimes have you *try* your *Poetical Genius*, becauſe even in our publick *Speeches* and *Harangues*, where we are

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are oblig'd to make any *Deſcriptions*. a Man is *forced* not *only* to indulge himſelf in the Liberties and Decorations of an *Hiſtorical*, but even of a *Poetical* Stile; And then, as for the *Purity* of Language, and a cloſe compendious way of *expreſſing* ones ſelf, 'tis no where ſo *happily* learnt, as by frequent writing of *Letters*. When I tell you that you may ſometimes divert your ſelf with *Poetry*, I don't mean that you ſhould *attempt* the writing of a *long* continu'd *Poem*, which cannot be done without a great *expence* of time, and perhaps more than the thing is worth; but *only* that it may not be amiſs for you now and then to *checquer* your *ſerious* Hours and Occupations with a few ſhort *Sallies* of Verſification. This the World *generally* calls *Luſus* or *Sports*, and indeed ſo they are; however a Man gets ſometimes no leſs *Reputation* even by theſe *Sports*, than by the *graveſt* Performances. But to *relieve* my Proſe with a little *Poetry*; for why ſhould I not make uſe of Verſe, when I encourage you to write it?

As

As the ſequacious Wax with eaſe receives
What ever Shape th' informing Artiſt gives;
Now repreſents the furious God of War,
Or in Minerva's *Likeneſs does appear.*
Now a fair Venus *ſhews with all her Charms,*
Or wanton Cupid *ſporting in her Arms:*
As murm'ring Rivers with their Chryſtal Streams
Not only ſerve to quench th' aſpiring Flames:
But in belov'd Meanders *as they flow*
On Fields and Flow'rs freſh Beauties do beſtow;
So ſhould the Mind with early Care be wrought,
And faſhion'd for the diff'rent turns of Thought.
One Art alone too dull a Chaſe does yield:
Your active Sportſman ranges all the Field.

And thus we find that the moſt *Celebrated* Orators, and Perſons of the moſt eminent Rank have condeſended to *employ* and *divert*, or rather to *divert* and *employ* themſelves in theſe agree-

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agreeable *Amuſements*: And it is almoſt incredible to tell how *ſtrangely* the Imagination is *affected* by them; for they are not *only* proper to deſcribe Love, Hatred, Anger, Envy, Compaſſion, and the like, but likewiſe *comprehend* every thing that has a Relation to *Human* Life; nay, what ſeems directly *oppoſite* to its Genius, Verſe takes in even the * *Law* it ſelf, as rugged and moroſe as it appears. This *Advantage* at leaſt we reap from *Poetry*, that when we lay it *aſide*, and return to *Proſe*, we ſeem to have knock'd off our *Fetters*; and what every Man will ſoon find to be *true*, upon making the Experiment, our *Thoughts* and *Words* flow with more *Facility* and *Freedom*: Perhaps I have *exceeded* my Commiſſion and *interpoſed* my Advice in ſome Matters where you never *required* it: However, I am ſenſible that I have omitted one thing; and that is to tell you, what Authors I think moſt proper for you to *read*; altho' in *effect* I did it, when I adviſ'd you what to *write*; only *remember* this by the bye, always to read the *Beſt* in their kind: for as the Proverb has it, 'Tis not the *Quantity*, but *Quality* that recommends every thing: Now, who theſe are, is ſo *commonly*

* Grotius *has attempted ſomething of this nature in a Paraphraſe of one of the Chapters in* Juſtinian's *Inſtiturions, de rerum diviſione, & acquirendo earum Dominio, which is to be found among his other Poems; but for all that I would not adviſe any of our Inns of Court Gentlemen to try how* Littleton's Tenures, *or my Lord* Vaughan's Reports *would run in Verſe.*

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monly known, that they need not be *pointed* out, or *named* to you. Beſides, without engaging to make any ſuch *Catalogue*, I have *already* ſwell'd my Letter to ſuch a *Bulk*, that I have *treſpaſſed* upon your Hours of *Study*, even when I pretend to *regulate* them. In ſhort, *take* your Pen and Ink in hand, and either put in practice ſome of theſe *Rules* that I have ſent you, or if you are taken up about any thing elſe, *diſpatch* and finiſh it.

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Select Letters

OUT OF

ARISTÆNETUS.

Ariſtomenes *to* Myronides.

Ep. 21. Lib. 1.

About a Lady that conſented to grant her Lover every thing but the laſt Favour.

YOU have heard of ſeveral fantaſtic Effects that *Love* has produc'd in the World: But I am going to tell you of *One* which will *ſurprize* you more than *all* the reſt: for my part I never heard of the like before. *Architeles*, to whoſe Perſon and Character I ſuppoſe you are no Stranger, has for this good while been, moſt *furiouſly* in love with *Teleſippe*. It was not without a great deal

deal of *Importunity*, that ſhe was prevailed upon to admit him into her *Company*: at laſt ſhe ſuffered it, but has tied the poor *Young Fellow* to ſuch hard Conditions, that 'tis a *Miracle* to me how he could *comply* with them. Young Man, ſays ſhe, I give you leave to *kiſs* me as oft as you pleaſe; nay, to touch my *Breaſts*, to ſqueeze my *Hands*, to *careſs* and *hugg* me, even when my *Stayes* are off; but as for *Marriage*, I would not have you ſo vain as ever to *think* or *dream* of it, leſt you ſhould *forfeit* theſe Priviledges, and force me to *diſcard* you my Service. Be it then as my *Queen* would have it, replies *Architeles*; if you are pleas'd, I am reſolv'd to be ſo, and ſhall think you *reward* my paſt Sufferings more than they deſerve, if you will vouchſafe me a kind *Look* now and then, and ſometimes honour me with your Converſation. But Madam, may I make ſo bold as to ask you why you *forbid* me to think of *Marriage*. For a hundred and twenty *Reaſons*, replies the *Lady*; but at preſent I ſhall only give you *one*, which you muſt own to be *ſufficient*. *Matrimony*, like ſome ſort of *groteſque Painting*, looks well enough when

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when you view it at a *distance*; but when you come up *close* to it, the *Coursenes's* of the Daubing is enough to *turn* ones Stomach. *Hymen* puts the flattering End of his *magnifying* Glass into the Hand of all his *Customers*, which makes them see a thousand more *Charms* in their *Mistresses* than they *really* possess; and this is the Reason why most of them repent of their *Bargain*, when they find it so *wretchedly* disappoint their *Expectations*, and throw away the *Romance* after they have once *read* it. *Enjoyment* as *naturally* begets Disgust, as Disgust *concludes* in Hatred; and a Man that would have *pawn'd* his Soul to obtain one *favourable* Glance from his Mistris before he was *married* to her, slights and undervalues her when he has her in his Power. Besides, there's no trusting to you young Fellows: You are as inconstant as *Weathercocks*; and 'tis as impossible to *secure* you, as to *fix Mercury*: She that passes for a *Goddess* with you to day, ten to one but you make a *Fury* of her before the Week is over. In short, Expectation keeps Love *alive*; but *Enjoyment* kills it beyond all *possibility* of a Resurrection. Thus you see what a *nar-*

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row Circle this *Imperious* Devil has confin'd the Unfortunate *Architeles*. He lives with his Miſtriſs in no better a Poſt than an *Eunuch* would do; nay, I much queſtion whether ſhe does not grant ſome Favours to her *Monkey* and *Lap-Dog* which ſhe refuſes him. For my part, I wonder he does not *rebell*, and throw off a *Tyrant* that treats him ſo *rigorouſly*, and impoſes that as a Diverſion upon him, which Antiquity made to paſs for one of the greateſt Puniſhments in Hell. To *touch* and *ſee*, and yet be *forbidden* to *taſte*, is certainly the greateſt of all Curſes!

Euxitheus *to* Pythias.

Ep. 2. Lib. 2.

A Gentleman falls in love with a pretty Lady at Church, and ſends her this merry Love-Letter.

WELL, Madam, for your ſake I believe I ſhall never like a *Church* ſo long as I live. People uſe to go to thoſe Places to *pray off* their Misfortunes; but for my part I have *pray'd* my ſelf into ſuch a Peck of *Troubles*, that only *Jove* and *You*; no, I beg your Pardon, only *You* and *Jove* can tell when I ſhall get clear of them: For alas! while with my *Hands* and *Eyes* moſt devoutly lifted up, I was as *buſie* at my *Prayers* as a Lawyer at his *Papers*, I found my ſelf all on a ſudden *ſhot* through the Heart, Liver, Pluck, and all, by that confounded Dog of an Archer *Cupid*: For, Madam, *turning* my ſelf to the Right, who ſhould I happen to ſee but your *Ladiſhip*; and I no ſooner ſaw your *Ladiſhip*, but thoſe ever-

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everlaſting *Murderers*, your *Twinklers*, pink'd and ſtabb'd me in a thouſand Parts of my Body. I endeavour'd to *remove* my Eyes from an Object that would not allow me time to ſay my *Prayers*: For, Madam, you muſt know I am plaguy *Religious* in my Nature; but the Devil a jot my *Eyes* wou'd obey me: So on I gaz'd, and ſtar'd without *Intermiſſion*, while the reſt of the People went on with their Devotions: And, Madam, when you perceiv'd that my *Eyes* made ſo familiar with your Divine Countenance, like the *reſt* of your *Cruel Sex*, that take a Pleaſure in *mortifying* us poor Men, you threw your *Hood* over your Face, and not content with that, *turned* your ſelf another way; nor was that all, but you clapt your *unrighteous* Hand upon your *Seraphical* Cheek, only leaving a ſmall part of it not much bigger than a Patch, as our Ladies now wear them, to be ſeen, which however was enough to do my Buſineſs *effectually*. Now, *Madam*, let me ask you one civil Queſtion: Will you be pleaſed to take into your Service a *Slave* that is ambitious of living and dying for your ſake: and who would rather chuſe to carry

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your *Chains*, than *enjoy* a dull lazy *Liberty*, or be the greateſt *Monarch* in the Univerſe. I can't tell whether *Jupiter* is alter'd of late; but by *Jove* I dare ſwear, that even *Jupiter* himſelf would leave his *Heavenly* Manſion, and put himſelf once more to the Expence of a *Golden Shower*; but what makes me talk of a *Golden Shower*? I dare ſwear that he would take any *Form* or *Shape* upon him, even that of a Bellows-mender, a Broom-Man, or a Chimney-ſweeper, only to have the *Priviledge* of making you a ſmall Viſit. But, Madam, to let *Jupiter* alone (*nam quæ ſupra nos, nihil ad nos*) and to return to *my ſelf*; I could wiſh you would give me as *juſt* an Occaſion to ſpeak *well* of your *Good Nature*, as you have given me to extoll your *Beauty*: For, under the Roſe, *my Dear*, it would be a moſt *horrid* and *lamentable* thing, if your cruel *Treatment* ſhould fright back the Lover, whom your *Charms* have gain'd you. Since you have ſpoil'd my Devotion at *Church*, I'll e'en try how I can *pray* at *home*: And O ye Gods! that any one of you would be ſo tender-hearted as to *aſſiſt* and *promote* the Amours of the moſt *paſſionate*

Wretch

Wretch, that ever drunk his Miſtreſs's *Health* out of a Slipper; or told his *Pain* in the Woods to thoſe *compaſſionate* Gentlemen the *Trees*: And as for you, *Charming Damſel*, I am ready to *ſwear* to you by what *God* or *Goddeſs* in the Firmament you pleaſe: Or rather, if you'll take my Word without *ſwearing*, I will *pray* to every *Divinity*, that ſo long as you *vouchſafe* to be the *Sovereign Lady* of my Heart (and may that be ſo *long* as both of us *live*; and may both of us *live* as long as we are able to *enjoy* and *look* at one another,) I may take a *Pride* in wearing your *Fetters*, and being

Your moſt obſequious Vaſſal.

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Alciphron *to* Lucian.

Ep. 5. Lib. 1.

How a Woman put a Trick upon her Husband who had surpriz'd her at a public Entertainment, and made him glad to buy his Peace with her at any rate.

T'Other Day so *merry* an Adventure hapned at our End of the Town, that I can't for the Heart of me forbear to send you a *short* Account of it. We had a public Entertainment, you must know, in the Suburbs, to which *Charidemus* invited several of his *Friends*: Amongst the rest, there was a *certain Lady* (you'll excuse me if I don't think it proper to give you her *Name*) whom that *Latitudinarian* of a Lover *Charidemus*, who flies boldly at all *Game*, meeting accidentally in the Street, as he was upon the *hunt*, must needs oblige to sup with him. After all the *Guests* were arriv'd, the *Master* of the *Feast* comes into the Room, spruc'd up as fine

fine as a *Lord*, and brought with him an old venerable Gentleman, who it ſeems was his Friend. Our *young* Female no ſooner ſaw him come into the Room, but immediately ſhe flew into the next *Apartment*, and ſending for *Charidemus* to come to her; Lord! ſays ſhe, what have you done? You have utterly *ruined* me: That old Fellow you brought along with you is my *Husband*, the moſt jealous, ill-natured, yellow-pated *Dog*, that ever was known, and as *ſurly* and *peeviſh* as he is jealous; he certainly *knew* me by my *Mantoa*: for 'tis not a full Week ſince he gave it me; and I perceived he kept his *Eyes* inceſſantly upon it, ſo that when he comes home, our Houſe will be *untiled*, that's certain; and if I eſcape with the *Loſs* of a Leg or an Arm, I come off cheaper than I expect; but after all, ſays ſhe, perhaps *Ways* and *Means* may be found to put the *Doctor* upon the Old Prig: Be you therefore ſo kind as to ſend me out of hand a Plate-full of *Victuals* to my Houſe, and I warrant you I'll manage my *Tyrant* rarely, and make him as *meek* as a Lamb before I have done with him. 'Twas no ſooner propos'd, but agreed upon; ſo ſhe took the ſhorteſt Cut to her

Houſe, that ſhe might *get* thither before her Ancient *Lord* and *Maſter*; and taking a Neighbour's Wife along with her, both of 'em laid their Heads together how they might beſt *dumfound* the jealous Coxcomb. They were hardly got within doors, but in comes Sir *Fumble* the *Choleric*, roaring and ſwearing like a *Dragon*, and calling the Wife of his Boſom a thouſand *Whores* and *Strumpets*. Well, you inſatiable *Cockatrice*, ſays he, I'll put it out of your Power to abuſe me or my Bed any longer: My *Eyes* are not ſo bad, but I knew you well enough to night by your *Mantoa*; but I'm reſolv'd to ſpoil your *Gadding* abroad for the future: With that he ran *furiouſly* towards his *Sword*, when the other Woman, who had retired into the next Chamber, *popps* very *ſeaſonably* into the Room: Neighbour, cries ſhe, here is your *Mantoa* again, and I give you a thouſand Thanks for the Uſe of it. I was invited out to an Entertainment this Afternoon, which made me make ſo bold with you: And pray Madam, be ſo kind as to *accept* of ſomething that I have brought you: with that ſhe uncovers the Plate, and ſets it before her. When our old *muſty Cuckold* ſaw this, the

the Sky *clear'd* up with him in a trice; his Suspicions vanish'd, his Jealousie was *non-plus'd*; nay, the Scene was so *wonderfully* chang'd, that from a haughty imperious *Tyrant*, he became the most *obsequious* Slave that might be. Dear Fubsee, cries he, I own I was in the wrong; but what shall I say? the best of us may be sometimes *mistaken*; truly, truly, I was *besides* my self; my Passion had made me as *blind* as a Beetle: But prithee dear Wife, lay a *Fine* upon me, and see it be a good *heavy Fine* too, a Necklace of Pearl, a new Gown and Petticoat, or some such matter; for I am resolved to *purchase* my Peace with thee, let it *cost* me what it will: But what a *Mercy* was it, my *pretty Pigsnye*, that our Neighbour should come in so *luckily*, and thereby prevent the *Effusion* of my dear Spouse's *Blood*. Thus the old Gentleman *humbled* himself before his Wife; and to show his *Gratitude* for this strange *Deliverance*, must needs go to *Church* immediately. His *pious* Wife made her best use of this *Opportunity*, sends for her *Gallant*, and *Cuckolds* her Husband, that now he might have Occasion to thank Heaven for somewhat.

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Hermocrates *to* Euphorion.

Ep. 6. Lib. 1.

The great Danger a Man runs of finding himself disappointed when he marries, confirmed by the Story of a young Girl, that began to trade for her self very soon.

TO shew you how *soon* the Women of this Age grow *ripe*, as likewise to *deterr* you from committing *Matrimony*, till you have made a due *Enquiry* into all Matters, suffer me to *entertain* you with the following *Story*. A Gentleman's Daughter of my Accquaintance surpriz'd her Nurse the other Morning with the following *Confession*: Nurse, says she, if you will give me your Word, and Promise that you will never talk on't again, I have a *Secret* to impart to you which *highly* concerns me. The *Nurse* swore by all that was good and sacred, by the never-failing *Brandy-Bottle*, and the comfortable *Sack-posset*, that

that it ſhould never go out of her Lips. Upon this, the young Girl *bluſhing* very prettily, to tell you the truth, Nurſe, cries ſhe, I have loſt my *Maidenhead*. How, ſays the old Gentlewoman, have you parted with that precious *Treaſure*? Upon that ſhe tore her *Hair*, wrung her *Hands*, ſtamp'd the Ground with both Feet, and *lay'd on* as if ſhe had been diſtracted. For God's ſake, Nurſe, ſays the young Gipſie, don't make ſuch a *Noiſe*, leſt the Folks in the Houſe ſhould over-hear us. You *promiſed*, did you not, to *keep* my Council? why then do you make all this *Pother*, as if you deſigned to *betray* me? And, Nurſe, to let you ſee I am not ſo *guilty* as you take me, tho' I was ready to die for Love, yet I did not *ſurrender* up my *All* on the ſudden; no, I diſputed every Inch of *Ground* with my *Gallant*; but alas! I found all this *Struggling* was to little purpoſe; I was of *twenty* Minds in an Hour; and thus I *expoſtulated* with my ſelf: Shall I *obey* the Dictates of *Love*, or bid *defiance* to him? Shall I conſult my *Pleaſure*, or preſerve my *Reputation*? Both are in my *Power*. But alas! I find a VVoman has no Free-will in theſe Matters, the

the *Bias* on Nature's ſide runs ſo ſtrong; and *Honour* is an unequal Match for *Inclination* at any Hour of the *Day*, but eſpecially of the *Night*. VVhat help'd to *inflame* my Paſſion, was the very Oppoſition I made to it; ſo that having held out about a Month, it was not in the power of frail *Fleſh* and *Blood* to ſuſtain the Siege any longer. VVhen ſhe had done her Story, this is *lamentable* News, replied the old *Beldame*; You have diſhonoured my *Grey* Hairs, and broke through all the wholſome *Admonitions* I have given you: But, Miſs, ſince (as the Proverb has it) *What is once done, is never to be undone*; all the Advice I can give you at preſent, Miſs, is to forbear this Paſtime, Miſs, for the time to come, till the *Holy* Prieſt has joyned you to ſome *Husband*, Miſs, and then you may fall on a *God*'s Name, and take your *Belly* full; for, mind me, Miſs, ſhould you do this *naughty* thing again with your Spark, ten to one, Miſs, but your Apron-Strings would riſe up to your *Chin*, and tell ſtrange Tales of you; This would enrage your Father, break the Heart of your Mother, and *expoſe* you, Miſs, to the ma-

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malicious Mirth of all the *Neighbourhood:* But, Miſs, I truſt in Heaven, that before any thing of this *happens*, Providence will find out for you a good Pains-taking *Husband*; and I hope your Father has got your *Portion* ready to ſtrike the firſt fair *Chapman* that bids for you. So then, Mother, cries the Girl, jumping and friſking about her, I have nothing more to fear, have I? No, cries the Nurſe, for this bout, Miſs, I hope you have nothing more to *fear:* And when you come to be *married*, Miſs, leave *every* thing to my *Conduct:* for, Miſs, do you ſee, I'll manage *Matters* ſo for you, that, Miſs, though your Husband could ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone as the beſt *Philoſopher* of them all; nay, though he were a a *Man-midwife* and a *Conjurer* into the bargain, yet Miſs, he ſhould never ſuſpect you: And if he has any Skill in theſe Matters, his very *Skill* ſhall help to cheat him. This vertuous *Diſcourſe* paſt between the old *Woman* and our young *Harlot* in a private *Arbour* in the Garden, and was *accidentally* over-heard by one of my Servants. Judge then, my *worthy Friend*, what a cruel Riſque we poor Men run, that venture into the *Terra incognita* of *Matri-*

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mony; when our *Females* are debauched before they get into their *Teens*, and *know* Man almoſt as ſoon as they can tell their Right-hand from their Left: So that if the Age *goes* on after this wicked rate, as it has *begun*, a Man that is reſolved to have a *Maidenhead*, muſt chuſe his *Wife* out of the *Cradle*, or at beſt, be *content* to take her in a *Bib* and long *Coats*; but a word to the *Wife* is ſuffieient.

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Eubulides *to* Soſtratus.

Ep. 12. Lib. 2.

That 'tis Folly for a Man to marry a Woman beneath himſelf, out of hopes that ſhe'll make a dutiful Wife, which is confirmed by an Inſtance to that purpoſe.

IT ſeems you are not convinced by what I ſaid to you in our laſt *Converſation*; therefore I once more *affirm* it; and you may believe your *Friend*, who has found it to be ſo by woful *Experience*, that a *perverſe froward* VVoman is never to be mended: even *Poverty*, that uſes to humble the haughtieſt *Tyrants*, cannot correct their *Inſolence*, or make them tractable to their Husbands; of which ſad Truth I am a living *Teſtimony*: for like a ſilly Blockhead as I was, I married a VVoman with not a Groat to her Portion, thinking I ſhould live *eaſier* with one whom I preferr'd as it were from a *Dunghil* to my *Bed*, than with

with one that was more ſuitable to my *Quality* and *Eſtate*, who perhaps might preſume upon her *Family* and the *Fortune* ſhe brought me. I lov'd her, though a *Serving-maid*, with the *trueſt* Paſſion imaginable; I was *concerned* to ſee ſo *pretty* a Creature undergo ſuch vile *Drudgery*; I pitied the Meanneſs of her Condition; and as *Pity* eaſily improves into *Love*, (which was a piece of Natural *Philoſophy* I then was unacquainted with) I *pitied* and *pitied* her ſtill, till at laſt I fell up to the ears in love: Thought I to my ſelf the *Duce* is in't if a VVoman, who has ſo many *Obligations* to her *Husband*, will not make the moſt *dutiful* Spouſe in the Univerſe; but I was *lamentably* miſtaken in my *Politicks*; for tho' ſhe had ſcarce Cloaths to her Back, when I took her for better for worſe; yet now ſhe is more inſolent and ill-manner'd than if ſhe had brought her weight in *Gold* with her. In ſhort, the *Devil* can't match her for Envy, Malice and Ingratitude: Her Paſſion ſometimes *tranſports* her ſo, that ſhe *threatens* to drub my Jacket. 'Tis true, ſhe has not as yet been ſo good as her word; for which I may thank her *Fear*, and not her want

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of Will: However, ſhe pretends to controul and contradict me in *every thing*, and neither fears me as her *Huſband*, nor reſpects me as her *Patron*. This, my dear Friend, is *all* the *Portion* I have had with her, though, now I think on't, I muſt do her the juſtice to own, that ſhe brought a Gown with her, but ſo bepatcht and betattered, I'll warrant you, that it had been two hundred Years out of Faſhion; but now no Clothes are *good* enough for her; and every other Week forſooth, ſhe muſt have a *new* Gown and Petticoat, as if ſhe ſtudied all the *ways* in the World to *ruine* me, and bring me to a *Gaol*. Were my Eſtate ten times *greater* than it is, ſhe would ſoon bring it to *nothing* by her boundleſs *Prodigality*. 'Tis to no purpoſe to tell her what will be the Effects of her *Vanity*. T'other Morning as ſhe was *importuning* me upon the old ſcore for a *New* Gown, my Dear, ſaid I to her, Prithee do but behold this Coat of mine; it has ſerved me a whole *Twelve-month*, and yet I can make a *ſhift* with it ſtill; in good faith you will undo me, if you go on after this rate. *Undo* you? cries ſhe to me ſo loud, that you might have

heard her a Mile off; You are *like* indeed to be undone by my *expenſive* living: there's never a Woman in Town but goes *better* dreſt than my ſelf, though their *Husbands* are nothing near ſo well able to bear it; And, Mr. *Thrifty*, how long do you think I have worn this Mantoa? 'Tis about a Fortnight old, replied I: Look you there, cries this *Inſtrument* of Hell, as I hope for Salvation I have had it a full Month; but every thing I find is too good for your *loving* Wife. With that ſhe fell a *roaring* and *crying*, as if ſhe intended to exhauſt all the radical Moiſture in her *Body*. Now, what would you adviſe me to do in this Caſe? For my part, I ſee no other way left me but to belabour her Sides with a good *Oaken Cudgel* at parting, turn her out of *Doors*, and bid her make the *beſt* of her way to Hell, rather than ſhe ſhall ſquander all I have, and ſend me to an Hoſpital. I know by Experience that the *more* a Man bears with an *imperious* Woman, the more ſhe will *ride* him; and that a true *Scold* is no more to be cured than a Vicious Conſtitution, which turns the beſt *Aliments* into Poiſon: Therefore I am

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am reſolved ſhe ſhall *troop*, and be a *Thorn* in my Foot no longer. This is *fully* concluded between *me* and *my ſelf*, *nemine contradicente*; and as for my *Dear Spouſe*, ſhe may travel with her Band-Box where-ever ſhe pleaſes; and whether ſhe *hangs* or *drowns* her ſelf in her great Diſcretion, 'tis all one to

Your humble Servant.

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Epimenides *to* Arginota.

Ep. 17. Lib. 2.

A Letter of Gallantry to a married Woman.

I Proteſt, Madam, you adviſe one like any *Oracle* : Your *Exhortations* are the ſobereſt things in the World, by the ſame token, I never *think* of them, but they *wonderfully* affect me. The laſt time I had the Honour of your *Company*, you were pleaſed to ask me when I intended to raiſe the *Siege*, and leave off *perſecuting* you, adding, that you had an honeſt Man to your Husband, and would ſooner *loſe* your *Life*, and all that, than *violate* his Bed. After this, Madam, you *very diſcreetly* counſelled me to fly the *Country*, leſt he ſhould find me *prowling* in his Territories, and cut my Throat for endeavouring to *fortifie* his Head. Now, Madam, as I hinted above, you have a moſt excellent Hand at *adviſing*,

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ſing, but you muſt give me leave to tell you that you were never in *love*, nay, that you never ſaw a *Lover* in your life: for your *Language* ſhews that you are a perfect *Stranger* to theſe Matters. You tell me that you have a *Huſband*; why, what care I if there were a *thouſand* of 'em; for then there would be ſo many the more to *Cuckold*? A true *Lover* is as great a *Stranger* to *Fear* as he is to *Modeſty*. Break your Fan about his *Ears*; ſet your *Lap-dog*, *Squirrel* and *Monkey* all at once upon him; turn him out of *doors*; call him a hundred *ſaucy Fellows*, and fling your Chamber-pot at him; yet all this won't hinder him from making a ſecond Attack: Fright him with a *Bully* of a Husband eight foot high; nay, ſet *Death* before his face, he'll *break* through all Difficulties, and ſail againſt *Wind* and *Tide*, to arrive at his expected *Port*. *Venus* is infinitely more honoured by theſe noble *Reſolutions*, than by all the Incenſe and Victims that her other Votaries preſent to her. So, Madam, you may ſave your ſelf the *trouble* of giving me any more wholſome *Admonitions*; for, upon my word, they are not like to *edifie* with we. Having made

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these Advances, I scorn to *listen* to the Suggestions of so *treacherous* a Privy-Counsellour as *Fear*; and have resolved either to take the Town by *Storm*, or else to die in the *Trenches*, or do something that's worse: You may *dissuade* me to the contrary, till your *Lungs* are tired; but my *Heart* whispers me to keep my ground; and for your sake I have bound my self by an Oath, either to fall in your Quarrel, or else to cure my *Love* by *marrying*: For I have been told that *Marriage* is as effectual a Cure for *Love*, as *Beheading* is for the *Tooth-ach*. But, Madam, I hope you'll not put me upon such cruel *Extremittes*. In the mean time, Oh, thou most charming of all Women! don't entertain any such *wicked* Sentiments as to think that these are *Compliments* of course, and no better. You must be a rank *Infidel* to distrust me after so frank a *Declaration*: for, as I hope to be happy in your *Embraces*, my *Pen* is *Secretary* to my *Heart*, and *writes* nothing but what that *dictates* to it.

TO. *Farewell.*

Ælia-

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Ælianus *to* Calyca.

Ep. 1. Lib. 2.

A young Gentleman had fallen out with his Miſtreſs; and a Friend of his endeavours in this Letter to re-eſtabliſh him in her good Graces: and the better to bring it about, tells her that he ſhall bring his Pockets lined with Gold: which Argument they ſay, never yet failed with any VVoman of any Age, Religion or Country whatſoever.

I Have *preſumed* to write you this Letter in behalf of my Friend *Charidemus*; and if my Eloquence could come up to the height of his *Paſſion*, I ſhould not much doubt of carrying my Point with you. This *young Gentleman* has been long your *Adorer*; and unleſs you propoſe a ſpeedy Cure to his *Pain*, I am afraid will not continue long in the Land of the Living. At preſent he is a *walking Skeleton*; and I leave it to you to conſider what credit it will be for you

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to ſend one, who is a *Ghoſt* a'ready, to his Brethren below. For my part, I *daily* put it up in my *Prayers*, that Bloodſhed may never be laid to your Charge; and that ſo beautiful a Face as *yours* may never be indicted at Heaven's *Old-Baily* for Murther. You are *angry* with the Young Spark I know, and perhaps he has merited your Indignation: but if his *Youth* will not plead for his *paſt* Errours, yet remember he has done *Penance* enough by being *baniſhed* your Company ſo long. As you are only *inferiour* to the Goddeſs of *Beauty*, perhaps it may not be amiſs for you to *try* to imitate her: 'Tis true ſhe has her *Fire*, and carries her *Darts* about her; but her *Fire* is gentle, not devouring, and her *Darts* are reſerved for thoſe that deſpiſe, not for thoſe that adore her. You are not content to ſet us on *fire* by your *Sight*, but wound us even with your *Abſence*. Now where would the *harm* on't be, to *heal* the Wounded by a *kind* Glance, and to ſoften that *Flame*, which your *Cruelty* firſt kindled. So far Madam, I have talked to you in the Language of an *Interceder*; Now give me leave to ſay a Word or two to you as

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as an *Adviſer*. I know indeed that it is no ill *Policy* for a Woman to make her *Lover* now and then ſmart by her Diſdain; becauſe it not only puts an Edge upon his *Appetite*, but keeps him in his *Duty*; but then there is danger in *carrying* this Point too far: for as *Satiety* is apt to *cloy*, ſo too ſevere a *Treatment* generally diſguſts him. Who knows too but it may make him beſtow his *Applications* elſewhere, where he has a fairer Proſpect of ſucceeding? *Cupid* comes and goes away in a Minute; where he hopes, there he *ſettles* his Quarters; make him *deſpair*, and he *abandons* 'em in an inſtant: For this reaſon a Lady that would *ſecure* her Lover to her ſelf, ought to manage her Game *cautiouſly*; and altho' ſhe is not inclined to grant him the laſt *Favours* as often as he demands them, to afford him at leaſt ſo *ſlender* and ſo *cheap* a Diet as *Hope*. To deal plainly with you, Madam, ſeveral of your Sex have been laying out for my *Friend* already; and one that ſhall be nameleſs had *certainly* drawn him into her *Toyl*, if he had not *firmly* reſolved to forget all VVomankind for you. As for thoſe *fluttering* Coxbombs that make love

love to all the *Females* they meet, and adore all Faces alike, you may receive them in what manner you think fit; but a ſincere Lover, like my Friend, ought to be uſed *ſincerely*, and treated upon the ſquare: Therefore, Madam, let me adviſe you to keep within due Bounds, leſt you *crack* the Line by endeavouring to *ſtretch* it; and let not your Diſcretion degenerate into *Pride*. You need not be informed what a Pleaſure the VVorld takes to mortifie the *Haughty*: Beſides, Delays in theſe matters are often prejudicial; and the *Fruit* that taſtes well when *newly* gathered from the Tree, loſes all its delicious *Flavour* by being kept too long. Time ſpurs on *continually*, whether we employ it to our Advantage or no: and when old Age knocks at your door, your other Gueſts will leave you; and 'tis a *ſad*, but an *undeniable* Truth, that Love ſeldom or never ſurvives the loſs of *Beauty*. A VVoman is like a *Garden*; while the *Verdure* laſts, and the *Flowers* are in perfection, VVhat can be more *agreeable*? But when the *Spring* is once gone, the *Flowers* decay, and the Garden lies neglected. Thus it hap-

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happens with a *Woman*; for when her *Shape* and *Charms* have left her in the *Lurch*, she must either keep at home, and be a *Magdalene* in her own *defence*, or resolve to be *laught* at if she peeps abroad. *Love* waits upon *Beauty*, as *Flatterers* do upon *Wealth*, and both *disappear*, when the attractive *Object* is gone. But, Madam, I forget whom I am a *talking* to all this while: for what need I make a long *Harangue* to one, who knows these Matters so much better than my self? Let me therefore conjure thee, O thou *Phœnix* of thy Sex! to forget and forgive all former *Quarrels*; and let thy *Soul* that inhabits so fair a Mansion, be, if 'tis possible, more *charming* than thy *Body*. You see how a Rose withers upon the *Stalk*, if it is not gathered: I need not make any *Application*. Will you then be reconciled to your *Lover*? I am sure you will: For I know your Breast is capable of the most tender Impressions; and 'tis not in your temper to be cruel. Know then that I will wait upon you to morrow Night, and be Master of the Ceremonies to my young Gentleman, who shall bring with him store

ſtore of *Mediators* in his Pocket; I mean of *Broad-Pieces*: for between Friends, Madam, nothing is ſo *hearty* a Reconciler, or ſo effectual a *Pleader*, eſpecially in the Affairs of *Love*, as a round Handful of *Gold*: Thus hoping you'll paſs an Act of *Indemnity* for what is paſt, and put the beſt *Conſtruction* upon the *preſent*, I remain

Your moſt obedient Servant.

Apol-

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Apollogenes *to* Soſias.

Ep. 11. Lib. 2.

Deſcribes the uneaſie Condition of a young Gentleman, who at the ſame time had a violent Paſſion for his Wife and his Miſtriſs.

I Believe no young Fellow in the World, was ever in ſuch *Curſed* Circumſtances as I; and were it poſſible for a Man to conſult every Lover between *Pole* and *Pole*, I fancy they'd all own that *mine* is the hardeſt Caſe that ever was. I *kept* a Woman and *lov'd* her, but after a Month or two, grew *weary* of her, as 'tis the way of *frail* Mankind: Thought I to my ſelf, I'll e'en leave off this *fooliſh expenſive* courſe of Life, turn *honeſt*, like the reſt of my Neighbours, and *marry*. I did ſo; and married a VVoman of Vertue and Fortune; and, in ſhort, poſſeſs'd of all thoſe good *Qualities* that can *recommend* one of her Sex. But tho'

I

I enjoy this Charming Bedfellow every Night, my *Paſſion* for my old *Miſtriſs* burns ſtill as *violently* as ever; and yet I deſie any Man breathing to *love* his VVife better than I do. But here's the *miſchief* on't, when I *poſſeſs* one, I cannot forbear thinking of the *other*; and thus when I am in *company* with my VVife, my wicked *Memory* conjures up the Idea of my *Miſtriſs*: And when I am *circled* in my Miſtriſs's Arms, ſome untoward *Dæmon* or other puts my *Wife* into my Head. In fine, my Caſe is like that of a *Pilot* at Sea, who finds himſelf attack'd by two *contrary* VVinds that ſtruggle for the *Sovereignty* of the Ocean, and buffet his poor Veſſel by turns moſt *unmercifully*. You'll wonder perhaps how I ſhould be able at the ſame time to harbour two *ſuch* incompatible *Intereſts* in my Breaſt as a *VVife* and a *Miſtriſs*: But you may reſt aſſured, that what I have told you is *true*; and I could wiſh with all my Soul, that as theſe two *Paſſions* make a ſhift to ſubſiſt in my Heart without *juſtling* out one another; ſo my *Spouſe* and my *Miſs* could be induced to ſet up their Horſes together, and live

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live *peaceably* under the ſame Roof, without any *Jealouſie* or *Heart-burning*. But this is a *Miracle* which I muſt never expect to ſee; for tho' a *Miſs*, ſo long as you ſupply her with *Money*, cares not a farthing if you are concerned with a thouſand other VVomen; yet that untractable craving Animal called a *VVife*, would ſooner ſee you ſquander her *Fortune*, and plunder her of her Grandmother's *Jewels*, than let you *pay* the leaſt *Sum* of *Love* into any *Exchequer* but her own.

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A Letter of Monſieur de Balzac *to Monſieur* de la Motte Aigron.

The Argument.

The younger Pliny *in one of his Epiſtles gives us a large Deſcription of his* Villa *or Country-Seat at* Laurentum; *to which Monſieur* Perrault *oppoſes this of* Balzac. *Of both theſe Letters 'tis pleaſantly enough ſaid in the* Apologie de Balzac, *that the latter deſcribes his Houſe like an Orator, but* Pliny *like a Maſon that had a mind to part with it to the next Cuſtomer.*

WE had Yeſterday one of thoſe fine *Days* without a Sun, which, you ſay, reſembles the pretty *blind Lady*, with whom *Philip the Second* was ſo much in love. To tell you the Truth, I never was ſo well pleaſed in my Life with being alone: and although the Place where I walked, was a large ſpacious Heath, which

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which could be put to no fitter uſe that I know of, than to ſerve for a *Stage* for two *jolly* Armies to engage upon: Nevertheleſs that agreeable *Shade* which Heaven gave me on all ſides, hindered me from deſiring that of *Grotto's* and *Forreſts*. 'Twas a general Peace from the higheſt *Region* of the Air, to the *Surface* of the Earth; the VVater of the River ſeemed to be as ſtanding as that of a Lake; and if our Veſſels that go to Sea, were always to find ſuch a *Calm* there, as they could not eſcape, ſo they could not be *deſtroyed* in it. This I ſay on purpoſe to make you *regret* the loſing ſo fine a *Day* in the *City*, and to tempt you to make a ſmall Trip into the *Country*, to come and taſte the Pleaſures of the ancient *Patriarchs*, who quenched their *Thirſt* with Fountain-water, and had no other Nouriſhment but that which fell from the *Trees*. VVe live here in a ſmall *Valley*, ſhut up on every ſide with *Mountains*, from whoſe ancient Sides ſome Grains of that precious Metal ſtill deſcend, of which the firſt *Ages* were made. VVhen VVar is buſie in all the four *Corners*

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of *France*, and within a hundred Paces of this *inchanted Spot*, the whole Ground is covered with *Troops* of Soldiers; yet our *military* Squadrons by common Consent spare this humble *Sanctuary*; and the *Spring* which uses to *open* with Sieges of Towns, and other warlike Exploits; and which for these *twelve* Years last past has been *less* expected for the Change of the Seasons, than for that of *Affairs*, shews us nothing new but *Violets* and *Primroses*. Our People preserve themselves in their *Innocence*, neither by the *Fear* of Laws, nor by the *Study* of VViſdom. To do well, they only follow the simple Dictates of *Nature*, and receive more Advantage from their *Ignorance* of Vice, than we derive from our boasted *Knowledge* of Vertue; so that in this happy Kingdom of half a League in compass, we know not what it is to cheat, except it be the *Birds* and *Beasts*; and the vile *Jargon* of that *eternal Babler* the Law, is a Language full as *unknown* to us, as that of *America*, or any other new VVorld, that has escaped the Avarice of *Ferdinand*, and the Ambition of *Isabella*. Those things that destroy Human Health, or offend

offend their Eyes, never had any Footing in this charming *Paradise*. We are troubled with no *Lizards* or *Snakes*; and we know no other *Reptiles* but our *Melons* and our *Strawberries*. I will not pretend to trouble you with the Description of a *House* which was never built according to the nice Rules of *Architecture*; and whose Materials are not altogether so precious as those of *Marble* or *Porphyry*. I will only tell you, that before our Gate there is a *Wood*, where at full Noon we have just *Day* enough to let us know that it is not *Night*, and to hinder all Colours from being *black*: so that between the *Obscurity* and the *Light*, there results an agreeable *Mixture* that cannot *injure* the *weakest* Eyes, and conceals the *Defects* of the most indifferent *Faces*. Our Trees are *green* to the very Root, as well with their own *Leaves*, as those of the *Ivy* that *embraces* 'em; and if they bear no *Fruit*, their Branches are full of *Turtles* and *Pheasants* all the Year round. From this delightful Place we come to a *Meadow*, where we tread upon *Tulips* and *Anemones*, which I purposely sowed among the

other *Flowers*, to confirm me in the Opinion I learnt abroad in my Travels, that the *French* Women are not so pretty as the *Foreigners*. I sometimes walk down to the *Valley*, which is the most retired part of my *Desert*, and which no Man ever *entred* before me. In this Place, which 'tis impossible almost to describe, I choose to contemplate upon my dearest *Recreations*, and to pass the *sweetest*, and most *innocent* Hours of my Life. The Water and the Trees between 'em always furnish us with something *cool* and *green*: The Swans, which formerly cover'd the whole River, have *retired* to this Place of *Security*, and live in a Canal, which *silences* the greatest *Talkers* as soon as they draw near it; upon the Sides whereof I am always happy, whether I am *chearful* or *melancholy*: upon the least stay I make in this *delicious* Place, methinks I return to my primitive *Innocence*; my Desires, my Fears, and my Hopes leave me all on the sudden; all the *Motions* of my Soul stop in their full Career; and either I have no Passions at all, or if I have any, they are wholly at my Command. The *Sun* af-

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affords us enough of his heavenly Face, but does not *diſturb* us with his *Heat*; the Place lies ſo low, that it can only receive the laſt Points of his Rays, which for this reaſon are ſo much the finer, and ſhine with a purer Light. But as it was I that firſt diſcovered this new Land, ſo I poſſeſs it without a Co-partner, and would not ſo much as let my own *Brother* divide the Sovereignty of it with me. As for *every* thing elſe, I have not a *Servant* who is not *Maſter* of it; every one takes his *Fill* of what he loves; and thus the time paſſes *merrily* on all ſides: So that where ever I ſee the Corn *beaten* down to the Ground, or the Graſs *levell'd*, I immediately conclude that neither *Wind* nor *Hail* did it, but a *Shepherd* and a *Shepherdeſs*. Let me go which way I pleaſe out of my Houſe, and turn my Eyes towards any part of this agreeable Solitude, I ſtill behold a Chriſtal *Rivulet*, in which the *Beaſts*, when they drink, behold the *Heavens* as clear as we do, and *enjoy* that Advantage, which otherwiſe Men would rob 'em of. But this pretty *Rivulet* is ſo much in love with this *pretty* Place, that it divides

it ſelf into a thouſand *Branches*, and makes an infinite Number of *Iſlands*, that it may longer *enjoy* the Pleaſure of ſo *bewitching* a Proſpect; and when it overflows its *Banks*, 'tis only to make the Year more *fertil*, and furniſh us with its *Trouts* and *Pikes*, that much exceed the *Crocodiles* of the *Nile*, and the fabulous *Gold* of all the Rivers of the *Poets*. The great Cardinal of *Richelieu* ſometimes comes down hither to taſte a new ſort of Happineſs, and leaves behind him that ſevere *Vertue*, that *Pomp* which ſurprizes all the World, to take up *ſofter* Qualities, and a Majeſty more *ſedate*. This *mighty* Miniſter, whom *Heaven* has choſen for its *Inſtrument*, to perform ſo many great *Exploits*, and who is never out of my Thoughts, after he had loſt a *Brother* ſo well accompliſhed, that if he might have choſen one out of all Mankind, he could not have made a *happier* Choice; I ſay, after he had ſuffered a *Loſs* which *deſerved* the Tears of the *Queen*, he came down hither to find *Satisfaction*, and receive from God's own Hands, who loves *Silence* and inhabits *Solitude*, that Relief which is not to be found

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in the Systems of *Philosophy*, and the Tumult of the *World*. I could bring other *Examples* to convince you that my *Desert* has been visited in all times by illustrious *Hermites*, and that the Footsteps of *Princes* and great *Noblemen* are still fresh in my Walks: But for my concluding Invitation, I need only tell you that *Virgil* and I expect you here; and that if you'll *bring down* your Muses and your Papers with you, we need not trouble our selves with the Intrigues of the *Court*, or the Confusions of *Germany*. Let me die if any thing can be finer than your Writings, and if the least Paragraph of the Book you shewed me does not infinitely exceed all *Frankfort* Fair; and those unweildy Volumes we receive from the *North*, to which we are indebted for the above-mention'd bulky *Blessings*, as well as Frost and Snow. I know indeed that the famous *President de Thou*, who was as nice a Judge of the *Roman* Eloquence, as he was of the Characters and Qualities of Men, had a mighty Opinion of the Writers of those Countries: but for my part I cannot imagine what should

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make him so much in love with a People, whose *Wit* is cast in so *different* a Mould from his own, and who have not the least *relish* of the *Latin* Purity, which you endeavour to copy with so scrupulous a Care, and so exact a Niceness. I don't doubt but that you will shew these *Northern* Gentlemen, as likewise those Pretenders on the other side of the *Mountains*, who fondly think that all but the *Italians* are meer *Laplanders*, after what manner Men talked in *Augustus*'s Age, when Learning and Eloquence were at the height, and before the *Roman* Palates came to be debauch'd. Besides that *Propriety* of Words, and *Chastity* of Stile, which gives so much *Perspicuity* to every thing you write, it must farther be owned, that your *Thoughts* are so *bold* and *free*, that one would almost swear, that the ancient Republic of *Rome* spoke the very same, when she commanded the whole Universe; and that the *Senate* used the same Language in the *Injunctions* they laid upon Kings, and the *Answers* they sent to all the Nations of the *Earth*. But we will talk more of this when you

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you come to my Habitation, where I long to ſee you, and where for the *Flowers*, the *Fruits*, and the delicious Shade I am preparing for you, I expect you will bring me all the Riches of *Art* and *Nature*. To uſe the Expreſſion of my Lord Cardinal *d'Oſſat*, I give you a good Night; but muſt make bold to tell you, that if you look out for any ſorry ſhifting Excuſes to hinder your coming down to ſee me, I am reſolved to be no longer

Your moſt humble Servant,

Balzac.

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A Letter of Monſieur Balzac *to* Cardinal de Richelieu.

The Argument.

Balzac *here thanks his Eminence for condeſcending to write a Letter to him, wherein he was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf in favour of his Works. As I have already obſerved,* Perrault *oppoſes this Letter to that of* Cicero *to* Lucceius; *but with what Juſtice the Reader will eaſily diſcover.*

My Lord,

THE Letter you did me the honour to write to me, has done me as much Credit, as if the Public had erected a thouſand *Statues* to me, and I had been aſſured from ſome infallible *Authority* that my Writings deſerved *Commendation.* To be praiſed by the *Man,* whom our Age oppoſes to all *Antiquity,* and whom *Heaven* may ſafely

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ſafely *truſt* with the *Government* of this Sublunary World, is a Happineſs which I could not have *wiſh'd* without Preſumption; ſo that I can ſcarce reſolve my ſelf as yet, whether 'tis a *Reality*, or only an *Illuſion* of my *Fancy*; But if it be *true* that my *Eyes* don't deceive me; and if it be likewiſe *true*, that you have paſs'd your Judgment in my *favour*; you, who have been choſen by all *France* to carry her *Petitions* and *Prayers* to the King, and by the King to carry his *Diſpatches* and *Orders* to his *Armies* and *Cities*: I muſt own to you, my Lord, that you have overpaid me before-hand for all the Services I ſhall ever be capable of doing you; and I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful *Creature* upon Earth, if after I have received ſo *diſtinguiſhing* a Favour, I ſhould pretend to complain of my Fortune. And indeed, ſince the Preferments and Honours of *this* World are, generally ſpeaking, either the Inheritance of *Folly*, or the Recompence of *Vice*; and *Vertue* is forc'd to content it ſelf with bare *Eſteem* and airy *Praiſes*, ought I not to think my ſelf fully rewarded, I who have received from your Goodneſs, that which our greateſt *Generals*, when they come home attended with

Con-

Conqueſts, can hardly hope for? In ſhort, when I have every thing which your *Eminence* might expect for your great and immortal *Actions*, if there were another *Cardinal de Richelieu* to reward you for them. But, my Lord, this laſt is a *Happineſs* which will always be wanting to your *Glory*; ſo that after you have appeaſed the Fury of an enraged *Multitude* by your ſingle Preſence; after you have perſwaded the *European* World by the force of your Arguments, to carry their Arms to the *Holy-land*, and deliver from Servitude that Country which had the Honour to behold our Saviour's *Cradle*: After you have brought over to the *Church* an entire *Body* of People, as well by the *Authority* of your *Example*, as that of your *Doctrine*; who is it that can pay to your Merits that *Incence* as they deſerve; or where can you find any one to relate the *Miracles* of your Life, as I have done, to encourage my *poor* Studies, and ſmall Performances? This gives me a Satisfaction which I cannot conceal; and my *Joy* is too juſt to be ſecret. Is it poſſible that ſo great a Genius, to which *Heaven* has preſcribed no *Bounds*, and which was ordained from its very *Youth*, to perſwade *Kings*,

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Kings, to instruct *Ambassadors*, and teach the *Statesmen* of four succeeding Reigns; is it possible, I say, that so great a Genius should have an *Esteem* for me? in whose Esteem his very *Enemies* agree; and who, where he is pleased to bestow his *Approbation*, effaces all Diversity of Opinions? If so inconsiderable a Man as I am, pretended to disturb the Kingdom, I should strive to ingratiate my self with the Male-Contents; and if I designed to make a Figure in a *popular State*, I should find my self obliged to *court* the good Opinion of all sorts of *People*. But, my Lord, give me leave to tell you, that I never took any Delight in Confusion and Disorder; and that it has been always my Ambition to please a *few* Persons, and those too of the most *exquisite* Judgment. Since you have been pleased to declare your self in my favour, and have brought over the better part of the *Court* to your side, I am not at all concerned at what the rest of the *World* think of me, but leave 'em like so many *Turks* and *Infidels*, who make up by far the *greatest* part of Mankind, to go on in their *Errors*. But, my Lord, I have the Va-

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Vanity to believe, that there is not in all *France* one Man so well *conceited* of himself, or so fondly addicted to his own Opinion, but will be convinced that I am not altogether without *Merit*, since your *Eminence* has vouchsafed to write me so obliging a *Letter*; and will readily acquiesce in so *Authentic* a Testimony. If it is certain that even the *Truth* it self would not be able to keep the Field against you, I make no question, but where these two *concur*, the Judgment they pass will be owned and approved by all the World. Thus, my Lord, I repose my self safely on this *Foundation*: And whatever Enemies the Reputation you have *bestowed* upon me, has created me, yet when I consider who you are, and what an *Influence* you have upon all that know you, I am not in the least apprehensive of carrying my *Cause*, since you been pleased to espouse it. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

and most obedient Servant,

BALZAC.

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A Panegyric upon Cardinal de Richelieu, *in a Letter of Monsieur* de Voiture.

The Argument.

Monsieur Perrault *in his above-mention'd* Paralelle *oppoſes this Letter to* Pliny's *famous Panegyric upon* Trajan. *I muſt confeſs 'tis very handſomely written; but I believe that none but ſo great a Bigot for his Country as* Perrault, *would have ventured to make the Compariſon.*

I am not one of thoſe, as you would ſeem to *inſinuate*, that love to improve all my Lord *Cardinal*'s Actions into Miracles, and carry his Praiſes beyond their due *bounds*; and while they would make the World believe *well* of him, ſacrifice all regard to *Credibility*. On the other hand, I am not of that baſe detracting temper, as to *hate* a Man meerly becauſe he

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he is above the reſt of the World; neither will I ſuffer my ſelf to be *carried* away by popular Pre-poſſeſſions, which, I know, generally ſpeaking, to be unjuſt. I conſider him with an *unprejudiced* Judgment, where Paſſion has nothing to do on *one* ſide or the *other*; and I behold him with the ſame Eyes, with which *Poſterity* will behold him. And certainly two hundred years hence, when thoſe who look upon him after us, ſhall read in our Hiſtory, that the Great *Cardinal de Richelieu* demoliſh'd *Rochel*, confounded the *Heretics*, and by one *ſingle* Blow took thirty or forty of their Cities all at once; when they ſhall come to find that in the time of his *Miniſtry* the *Engliſh* were beaten and repuls'd, *Pignerol* conquer'd, *Caſall* relieved, *Lorrain* joined to our Crown, the greateſt part of *Alſatia* reduced under our Subjection, the *Spaniards* defeated at *Veillane* and *Avein*; I ſay, when they ſhall find that while he *preſided* over our Affairs, *France* had not one Neighbour, over whom ſhe did not gain ſome important Victory or Town: If they have the leaſt Drop of *French* Blood in their Veins, and any love for the Honour of their Country, can they read

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read theſe things without having a great *Affection* for him? Do you think they will *love* or *eſteem* him the leſs, becauſe in his time the *Payments* of the Town-Hall came in ſomewhat of the *ſloweſt*; or becauſe ſome new *Offices* were erected? *Great* things cannot be done without a great *Expence*; and to *cramp* 'em for want of *Money*, is to maim their Execution: But if we are to look upon a Kingdom as immortal, and to conſider the *Advantages* it will reap in *future* Ages, as if they were actually *preſent*; let us compute how many *Millions* this Man, whom they pretend to have ruin'd *France*, has ſaved her by the bare taking of *Rochel*; which Town two thouſand years hence, in all the *Minorities* of our Kings, upon every Diſcontent of the Nobility, and upon all Occaſions of revolting, would moſt certainly have *rebelled*, and oblig'd us to a perpetual *Expence*. Our Kingdom had only *two* Enemies to fear, the *Hugonots* and the *Spaniards*. My Lord *Cardinal* no ſooner entred upon Affairs, but he immediately reſolved to ruine both. Was it poſſible for him to form more *glorious* or more *advantagious* Deſigns? He

has happily effected the one, but has not compleated the other. However, if he had fail'd in his first Design, those that now *cry out* that it was a rash unreasonable *Resolution* to pretend to attack and humble the *Power* of *Spain*; and that *Experience* had sufficiently shown it; yet would they not have been as forward to *condemn* his Design of ruining the *Hugonots*? would they not have told us, that he ought not to have *embarked* in an Enterprize, wherein * three of our *Kings* had successively *miscarried*; and which the † late *King* did not so much as think of? And would they not have concluded as *falsly* as they do in this other Affair, that the thing was not *feasable*, meerly because it was not already done? But let us consider, I beseech you, whether 'twas his or *Fortune*'s fault, that he has not as yet *accomplished* this Design: Let us see what *Method* he took to effect it, and what *Engines* he set on work: Let us examine whether he has *fail'd* much of *felling* that mighty *Tree*, the House of *Austria*; and has not shaken the very *Root* of that *Trunk*, whose *two* Branches covered the *North* and the *West*, and o-

Francis II
Charles IX
Henry III.
† Hen. IV.

ver

verſhadow'd the reſt of the *Earth*: He went as far as the Northern *Pole* to find out that * *Hero*, who ſeemed *predeſtinated* to lay the *Axe* to it, and bring it to the *Ground*. It was his *Addreſs*, joyn'd with this *Thunder*, which fill'd all *Germany* with Fire and Deſolation, whoſe Noiſe was heard by all the *World*; but when this *Tempeſt* was diſperſed, and Fortune had turned away the impending *Blow*; did he *ſtop* ſhort in his Courſe, or ceaſe his *Deſigns* for this? and did not he bring the *Empire* lower than it had been by the Loſſes of the Battle of *Leipſic*, and that of *Lutzen*? His *Dexterity* and good *Conduct* raiſed us all on a ſudden, an Army of forty thouſand Men in the Heart of *Germany*, with a *General* at the Head of 'em, who was Maſter of all the great *Qualities* that are neceſſary to bring about a Revolution in any State. If the King of *Sweden* threw himſelf farther into danger than became a *Perſon* of his Deſign and Rank; and if the Duke of *Fridlandt*, by over-delaying his *Enterprize*, ſuffered it to take Air and be diſcovered, was it poſſible for the *Cardinal* either to charm the Bullet, which

* He means Guſtavus Adolphus.

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kill'd the former in the midſt of his Victory; or render the latter *impenetrable* to the Blows of a *Partiſan*? And if after this *diſmal* Blow, to compleat the Ruine of our *Affairs*, the *Generals*, who commanded the Armies of our *Allies* before *Norlingen*, gave Battle at an unſeaſonable time, was it poſſible for the *Cardinal*, who was above *two thouſand* Leagues from the Spot, to change this Reſolution, and ſtop the unadviſed *Raſhneſs* of thoſe, who for an *Empire* that would have been the certain Price of a Victory, would not ſtay *three* days longer? Thus, you ſee, it was impoſſible to ſave the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and hinder the Execution of the *Cardinal*'s Deſigns, which ſome People pretend were ſo *raſh*, had not *Fortune* wrought three ſurprizing Miracles; that is to ſay, three great *Events*, which, in all Probability, would never happen; I mean, the Death of the King of *Sweden*, that of the Duke of *Fridlandt*, and the Loſs of the Battle of *Norlingen*. You will tell me he has no reaſon to complain of Fortune, for croſſing him in this, ſince ſhe had ſerved him ſo faithfully in all his other *Deſigns*; ſince ſhe put Places into

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into his *Hands*, without ſo much as laying Siege to 'em; ſince, by her favour he commanded Armies ſucceſsfully without the leaſt *Experience* to direct him; ſince ſhe *conducted* him always as it were by the hand, brought him ſafe out of the greateſt Precipices, upon which he had thrown himſelf, and made him frequently appear *bold*, *wiſe*, and *foreſeeing*, without any Merit on his ſide: Let us therefore behold him in his evil *Fortune*, and examine if even then he ſhewed leſs *Boldneſs*, *Wiſdom* and *Foreſight*. Our Affairs were in no very good Poſture in *Italy*; and, as it is the Deſtiny of *France* to gain Battles and loſe their Armies, ours was exceedingly *diminiſhed* ever ſince the laſt Victory we had gained over the *Spaniards*. We had not much *better* luck before *Dole*, where the length of the Siege made us apprehend its ill Succeſs, when we received advice that the Enemy had entred *Picardy*, that they had at the firſt Onſet taken *Capelle*, *Caſtelet*, and *Corbie*; and that theſe three Places, which ought to have ſtopt 'em ſo many Months, ſcarce held 'em eight Days. All was in Fire and Aſhes, to the Banks of the

River *Oise*: We might behold from our Suburbs the Smoak of the Villages, which the Enemy had burnt? All the World was *alarm'd* at this ſudden Progreſs; and the *Capital City* of our Kingdom was in the higheſt Conſternation. In the midſt of theſe Calamities Advice came from *Burgundy*, that the Siege of *Dole* was raiſed; and from *Xaintonge*, that fifty thouſand *Peaſants* were up in Arms; and that 'twas fear'd the *Infection* would ſoon ſpread it ſelf in *Poitou* and *Guienne*: Ill News came pouring upon us from all Parts; The whole Face of Heaven was overcaſt: The *Tempeſt* invaded us on every ſide; and we had not the leaſt Proſpect of good fortune to ſupport us in theſe *Extremities*: We could not ſee Day through the leaſt Hole. But in all this Darkneſs did the *Cardinal* ſee leſs clear than at other times? Did he loſe either his *Judgment* or *Reſolution*? and, during this Tempeſt, did he not always keep his *Rudder* in one hand, and his *Compaſs* in the other? Did he call out for the *Long-boat* to ſave himſelf? and, if the great Veſſel which he ſteer'd, was deſtin'd to be caſt away, did he not ſhow that he was

was the *first* Man that resolv'd to perish? Was it Fortune that deliver'd him out of this *Labyrinth*, or his own *Prudence* and *Magnanimity*? Our Enemies were within fifteen Leagues of *Paris*, and his were in the Town; he received daily Advice, that *Cabals* were held and *Designs* form'd to ruine him: *France* and *Spain* were, if I may so express my self, join'd in a *Conspiracy* against him alone. Now, amidst all these threatning *Concurrences*, in so dreadful and black a *Conjunction*, how did this Man look, who, they pretended would be cast down upon the least ill Success? and who, as they gave out, had fortified *Havre-de-Grace*, on purpose to make it a Place of *Retreat* in case of any *Disaster*? He does not go one Step backward for all this: He is taken up with the Dangers of the State and not his own: And all the Alteration we could observe in him at this time, was, that whereas he never us'd to go abroad without two hundred Guards before, he now walk'd out every Day, only attended by *five* or *six* Gentlemen. All the World must own, that an *Adversity* supported by so good a *Grace*, and with so much *Bravery*, is much to

be preferr'd even to *Victory* and *Prosperity* it self. He did not appear to me so great and victorious, even when he made his Entry into *Rochel*, as then; and the daily Visits he made to the *Arsenal*, were, in my Opinion, more glorious to him, than his famous *Expedition* on the other side the Mountains, when he took *Pignerol* and *Susa*: Therefore let me conjure you to open your Eyes, and to prepare you for beholding so bright an Object, lay aside your *Aversion* to the Man, who is so happy in revenging himself on his *Enemies*; and cease to wish ill to him, who knows to turn it to his Glory, by behaving himself so undauntedly under it. Leave your Party, before they *leave* you, as a *great* part of his Enemies have done, that were converted by the last *Miracle* they saw him perform. If the *War* comes to be *concluded*, as there is reason to *hope* it will, he'll soon find a Way to gain the rest over to his Side. Being so *wise* as he is, he must certainly know after so much Experience what is best for us, and will turn all his Designs to make us the most Flourishing Peo-

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ple in the World, after he has made us the moſt *formidable*. He will content himſelf with an Ambition which is to be preferred before all others, and is practiſed but by few; I mean to make himſelf the beſt and moſt beloved Man in the Kingdom, and not the greateſt and moſt feared: He knows that the moſt Noble and moſt Laſting Conqueſts are thoſe of *Hearts* and *Affections*; that *Laurels* are barren *Plants* that afford us nothing more than *Shade*, and are not to be compar'd with the *Harveſt* and *Fruits* with which *Peace* is crown'd. He *conſiders*, that it is nothing near ſo *Meritorious* to *enlarge* the Limits of a Kingdom a *Hundred* Leagues, and better; as to *leſſen* our Taxes Twelve-pence in the Pound; and that there is leſs *Grandeur* and real *Glory* in defeating an Hundred Thouſand Men, than leaving Twenty Millions in their Eaſe and Security.

Thus this *mighty* Genius, which has hitherto been ſolely *employ'd* in contriving and raiſing Funds for the Support of the War, in raiſing Recruits, taking Cities and gaining Battles

ties, will for the future wholly busie himself in establishing *Peace*, *Wealth* and *Plenty*. The same Head which was deliver'd of a *Pallas* in Armour, will shew us the Goddess with her *Olive-Tree*, peaceable, gentle, and learned, accompanied with all those Arts which *generally* march along with her. He will publish no more new *Edicts*, but such as may serve to restrain *Luxury*, and promote *Trade*. Those great *Vessels* that were built to carry our *Arms* beyond the *Streights*, shall for the future only *conduct* our Merchant-men, and keep the Sea open: And we shall have no more War, but with the *Algerines*. Then the Enemies of my Lord *Cardinal* shall not be able to speak, as hitherto they have not been able to *act* against him: Then the Citizens of *Paris* shall be his Guards, and he will be convinc'd how much more *pleasing* and *satisfactory* it is to hear his *Praises* in the Mouth of the People, than in that of the *Poets*. But I beseech you not to keep out till this happens; and stay not to be his Friend, till you are forc'd to be so; but if You are resolv'd to per-

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perſiſt in your Opinion, I ſhall not pretend to uſe any *Violence* to make you leave it. However, be not ſo *Unjuſt*, as to take it ill that I have defended my own, and I *freely* promiſe you to read over whatever You think fit to write to me by way of Anſwer, when the *Spaniards* have re-taken *Corbie*.

I am

Your moſt obedient Servant,

Voiture.

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UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Written by the Famous *Monſieur de Fontenelle*, under the feign'd Name of the Chevalier *d'Her* ***

LETTER I.

To Monſieur de T——

About a croſs young Devil of a Wife that would not let her Husband have any thing to do with her on the firſt Night of their Marriage.

YOU are deſirous to know what hapned at my Neice's *Marriage*; and having an intire *Confidence* in your Friendſhip, I ſhall make no Scruple to acquaint you with the Secrets of our Family. You muſt know

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know then that we are in the ſtrangeſt Confuſion imaginable; and when the *Storm* will be over, a greater Conjurer than my ſelf muſt reſolve you. That Young *Fury* my Neice has a mortal Averſion to her *Husband*, and wou'd not ſuffer him upon the Wedding *Night* to perform the uſual *Duties* of Matrimony. We that knew nothing of what had paſs'd between them, accoſted the *Bridegroom* next Morning with the *common* Queſtions; asking him how many *Fingers* he cou'd ſhew, and how *often* he had treſpaſs'd upon Madam's *Patience*. He on his ſide receiv'd us very *coldly*; whereas the young Slut never look'd ſo *gay* and *pleaſant* in her Life. I could not imagine what ſhould be the meaning of it, unleſs it were that the Bridegroom's Conſcience privately *reproach'd* him for having given very ſlender Proofs of his *Manhood* the Night before, and his Wife *inſulted* him for it; tho' at the ſame time I conſider'd, that if the Caſe were ſo, his Spouſe, in all Probability, would not be ſo *merry*: For what Woman, that has all her Fortune lodged in a *Goldſmith*'s Hands, would rejoice

joice to hear he was a *Bankrupt*. But in Truth, I was far from divining the true Reason of her *Gayety*, which proceeded from the Pleasure she took in having punish'd her Husband the Night before. Since her *Friends* wou'd force her to marry against her *Inclinations*, she's resolv'd, by what I can find, to make her self some amends for it, by playing the *Tyrant* to her *Spouse*; and the Success of her *Revenge*, which is Meat, Drink, and Cloth to a true *Woman*, has given her that Air and Vivacity, that she looks ten times *prettier* than ever. My Sister, who, you must know, is a very devout *Woman* in her Temper, is almost at her Wits end, to see her *Daughter* in so a fair way to damn her self. And what is worse, to *damn* her self for a *Sin*, which perhaps not one *married Woman* since the Creation was ever *guilty* of. For this Reason she sent for some of the most *Learned* and *Able Divines* in *Paris*, to come and try what they could do with her; who very *piously* advis'd her to discharge the *Duties* of a Wife, as she was in Conscience bound, and quoted a thousand *Passages* out of *Fathers* and

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Councils, out of the *Civil* and *Canon* Law, to prove that she must obey her *Husband in omnibus licitis & honestis*, and not refuse him the *Use* of his own: But this *silly* Baggage answer'd 'em very *pertly*, that for her part, she would neither be govern'd by *Fathers* nor *Councils*; for what Authority had they to controul her? and endeavour'd to justifie her *Rebellion* with such foolish idle *Arguments*, that our worthy *Clergymen* could hardly keep their solemn Countenances. When their Learn'd *Remonstrances* were over, in came her *Husband*, who by his obliging Behaviour and tender *Embraces*, try'd to put her in a better Humour; but she was equally Proof against all these different *Attacks*, and minded him no more than she did the Gentlemen in Black. I *expected* indeed that the *Parsons* would soon conquer her *Obstinacy*; because a Woman is easily perswaded to be complaisant to her *Body* when she is told that 'tis for the Health of her *Soul*; but as for her *Husband*, I never thought he wou'd advance a Step by any thing he could say, or do to her. In truth, he is so woful a Figure,

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gure, that although our *Spiritual* Guides had ſtagger'd her in this Fooliſh Reſolution, yet the very ſight of him was enough to confirm her in her *Contumacy*. However, I muſt do him the Juſtice as to own, that he *omits* nothing that may help to *reconcile* him to his Wife, and make him appear *lovely* in her *Eyes*. The Perfumer and the Taylor, the Embroiderer and the Semſtreſs, have taken a World of Pains to ſet off his Perſon; but as I told you before, his *Perſon* is ſo incorrigible that no Art can amend it. So that, to deal plainly with you, nothing gives me any Hopes in this Affair, but the Bridegroom's *Reſolution*, who is not a jot diſcourag'd; But, upon ſecond Thoughts, I very much queſtion whether the *Conſtancy* of a *Married* Man will hold out ſo long as that of a *Lover*. For that very thing, wherein he ſeems to have the Advantage of the *Latter*, I mean, the *Right* he has to obtain what he deſires, produces the quite contrary Effect: and is ſo far from helping him forward, that it proves a Rub in his way. As the World goes at preſent, a Man

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ſooner comes at what is *forbidden* him, than what he may *challenge* as his due: And after all, I'll appeal to you, whether it would not be better for this poor Husband to be ingag'd in a ſhort Skirmiſh of an *Intrigue* which is ſoon over, than to be only Titular Maſter of a *Citadel*, which tho' it owns his *Sovereignty*, refuſes to open its Gates to him.

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

By what means the aforeſaid young Lady was at laſt brought to be complaiſant to her Husband.

'TIS a Concatenation of *Merry* Adventures this *Marriage* of my Neice: She has been of late ſtrangely indiſpos'd with the Vapours, which made her ſee very dreadful Viſions, as Deaths-Heads, Winding-Sheets, Church-yards, and the like terrible Apparitions. All the Phyſicians ſhe conſulted, unanimouſly *pre-*

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ſcribed her Husband to her. At firſt ſhe could not bear the mention of this *Preſcription*, and told the *Doctors* flat and plain, that they muſt find out ſome other *Remedy* for her. We then *repreſented* to the young Fool, that nothing but her Husband could cure her; that tho' the *Phyſick* he adminiſtred to her, would gripe her a little at firſt, yet it would *go off* in a Minute; that it would throw her into a fine *breathing Sweat*, and afterwards into the moſt *delicious Slumber* that could be. As for me, I offer'd her all the *Duties* and *Services* of a *Lover*, after ſhe had try'd her *Husband*, in order to put the *nauſeous* Reliſh of *Matrimony* out of her Mouth, as it is the Cuſtom, you know, to take a *little Spoonful* of Sugar after *Pills*, to make one loſe the *Taſte* of 'em. As her *Vapours* ſtill grew upon her, they help'd to *fortifie* our Arguments: So at laſt, after two Months *holding* out, the *Caſtle* ſurrender'd, and the Marriage Rites were *conſummated*. It went a little againſt the *Grain* with our Husband to be taken like a Doſe of *Calomel* or *Jalap* by the *Doctors* Direction: But what, I ſhould

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should think, he ought to take much nearer to Heart, he has been too *profuse* of his *Remedy*; and his *Wife*'s Vapours have *gone off* too soon; so that now he is afraid that he shall be no longer *necessary* to her; and I fancy, enquir'd of a *Physician* t'other day, whether there was not some *Secret* to give the Vapours to Persons that had 'em not. I will take care to inform my self better of this Affair. As for the *Young Gentlewoman*, she is concerned too, but 'tis because her *Distemper* has left her so soon; and, in my Conscience, would not complain if it *visited* her again, to see whether her Husband's *Receit* is infallible. It cannot but *afflict* her too to find her good Man triumph upon the *Success* of his Medicine, and value himself as an *important Person*: And indeed, of all the *frightful Visions*, she has seen, nothing *haunts* her at present but her Domestick *Lord* and *Sovereign*, who, to her great Misfortune, sticks closer to her than her Vapours; and is harder to be dislodg'd. During the time, that she *kept off* her Husband at Arms length, and bid *open Defiance* to him, she had the Curiosity to go to an *Italian Astro-*

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loger to consult him about her Fortune; and the *Oracle*, by our *Management*, answer'd her, that she should be the *Mother* of several Children, but gave her not the *least* Encouragement of ever seeing her self a *Widow*. This Prediction was somewhat *miraculous*, considering how Matters *stood* with her at that time; for how could she expect any *Harvest*, while she suffer'd her Ground to lie *untill'd*? But as Women are naturally *superstitious* and easie of *Belief*, Sir *Sidrophel* soon perswaded her that this was her *Destiny*. Thus, partly out of *Obedience* to the Stars, which foretold that she should have store of *Children*, and partly out of Fear of lying alone, when the *Death's* Heads and other *frightful Apparitions* came to visit her; my *Neice* has with great Difficulty been prevail'd upon to comply with that, which she ought to have submitted to out of *Duty*.

Let-

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Letter III.

To Madam——

How a young Gentleman that had tried all other Methods unſucceſsfully, frighted his Miſtreſs to comply with him, by threatning to ſtarve himſelf in her Cloſet.

YOU will excuſe me, Madam, if I have made bold to ſend you a ſhort Account of a *remarkable Accident* which lately hapen'd in *theſe* Parts of the World; and for the *Truth* of which, I dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a *wholſome Teſtimony* of the Power of *Love*, and ſerve to inſtruct you, that when a *Lover* is once poſitively *reſolved* to gain his Point, the beſt thing a *Woman* can do, is to ſtrike up a Bargain with him, and loſe no more time in *Capitulating*.

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Monſieur —— had courted a *Lady* two Years, but was ſo unfortunate as not to make the leaſt *Progreſs* in her Affection. All his *Services*, his *Cares*, his *Reſpects*, his *Complaints*; in ſhort, all his *Tears* and *Proteſtations*, had prov'd unſucceſsful. One Day, happening to be *alone* with her in her Cloſet, he fairly and plainly told her, that ſince nothing was capable of touching her, he was *fully reſolved* to *die*, and put an *end* to his *Pains*. This Diſcourſe, I muſt confeſs, had nothing that was *ſingular* in it: For a thouſand Men have threatned to *diſpatch* themſelves that never *intended* it; but what follows, you'll *own* to be very *particular*: *And to the end, Madam*, ſays he, *that you may fully enjoy my Death, and have the Satisfaction to ſee it ſteal upon me by degrees, I am reſolved to die of Hunger here in your Cloſet.* With that, he flung himſelf upon the Floor, reſolving to put his Deſign in Execution from that very *Moment*. The young *Lady* only *laughed* at him, and *left* him there, making no queſtion but that he would be gone in leſs than a quarter of an Hour. In the mean time the *Evening* ap-

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approach'd; yet our Trusty *Lover* still continu'd in the *Closet*. She came to see him, and ask'd him whether his *Brains* were not grown *addle*, and whether he intended to take up his *Quarters* there. To both which Questions our Gentleman made no manner of *Reply*; so that the Lady was obliged to leave him. In short, the Night passed, and next *Morning* the Lady came very early to *advise* him to lay aside this foolish *Resolution*; but all she could get from him, was, *Madam, I have already done my self the Honour to acquaint you with my last Intentions.* Having said this, he look'd *languishingly* upon her, fetch'd a deep *Sigh*, and turned his Head the other way. On the *Third* Day, our Lady, more perplex'd than ever, brought him something to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impossible to tell you with what a *scornful* Look he beheld it: He appeared in this short time to be considerably *weakned*; his Eyes look'd *dead* and *heavy*, his Complexion *pale*, and there seem'd to be something *wild* and *distracted* in his Looks. The fourth Day, no sooner arriv'd, but our Lady began seriously and gravely to consider what

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a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if she did not take care to *prevent* it. How! a Man die in my *Closet*, kill'd by *Despair*, kill'd by *Hunger!* I am utterly *undone* if I don't hinder it. What *malicious* Stories will the Neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen? Perhaps by this time too *Love* had gain'd some Ground upon her Heart; and I am apt to believe for my part, that Love work'd as powerfully with her as the *Fear* of Scandal. However it was, she resolv'd to go and argue the Matter with him; and after a long *Exhortation*, which he did not seem to *understand*, because he was in a manner *dead*; she told him, that since all the Arguments she had offer'd to him, could not *get* him out of her Closet, she was willing to let him go out upon his own *Conditions*: With this, our poor *Lover* cast an amorous Look at her; and ask'd her whether what he heard was *true*, or only an *Illusion* of his Senses. She satisfied him that all was *true*; when immediately Life return'd to him; and not only *Life*, but a surprizing *Vigour*, which enabl'd him to pay off part of his Debt to Madam before ever he stirr'd

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stirr'd out of the *Closet*. Never did *Lover* make a more honorable *Retreat*, that's certain: In all probability, our Lady was mightily pleas'd with her own *Charms*, since they had *Efficacy* enough to perform so *miraculous* a Cure; and I don't doubt but in Reality they had a good Share in the *Miracle:* But then 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to assume it to themselves; but to *divide* the Glory of it with a cold *Neat's-Tongue*, a Roll of *Bread*, and a good Bottle of *Wine*, which our Lover had dexterously convey'd under a *Couch* which was in the *Closet*; for you must know, that foreseeing he was to die, he had taken care, like a good *Christian* as he was, to make some *Preparation* for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks I see your Ladyship *striking* your Fann against the *Table*, and crying, Was there ever such a horrid Piece of *Treachery* acted? What will this wicked Age come to? And yet, Madam, I must take the *Freedom* to tell you, that I look upon that *Woman* to be happy, *exceeding* happy, who has a *Lover* that can cheat her so ingenuously

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geniouſly : For, in the firſt place, ſhe has the Honour of having done all that can be requir'd from a Lady of the moſt rigid *Vertue*; and, Secondly and laſtly, ſhe has the Pleaſure of finding her *Appetite* gratify'd without the leaſt Injury to her *Honour*. I dare engage that our young Lady has not been *backward* to teſtifie her Love to Monſieur ———, and that, to convince him of it, ſhe has ſent him home an hundred times ſince, with as much Satisfaction as then, and leſs *Hunger*. The Truth on't is, he deſerv'd this kind *Treatment*, if it were only for the Fruitfulneſs of his *Invention*. Others take Towns by blocking them up till they ſtarve 'em; whereas our Lover carried the Place before him, by only pretending to *ſtarve* himſelf. Well, this was certainly one of the *prettieſt* Stratagems in the World. All the Miſchief is, that You Ladies for the future will take no notice of us *Lovers*, when we talk of *dying* for You, tho' after all, I am apt to believe, that it will do us no very great *Harm* neither. You may find by this

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this short Story that our Cavalier had come off but blewly had the Lady's Rigour continu'd: but to our Comfort be it remembred, her Vertuous Resolutions did not hold out so *long*, as a small *French* Roll, and a single Bottle of Wine.

Letter IV.

To Madam de P——

Upon her refusing to marry her Daughter to a Cousin-German.

WIth all due Submission be it spoken, methinks your Ladyship over-strains the Point a little in so positively refusing to marry your Daughter to Monsieur *de S*——. You tell us you don't approve of a Marriage betwixt two *Cousin-Germans*; but surely, Madam, you can never believe this to be any lawful *Impediment* in *Hymen*'s Spiritual Court. Would you have Monsieur *S*—— think Madam

dam *P*——— to be leſs *agreeable*, becauſe he is her Couſin-German? This ſort of Reaſoning may appear *ſtrong* to you; but has not *Beauty* much *ſtronger* Arguments? Has a Man his *Genealogy* always before his Eyes, and when he ſees a charming Young Woman, is he oblig'd to call to mind, that *He* and *She* came from the ſame Grandfather? Now, as I take it, we are not very apt to trouble our Heads much with thinking upon our Grandfather, when the *Grandaughter* is in the Room, eſpecially if ſhe is beautiful? But after all, what have you to ſay againſt Monſieur *de S*—— For my part, I think he has behaved himſelf like a very good Relation: For inſtead of *Friendſhip*, he has ſhew'd his *Love* to your Family; and if he finds himſelf *diſappointed*, the Fault will lie at your Door. If it is a *Religious* Scruple that hinders you from giving your Conſent, your Ladyſhip may be pleaſed to remember that all the good Folks in the *Old Teſtament* always married in their own *Tribe*; and that one thouſand ſeven hundred Years ago, Monſieur *de S*—— had been oblig'd in Conſcience to love your Ladyſhip's

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ſhip's *pretty* Daughter, and *no one* elſe. I own, that things have been ſomewhat *changed* ſince that; but then I beg of you to give your *Conſent*, that the young People may ſend to *Rome*, to ſee if the old Gentleman will grant 'em a *Diſpenſation*. I need not inform you, Madam, that ſuch *Marriages* are permitted between Relations, when their *Eſtates* or *Lands* are ſo *intangl'd* one with another, that there is no *dividing* 'em without endleſs *Law Suits*: I confeſs that our Young People have not *this* Reaſon to alledge for themſelves; but what is every jot as *forcible*, they may ſay that the Affairs of their *Hearts* are ſo ſtrangely *embroiled* together, that it is too late now to think of *parting* 'em. If your Daughter were an Heireſs, in whom your Name would *expire*, and who would carry all your *Eſtate* into a *ſtrange* Family, I don't doubt, but that out of a juſt *Concern* for your Eſtate and Family, you wou'd employ all your Intereſt to procure her a *Diſpenſation* to marry a *Kinſman* of the Name. Now, what ought to go much *farther* with your Ladyſhip, your Daughter has *Beauty* and *Charms* that

that are infinitely more *valuable* than all the dirty *Aeres* and *Lands* in the Kingdom, which will assuredly *go out* of your Family, and perhaps never *come into* it again, if your Ladyship should force her to marry any one else but Monsieur *S*——. As for me, that have the *Honour* to be related to you, tho' at a great *distance*, I can't forbear to *concern* my self in the *Beauty* of your Family. For which Reason I conjure you not to impoverish it, by *bestowing* your pretty Daughter *elsewhere*, and by obliging Monsieur *S*—— to make another Choice. You see how the whole *Family* of the *L*——'s are *deformed* and *ugly*; so that it will take up a hundred Years, I warrant you, before they *recover* themselves. Let us take *fair Warning* by this Example; and since we have Beauty in our *Possession*, be so wise as to preserve it.

Let-

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Letter V.

To Madam J——.

Upon her talking of him in her Sleep.

Madam,

I Receiv'd an Account the other day of the great *Favour* you have lately done me. 'Tis in vain for you to diſown your Paſſion: 'Tis certain you love me in your Heart, and your *Sleep* has betray'd your deepeſt Secrets. See, Madam, what a *Folly* it is to pretend to conceal ones *Affections*, and hide 'em from thoſe that occaſion 'em. If you had *frankly* own'd all to me, I aſſure you I wou'd have given you no Reaſon to *find fault* with my *Secrecy*, but you were reſolved to truſt it with no other *Confident* but your ſelf; when as it has happen'd, you have not been ſo *diſcreet* as 'twas expected. From hence, Madam, you may learn this uſeful *Doctrine*, not

not to rely altogether upon your ſelf. You will tell me perhaps, that you talk'd in your *Dream* you knew not what; but had you not done much better to have freely and honeſtly told me, what you afterwards *owned* in your Sleep, without knowing it? Had it not been much more *prudent* to acquaint me with your *Paſſion* in a few Words, than to ſpeak of it thus in the *Night*, like a Perſon that was beſide her ſelf? *Love* loſes no time, and therefore you ought to have communicated this *Secret* to me, which, you ſee, will eſcape from you *Women* ſooner or later. If your *Reaſon* enjoyns you Silence, yet your *Reaſon* will take a *Napp*, and then *Love* will not be idle: If your *Virtue* can anſwer for your *Days*, yet what can anſwer for your *Nights*? That Interval belongs all to *Love*; and accordingly you ſee that the *Secret* of ſo many *Days* has ſtole from you in one *Night*. But Madam, may I make ſo bold as to ask you under what *Figure* I appear'd to you, when you declar'd your ſelf in my *Favour*; for an Opportunity may offer it ſelf when I ſhall be very glad to re-aſſume the ſame Shape. For my part, I am apt

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apt to believe that I was very *haughty* and *insolent*; for hitherto I have been able to obtain nothing of you with all my *Submission* and *Respect*. Don't tell me that I ought to draw no *Consequence* from what you said in the *Night*: It was you that spoke then, and you alone; whereas in the *Day* 'tis *Constraint*, 'tis *Ceremony*, 'tis *Dissimulation*, that speaks. By this you may find that for the future I shall be *insensible* to all the *Rigors* you shew me in the Day time; and let your *Treatment* be then what it will, I shall tell you that you will unsay it again at *Night*. In short, I shall take you for one of those cunning *Hypocrites* who never appear as they are, but in the *dark*: but whereas other *Ladies* leave all their *Ornaments* upon their *Toilette*, when they go to Bed, you leave that troublesome Load, your *Severity*, upon yours. How happy must the Man be, who can see your Ladyship and the rest of your Sex, such as you are in your Primitive State, without any of those *Arts* that *conceal* you from us at other times.

Letter VI.

To the ſame.

SInce you did me the Honour to talk of me in your Dreams, I have not been able to ſleep a Moment; ſo ſtrangely am I diſtracted between *Joy* and *Inquietude*. It is the greateſt Satisfaction in the World to me to find my ſelf ſo near your Heart; but at the ſame time I tremble as often as I think that our *Secrets* are in ſuch danger of being divulg'd. I am not at all *diſpleas'd* to ſee you ſo reſerv'd in the Day time: But this *unaccountable* Affection and Eagerneſs at *Night* alarms me; for in ſhort, Madam, I am afraid that you'll diſcover all our Intrigues. What Method then ſhall we take to manage our Affairs with more *Security*? For my part, I know but one, which I beg you to take into your Conſideration. Be not then, if you pleaſe, altogether ſo *ſevere* in the Day, and I give you

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you leave to make it up a-Nights, and diſpenſe with you from thinking of me *then*. 'Tis a plain Caſe, that *Love* cannot always ride full ſpeed: There is a certain time when the *tendereſt* things *diſguſt*, and 'tis impoſſible to hold out twenty four Hours in the ſame *Strain* of Paſſion, and not find ſome ſmall *giving back* of the *Spring*. But by talking of me in your Sleep, you have gain'd that *Aſcendant* over my Heart, that for the future it will wholly be *devoted* to your Service. A *Favour* ſo undeſerv'd and ſo unexpected makes me *diſregard* all the Ladies I ſee; it effaces all their Charms, ſpoils the Luſtre of their Eyes, and *ruins* all their Shapes. What is more, I am not at all mov'd with the Converſation of the *Wittieſt Women*: For what can the happieſt of her whole Sex, with all her Pains and Application too, ſay that is comparable to what you ſpeak at random in your Dreams, even when you don't think on't? This Kindneſs of yours, has intirely baniſh'd my *Flemiſh* Miſtreſs from my Thoughts, and has done her a Prejudice, which all her other good Qualities will never be able to

retrieve. I am inform'd she sleeps very *profoundly*, and that her Imagination, which is not ever-active in the Day, *injoys* a more profound *Repose* at Night. Now this is a Fault which I can never pardon the fairest Woman upon Earth. I cannot apprehend how 'tis possible for a Man to *love* a *Woman*, who does not *muse* now and then, and talk of him when the Fit seizes her. May I be hated by the whole Sex, if I would not refuse *Venus* if she had not this *Qualification*. Therefore, Madam, take good Advice from your humble Servant, and cure me these affectionate Fits. *Love* is it self is a sort of *Distraction*, but so pleasing and *delightful* that the Wisdom of *Philosophers* is not to be mention'd in the same Year with it.

Let-

Letter VII.

To Monsieur de O——

Upon asking his Advice whether he should marry a young Gentlewoman that was very beautiful, but had no Fortune.

Dear Cousin,

YOU little imagine what a severe Task you impos'd upon me when you desir'd me to advise you in the present *Posture* of your Affairs. On one hand you are up to the Ears in *love* with a pretty young *Lady*; and on the other, your Father sends you word, that he will certainly *disinherit* you, if you marry her. To be plain with you, I don't know what Advice to give you. There are but two Ways for you to take, the *Heroick*, which is to prefer your *Passion* to every thing on this side Heaven; and the *Prudent*, which is, not to lose *fifteen hundred Pounds* a Year for a *Mistress*,

tho' she was as beautiful as an *Angel*: Now you need only *consult* your self to be able to determine this Point. I make no question but your *Inclination* leads you to act the *Hero*; but the *Difficulty* is not, what you are at *present*, but what you may be *hereafter*. I would advise you to follow your *Greatness* of Soul, if you could be certain that it wou'd never leave you: But the Mischief on't is, there is no *relying* upon it; for perhaps it may take its Farewel of you, even before the *Honey-Moon* is over. In short, a Man soon grows weary of playing the *Hero*; but the Devil is in him that grows weary of a *good Estate*. You never yet saw fifteen hundred Pounds a Year make People forget their Vows, tho *Beauty*, to its Mortification, has often seen it. I know full well, that these Arguments will appear very *gross* to you; and that they are decry'd in all the *Metaphysick* Systems of *Love*: Yet it vexes me, that the *Experience* I have of this wicked World, will not permit me to recommend these Ideas to you, which I own to be much more *Noble* and *Delicate*, than those that are built upon sordid *Interest*. 'Tis not

not my Fault, if I don't believe that *Love* is sufficient to make a Man *happy*: I should be glad to believe it with all my Heart: But why has *Love* deceiv'd so many thousands of his Votaries before my Face, whom he promis'd to provide so plentifully for, that they shou'd want nothing? If he deceives us when he has his Arms at *liberty*, I have much stronger Reason to believe he'll do it, when he's *manacled* with a Family. You may flatter your self perhaps that you will find a thousand *Charms*, and all the *Obsequious* Respect, that can be imagin'd, in the Person you are going to marry, because she *ows* all to the Man that *sacrific'd* his Fortune to her. Take care that this be not the very *Rock* on which your Marriage splits. As the World goes at present, a Woman's *Gratitude* may easily fall short of the *Obligation* she has received, and yet it ought not to pass for a *Prodigy*. I shou'd be very loth to marry a Woman, whom I might have as just a Pretence to quarrel with, as you will have with yours. In my Opinion that Man is an unhappy Wretch, indeed who has other Matters of *Complaint*, besides those that *Matrimony* naturally

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furnishes of its self. A Woman, take her in the best Circumstances you can, has, but too many *Obligations* to her Husband, why then shou'd you involve her *deeper* in your Debt? Consider that this will make her much *more* your Wife than any other Woman could have been, and consequently make you less happy with her. Besides, you can't imagine what a cruel Punishment it will be to you, that you dare never open your Lips to *complain* of her, but must carry on with *Honour* what you began in a foolish *Freak*. Thus you must always seem to be charm'd with her Behaviour, even at the very time when you are angry with her in your Soul. For my part, I make no Scruple to own to You, that I wou'd not for all the World *deprive* my self of the *Liberty* of railing a little at my Wife, whenever I should have a *Fancy* that way. Bestow a little Consideration upon these Reasons; but before You wholly determine your self, abstain from reading *Romances*, and Books of that nature, that will rather serve to feed than extinguish the *Flame*. Thus, Sir, I have sent you my

Thoughts

Thoughts freely upon this Head, without persecuting you with a long *Sermon*, after the manner of a Cholerick *Father*, or an ill-natur'd *Uncle*. I am not *wise* or *morose* enough to pretend to speak to you in that Language. However, I fancy I have in a very little Compass told you all that needs be said to you upon this Occasion by People that are more *wise* or *morose* than

SIR,

Your most Humble, &c.

To Monſieur de B——

How he had brought a Quarrel upon his Hands for ſtanding up for lean VVomen, againſt the Fat.

I Am going to ſurprize You with an *odd* Adventure. Altho' I have liv'd ſo many Years in the *Army* without a Quarrel upon my Hands, I am now engag'd in a very ſtrange one; and what d'ye think was the occaſion of it? You muſt know I dined very *peaceably* at my own Lodgings: and after Dinner was over, I took a Walk with four or five Gentlemen in the Garden. We had *exhauſted* all the publick News at Dinner; VVe had drain'd the *Gazettes* and the *Mercuries*, talk'd over all the Diſorders of *Poland*, and the Troubles of *Hungary*; and what ſhou'd our Diſcourſe run upon now, but VVomen? You cannot expect that the Converſation of Soldiers ſhou'd turn upon Matters of *Gallantry* in ſo fine and delicate

licate a Strain as the Converſations in *Clælia.* Thus, we did not amuſe our ſelves about the Difference between *Love* and *Friendſhip*, or aſſign the preciſe Limits between *Eſteem* and *Inclination.* The Queſtion in debate was, who were the handſomeſt of the two, the *lean* VVomen, or the *fat:* Since I was oblig'd to chuſe one of theſe two *Extreams*, I reſolv'd to declare my ſelf in favour of the *Lean.* There hapned to be a broken Captain in the Company, who began to maintain the oppoſite Side; but with as much *Fury* and *Eagerneſs*, as if he had been going to ingage an *Enemy*; So that I was forc'd to raiſe the Pitch of my Voice to keep up with him. He pretended that there was *Grace* and *Majeſty* in a Fat VVoman, which commanded Reſpect and Adoration from all that ſaw her: All this I turn'd into *Ridicule*, and perform'd my part ſo *happily*, that I had all the *Laughers* on my ſide. VVhen it came to my *Military* Man's turn to jear the *Lean*, not a Man of us ſeconded his Raillery. This went to the very *Heart* and *Soul* of him. As for me, I expreſs'd my ſelf in the Language of a Conque-

rour;

tour; and I must own to you, that my Vanity was not a little puff'd up with having gain'd so important a *Victory* for the *Lass*. My Spark, inrag'd at his *Defeat*, began at last to be contentious, and address'd himself personally to me; but the *Company* thought it became em in point of Prudence to put a stop to the Controverse. They told me that the Captain was a passionate Admirer of a *Fat Lady*, which made him espouse the *Interest* of all that were in her Circumstances; but this they ought to have inform'd me of before by some Sign or other: And as I was not in love with any *Lean* Woman, I shou'd not have contested the Point with him. 'Tis about fifteen *Days* ago since this Dispute happen'd; since which time, I have made several Advances to my furious Antagonist, to make him forget this Affair; but he does not seem disposed to hear of any Terms of Accommodation. I suppose by this means he hopes to ingratiate himself with his Mistress, and that, among other Protestations, he has sworn to her by all that is *good* and *sacred*, never to forgive the presumptuous Woman that should

think

think *irreverently* of a double Chin, and a Tun-Belly. *Yesterday* I had engaged to wait upon a pretty Young *Lady* at a certain Hour, when I knew I should have an *Opportunity* of finding her all alone The time was just approaching, and my Chairmen being out of the way, I was forc'd to trudge it on foot, as hard as I cou'd drive. Passing thro' a narrow Lane, I came full butt upon my *Captain*, who cried out in an *angry* Tone to me, *S'life, Sir, I have not forgot your late fawcy Language*: But not having a Minute then to lose, I answered him with the same Bluntness, and without so much as *looking* at him, that I was not at leisure to fight, and so on I marched, having something else to do. He would have been ravish'd to have had an *Opportunity* to tilt with me; but to deal plainly with You, I did not think it worth the while at that time to go to Loggerheads with him. The Lord knows what will become of this Matter; but it would be a very pleasant Thing, if our *merry* Dispute about Fat and Lean Ladies

dies ſhould bring Us two before thoſe *worthy* Gentlemen the Mareſchals of *France*. I am inform'd that my *Adverſary* goes about from Houſe to Houſe, ſtirring and prepoſſeſſing all Fat People againſt me; and indeed I have obſerv'd of late that they look upon me with a very Evil *Eye*. Now, what ſhall I do, dear Friend of mine, in ſo preſſing a Danger? I think I have no other Card left me to play, but to arm all the *Lean* ones in my own Defence.

SIR,

Tours, &c.

To

To Monſieur B——

About a nice Fantaſtical Widow that was very difficult in her choice of a Husband.

I have ſent You an Account of all that has hapned here at my Lady *L*—— ſince ſhe has been a Widow. To be plain with you then, ſhe is fully reſolv'd to have another Husband; but what ſort of a Husband do you think will content her? Why ſhe will have one that is *truly*, *really*, and *ſincerely* in love with her: but is afraid the VVorld has *wicked* Deſigns upon her *Eſtate* rather than her *Perſon*, which is a very nice and reaſonable *Diſtinction*, I muſt own; but ſuch a one as her Ladyſhip ought by no means to remember at this time of day. She is obſerved all along in her Diſcourſe to leſſen her Eſtate as much as ſhe can, to hinder her humble Servants from loving her for the ſake of her unrighteous

Mammon, and at the ſametime ſhe makes her Age leſs than it is: But 'tis not in her Ladiſhip's power to prejudice either her *Eſtate* or her *Age*; for all the World knows to an Aſre and a Month how far each of 'em does extend. I could wiſh with all my heart You were here to ſee with what Contempt ſhe talks of her *Daughter's fine Complexion*, when ever ſhe has the leaſt Occaſion to ſpeak of it. *Child, it is not the Lilies and Roſes in your Cheeks that you muſt truſt to. Thoſe Trifles are but of a ſhort continuance; but, what will make you longeſt beloved, is your Air and Shape, Child.* Now, what makes her trump up this Diſtinction? Why, I muſt inform you, that old *Lady* has ſtill a very noble *Air*, and a very handſome *Shape*; but as for her *Complexion*, it has given her the ſlip many a Year ago. On the other hand, the Daughter endeavours all ſhe can to hinder her Mother from *marrying* again, becauſe it nearly concerns her in point of Intereſt to do ſo; and this is the Reaſon why ſhe uſes all her Addreſs to prevent it. If any *Pretender* happens

to

to take the right way to gain the Old *Lady*'s Heart, the Daughter throws her ſelf in his VVay; and to make him leave off the Purſuit of that Game, ſhe employs thoſe never failing Charms that always attend *Youth* and *Beauty*. This makes her Mother wonderfully jealous, and that is Plague enough in all Conſcience: For when ſhe is once poſſeſs'd with that Devil, ſhe makes as great a Hurricane, and is as difficult to be reconciled, as a bilk'd Girl of fifteen. This Young *Lady*, after all, might perhaps find her ſelf miſtaken in her Politicks, if a Man of good Senſe made his Court to her Mother, who without ſtopping ſhort by the way, would go and attack her *regularly*, and reſolve not to raiſe the Siege till he carried the Town; but it falls out luckily for her, that the Old *Lady* admits none but Young Fellows to make their Addreſſes to her; and Young Fellows, You know, will always be cullied by a Young Face. I made her uneaſie for ſome time; for I pretended to be mightily in love with her Mother, who gave me no unkind Reception; and immediate-

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ly the Daughter *imployed* all her wheedling Tricks to make a Diverſion. As I had no other Deſign than to alarm her for a while, I took care not to fall into the Trap ſhe had laid for me; but at laſt I put her out of her Pain a few *Days* ago by a Letter which I writ to her. I have ſent You a *Copy* of it encloſed in this, becauſe it may ſerve to give You ſome Light into the *Hiſtory* of the VVidowhood of my Lady *L*——, which You are ſo deſirous to know. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

To

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To Monsieur de F——

Desiring his Advice, whether he should marry a certain Lady that was recommended to him.

Dear Friend,

I Never stood more in need of *good* Advice, than at this present writing; and I conjure You to assist me to the best of your Skill. My Friends wou'd have me marry: But, deal *plainly* with me, Don't You think this Affair somewhat too serious for one of my Temper; and that I am not worthy to be admitted into so *honourable* a State? For my part, I never had one grave solid Thought in all my Life; yet never found my self the worse for't; and must I now begin to be *plagued* with them? Well, but who do You think they wou'd have me *marry*? Why, Madam *A*——, the most sage and discreet Person in the Universe. Methinks I see her already advise me to lead a more regular Life,

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love me by *Rule* and *Method*, and take it for granted, that she shall have a *Child* by me every Year. The other day she gave me an *Item* of her *Resolutions*, which did not a little discompose me. She told me that it was impossible for a Woman of *Virtue* to continue long a *Widow*, without being expos'd to strange *Inconveniences*. Now, nothing but a Woman that was very confident both of her self and her own Reputation, durst maintain a *Discourse* of this nature. But does she think I am the Man that must put an *End* to her doleſome *Widowhood*? Well then, VVhat say You? Are You not of the Opinion that I shou'd be a very rash Man to engage in this Enterprize? VVhat *perplexes* me most of all, is, that the Party to do her *Justice*, is very deserving in *every* Respect: so that I am reduc'd to the sad *Necessity* of coming to a *grave* Deliberation, or threatned to be posted for a *Sot*, if I don't *comply* with so advantagious a *Proposal*. Better Men by far than my self wou'd be glad to receive it on their Knees. I am inform'd the *Lady* speaks very *favourably* of me in all Companies: Perhaps she pro-

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propoſes the Satisfaction to her ſelf to convert me, and make me a *ſtaid, ſober* Husband. If this is her Deſign, I am undone to all Intents and Purpoſes. For what will become of me, if ever ſhe reconciles me to that troubleſome Companion, *Reaſon*? I have been conſidering with my ſelf, whether 'tis not more *likely* that I ſhall ſooner ſpoil her *Gravity*, than ſhe reclaim me from roving. A very *pretty* Deſign this, for a Man to have in his *Head* when he is going to take a *Wife*. But upon *Second* Thoughts, I dare not flatter my ſelf that I ſhall be able to do this; for I find that in ſpite of my Teeth, ſhe commands a Reſpect from me, which will certainly give her a ſtrange *Superiority* over me. I am not at all afraid of being govern'd. I am afraid of being made a *grave plodding* Fellow. They will put me upon Offices and Imployments, they will plague me with *Projects* and *Deſigns*, and ſetling Fortunes upon Children: And for my part, I have not Courage enough to truſt my ſelf with any ſuch terrible Ideas. Oh! that at this preſent Minute ſome good-natur'd *Earthquake* would ſwallow all her Lands and

Tenements at one *Gulp*; that some quick-sighted Lawyer would find out a *Flaw* in the Title of her Estate; or that some charitable *Palsie* would seize her from Head to Foot. How should I think my self oblig'd to any such favourable Accident that would fairly disengage me out of this troublesome *Affair* without any Fault on my side: For, by my good Will, I would not be guilty of one; neither would I give the World a just Occasion to reproach me upon that Head. You cannot imagine how *strangely* I am alter'd for the worse within this four *Days*, since I have had this *Conflict* within my Breast. I never *thought* so much in my whole Life, and find by Experience that *Thinking* is an Exercise which by no means suits my *Constitution*.

To

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To the ſame.

Wherein he gives him an Account, that the Match is broke of.

In chearful Airs you Joy diſcover,
Hymen's *Tyranny is over.*
Sing Io Pæan, *every Lover.*

MY Marriage is *broke off*, God be thanked: 'Tis true I am ſomewhat in the Fault; but my Honour is ſafe before Men; and I am reſolv'd to make You the *Confident* of my Amour. I went Yeſterday to Madam *A*——'s Houſe, being carried thither in ſpight of my Teeth, trembling, ſweating, confounded and diſtracted with the bare *Thought* that I was going to treat of that dreadful Affair, call'd *Matrimony*. I dare ſwear never did Girl of Fifteen ſuffer more from her *Modeſty* on the like Occaſion. I am ſenſible that this Compariſon is too faint to repreſent my *Confuſion*; therefore I will give You one which will make You much

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much better comprehend my Caſe: In ſhort, I was ſo much chang'd, that had You ſeen what a wretched Figure I made, how *ſneakingly* I look'd, and with what *Gravity* I entertain'd Madam *A*———, You would certainly have taken me——— nay, don't be ſtartl'd at what I am going to ſay——for a Grave ſerious Man, the Father of at leaſt half a Score Children. I don't know whether my Miſtreſs flatter'd her ſelf, that this bleſſed Alteration ſhe obſerv'd in me, was *purely* owing to the Ambition I had to pleaſe her: But if ſhe did, I can aſſure her, ſhe reckon'd without her *Hoſt*. At laſt, the Perſon who negotiated this Affair between us, taking me aſide, after a World of Cringe and Ceremony, thus accoſts me, ——*And well, Sir, how do you like my Lady?*——*Does not every thing about her anſwer the Character I gave you?*——*You'll certainly live the happieſt Life in the World with her. To my Knowledge, there are four Marquiſſes, and an old Judge keep their Beds, becauſe ſhe will have nothing to ſay to 'em.* After a great deal of ſuch impertinent Stuff, ſqueezing me by the Hand, and ſneering in my Face,

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Face, *Under Favour*, says he, *I hope you have brought your Writings with you; for we have a Councellor in the next Room who will peruse them in a moment; not but my Lady takes you to be a worthy Gentleman, and so forth; and would sooner have you than the best Peer in the Land: but you know, Sir, that the World loves to be satisfied in these matters; and who would be so unfashionable to oppose what the World does? A little Love and a little Money, says a good old* Proverb. *Nothing is to be bought in the* Market *without a Penny, says another. Four Legs in Bed, cries a third, want something to keep 'em warm: And though my Lady has no occasion for your Estate, yet there is a fourth Proverb which tells us, that it is good to walk with a Horse in ones Hand.* The old Gentleman had no sooner concluded this *fine* Speech, but the Devil put it into my Head to make my Estate much less than it was; a piece of *Policy*, which I dare swear, has been practis'd by none but my self. Well, I was forc'd to betake my self to this Shift; for the Match must have certainly gone forward, if I had not prevented it by some Artifice. The Offer was so very advan-

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vantagious, that I could not openly reject it: And for my part, I was glad of any *Excuse* that would hinder the Proceedings, provided I could do it without being discover'd. Therefore I resolved to put this Design in Execution, and frankly told him that my Fortune was not so great as the World took it to be; that my Father had very much incumber'd the Estate before it came to my Hands; and that there were some Legacies, and two or three Portions still to be paid out of it. Tho' I made my Condition much worse than it was, Yet still I was afraid that the Lady wou'd accept me for all this: However I resolved to trust *Nature* with the *Event*; which does not commonly suffer it self to be carried to that Excess of *Generosity*; and thus I expected to receive my Denial with abundance of Thanks and Praises. It hapned just as I expected. But what sets me a laughing as often as I think on it; this prudent Lady, as I was *Yesterday* informed, had *carefully* computed whether her and my Estate together would be able to purchase such a Place for her Eldest Son, and such another for a Second, and so on for a Third: For, as she is a Per-

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Person of wonderful *Regularity* and Method, she had already contriv'd Fortunes for all the *Children* she was to to have by me; and in my Conscience, she had reckoned before-hand in what Order the *Boys* and *Girls* were to be born. You may imagine what a Pleasure and Satisfaction it was to me to see my self so *happily* deliver'd from so tickliſh a *Bargain*; for I flatter'd my self, that let whatever VVoman came to my share, I shou'd live full as *happy* with her as with this *Arithmetical Lady*. The next time I did my self the Honour to wait upon Madam *A*——, I carried all my usual *Gayety* with me: For knowing now, I was in no danger of *marrying* her, I had no manner of *Awe* upon my Spirits; nay, what is wonderful, I thought her ten times more charming than ever; so that I wou'd have given her a Cast of my Office with all my Heart, if she had been so minded. 'Tis true, she is a grave discreet *Lady*; but there is no Favour in the VVorld I wou'd refuse her, to testifie my Gratitude to her for refusing to *marry* me. In short, I am *damnably* mistaken, if she has not some new Graces which I cou'd not discover in her before this

Re-

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Refusal; and perhaps nothing but the Terror of *Matrimony* hinder'd me from seeing 'em all this while. This, You'll say, is very strange and wonderful; but upon the VVord of a Friend, 'tis as true as that I am

Your most obedient Servant.

To Monsieur de S——.

Upon his being in love with a Lady, *whom he was to marry after her Husband's Decease.*

SIR,

ACcording to the last Advices, I find You pretend to succeed Monsieur *de R*——— in his VVife: I mean, You have engag'd to *marry* Madam *de R*——— so soon as Providence is so kind to her as to make her a VVidow. Let me tell You, this is a Bold Engagement; not but that her good Man is sixty Years old: but what will You say, if the *Fancy* shou'd take him to

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live till *Ninety*; or how do You know, but he may prove ſuch a croſs *Dog* as to make it up a full *Hundred*, when his Hand is in. 'Tis now *ten* Years compleat ſince Madam *de R*—— married him, by the ſame token ſhe was then but *Fifteen*; and I'm afraid ſhe is reſolv'd to give him half a Score Years out of her own Stock, and make her ſelf amends out of his Eſtate; which was the only Reaſon for which ſhe married him. Not that, properly ſpeaking, ſhe is a Miſer in her Temper, or cares much to heap up Wealth for her ſelf: She only did it for a certain Gentleman that ſhall be nameleſs, for whom, it ſeems, ſhe had no *Averſion*, and whom ſhe reckon'd to *marry* every *Day* in the Week: For it was agreed on all hands, that the Old Gentleman would ſoon take his leave of this *Tranſitory* World. But to ſee how *ineffectual* and *dark-ſighted* Humane Prudence is! The ſuperannuated Huſband ſtill *lives*; he ſurviv'd the abovemention'd Lover's *Paſſion* and *Conſtancy*, who foreſeeing there was no good to be done, was e'en forc'd to *marry* elſewhere in his own Defence. Another *worthy* Gentleman ſucceeded him, who, af-

after some Years spent in the same *Expectations*, was glad to throw up his Pretensions to a Woman, whose Husband was so *obstinately* resolv'd to live; And now, *worthy* Friend, You are coming into his *Post*; but I'm afraid the Old Man will serve You *exactly* as he has done your Predecessors of unlucky *Memory*, and that You will not be a Farthing the better either for the *Mony* or the *Charms* of his Widow. As You have a peculiar Ascendant over her, I don't doubt but this Vertuous Lady makes use of all the *Ways* and *Means* which a Young Woman may *lawfully* employ to dispatch an old fumbling Fellow: but finding him look as brisk as ever, I am of Opinion he is not to be murder'd between a Pair of Sheets; and that he laughs in his Sleeve, when the Spouse of his Bosom wou'd oblige him by her Caresses to do that which wou'd soon make a Man of his years a *Bankrupt* in Love. I don't question but that 'tis the best *Cordial* and *Elixir* in the World to him, to see that he *enjoys* more Health than all his Wife's humble Servants can boast of *Perseverance*. He has already seen her Court chang'd twice or thrice, and yet he is still in the Land

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Land of the Living. He is so far from being *jealous* at all these obsequious *Services* that are paid his *Lady*, that he enjoys a perfect *Tranquillity* of Mind upon it, which wou'd make me stark mad, if I went upon the same Design as You do: For I am sure I shou'd take it for one of the greatest *Affronts* in the World. This one may gather by him, that he looks upon himself sure to live long enough to *weary out* your Expectations; nay, to do the same by Your Successor. The *Autumn* now approaches; and I know both You and his Wife flatter your selves more than ever, to do his Business for him: For this reason You never let him sup till *Twelve*, ply him hard with Bumpers, look over the *Weekly Bills* to see what Distemper is *likely* to have the Honour to send him to his long Home, and at last conclude, it must be a Defluxion upon his Lungs, or an *Apoplexy*. However, I dare lay You what Wager You please, that he will weather this Season; and that the Fall of the Leaf will bring You no good Tidings. 'Tis an old positive ill natur'd *Hunks*, that will not die till his Wife's *Beauty* is expir'd, and her Face has

has gone the Way of all mortal Faces. If he ſhou'd be ſo wonderfully complaiſant as to kick up his Heels before You, he will take care that his VVife's Charms ſhan't ſurvive him, and will end his *Days* with Satisfaction after ſo pleaſant a Piece of *Revenge*. As for me, were I in your Place, I wou'd not engage in this *Paſſion*, nor fill my Head with ſuch *Chimæra's* as You do, unleſs a whole *College* of *Phyſicians* wou'd give it me under their Hands and Seals that the old Fellow wou'd not live above a Month, or at leaſt, promiſe me to give him a *Civil Lift* out of the VVorld by a time appointed. Unleſs a Man cou'd propoſe ſomething like this to himſelf, he might perhaps make ſome People think well of his Affection, but none of his Judgment.

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To Monſieur B——

Giving an Account of an Old Gentlewoman that was Caned by her Lover, and how vain ſhe grew upon't.

I Am going to ſend You the moſt ſurprizing News You ever heard. Madam *D*——, whom you are ſo angry with for talking of *Love* and *Gallantry*, and ſprucing up her *decay'd* Perſon, flouriſhes and triumphs in ſpite of her Age, which the Malicious ſay exceeds *Fifty*, and lately had the moſt *glorious* Adventure befallen her that ever ſhe cou'd have hop'd for. In ſhort, ſhe receiv'd a few Days ago ſome hearty Drubs with a good Oaken Cudgel from her Lover, for ſome Suſpicion of *Infidelity*, as ſhe pretends; nay, the Spark was ſo ſtrangely tranſported, that going out of her Chamber, he thraſh'd the Lanthorn on the Stair-Caſe all to Pieces. *Old Puſs* is grown ſo inſupportably proud upon receiving

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ſuch *viſible* Tokens of her Gallant's Affection, that there's no enduring of her. She maintains in all Companies, that 'tis the VVomens *Fault* if they don't make themſelves as much belov'd as they pleaſe; and that if they had but the VVit to make a *right* Uſe of their Advantages, there is ne'er a Man in the VVorld whom they might not eaſily *manage* with a ſingle Thread. She mightily commends the kind Gentleman before thoſe Perſons whom ſhe honours with any Share of her Confidence. She ſays he has *Charming* Tranſports and *bewitching* Extravagancies; and that whoever is concern'd with him, ought to know when his different Sallies of *Paſſion* and *Tenderneſs* come in; and that he is the *Eaſieſt* Man in the VVorld, if but rightly *humour'd*. Imagine You heard this Diſcourſe deliver'd in a *trembling broken* Voice, and coming from a Mouth, where not a Tooth, or the leaſt Remainder of one is to be ſeen: She thinks that this Cudgeling has ſet the Clock of her Life Twenty Years backward, and mercileſsly *inſults* the reſt of her own Age, that have not Merit enough to deſerve

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ſerve a Drubbing. This, I find, has made ſome of them as jealous as Furies. So they take *all* the Pains in the VVorld to *undervalue* the Merit of the Favours which ſhe has ſo *lately* receiv'd. One of her Neighbours, who is her Contemporary, and, what is more, one that envies her, from the Bottom of her Heart, told me, when her *Gallant* thraſhed her he was juſt come from the *Chocolate-Houſe*, where he had loſt all his Money; and that in the Heat of this ill Humour he had laid his Cane upon this *charming* Perſon: That as for the Lanthorn, it was not he, but an ill-contrived Rogue of a Lacquey that broke it. Thus You may ſee, Sir, what ſtrange things Envy will make ſome *People* talk; and with what Artifice and Subtilty it endeavours to *leſſen* every thing that makes for the Honour of its Neighbour: Nay, even the *Men* are angry with our poor Spark for *employing* his Cudgel ſo *unworthily*, as if a Man were not allowed to uſe it where and when he ſaw fit; but was oblig'd to give the *Publick* an Account of every VVoman's Age whom he

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vouchsafed to chastize. So that according to this Doctrine, if in one of your Amorous Transports You shou'd happen to *fall foul* upon some amiable *Old Gentlewoman*, the VVorld has a Right to censure those Favours as *ill bestowed*, and blame You for not making them *light* upon a Younger Back. Now, in Truth, this is very hard Dealing; but the People of this Age are so *ill-condition'd*, that there's no *pleasing* them. Farewel, Sir: Make a right Use of this Example; use your Cane *discreetly*, and be sure to remember, that when a VVoman has once seen Twenty five, she does not deserve to be saluted with it.

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To Madam d'V——

Upon having prevented her being mark'd with the Small-Pox.

BY this time, Madam, I hope every Looking-Glaſs in your Houſe has convinc'd You that I am no *Falſe Prophet*, and given You the Satisfaction to ſee that You are not in the leaſt *mark'd* by Your late Diſeaſe. Conſider that You are *indebted* to me for the fineſt Complexion in the VVorld, and that the Roſes and Lilies that grow there belong *wholly* to me. 'Twas I that *preſerv'd* and cultivated thoſe Flowers; and ſhall any one elſe preſume to *gather* them? Perhaps I ſhou'd not *over-ſtretch* Matters, ſhould I tell you that you owe your *Eyes* to me; and no body needs be inform'd what ſort of *Eyes* yours are. As for your Noſe, it is a plain Caſe, that you may thank me for its being no bigger than it was, which is *all one* as if I had ſaid you

ow'd it intirely to me. Don't be *offended* at my preſenting you with ſo *exact* a Memorial of all you owe me; for, between Friends, you are not ſo very generous, but that you want to have your Memory ſometimes refreſhed; and tho' your whole *Perſon* ſtands engag'd to me at this preſent writing, yet I much queſtion whether I ſhall be able to make out my *lawful* Pretenſions, and whether I ſhall not find abundance of Undervaluers. I wou'd not have you think to *ſham* me off, by ſaying, that you are oblig'd to me for nothing but your *Face*, and that the *reſt* was in no danger of being *ſpoil'd* by the Small-pox. Why, Madam, your *Face* is *all* in *all*; 'tis the *Face* that makes a Woman *handſome*; 'tis the *Face* that gives us Security for the *Parts* we don't ſee, and makes us imagine Charms in thoſe Places where the *Eyes* are not allow'd to rove. Pray, what ſignifies the fineſt *Arm* in the World if it does not belong to a fine *Face*? For this Reaſon a Man that has a Right to a Woman's *Face*, has a Right to her *whole Body*. However, if I had a *Title* to nothing but

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but your *Face*, I cou'd make ſome ſort of a ſhift to be contented with it; But then, Madam, as your *Face* is *proper* for a thouſand things, I muſt tell you plainly and fairly beforehand, that I won't *bate* it an Ace of the Product of the *Soil*. And now, Madam, pray anſwer me a civil Queſtion or two; don't theſe rude *Threatnings* of mine put you in bodily *Fear*? Don't you wiſh the Small-pox had pitted you, and left you in *ſuch* a Condition that you ſhould uot have been obliged to any one rather than I ſhou'd *inſult* you with this inſolent *Language*? Come, come, don't be afraid; I will endeavour to treat you after ſuch a manner, that you ſhall have no Occaſion to regret your being cured by my Means.

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P. S.

I am so *generous*, that I have *forgot* to recount to You one of the most considerable *Obligations* you have to me; so that I am forc'd to set it down here in the Postscript. I find my self persecuted by the Hatred of all the pretty *Women* that know my Remedy *preserv'd* You from being *pitted*. They built *mighty* Expectations upon your *Disease*, confidently giving out, it would *ruine* all that was *Celestial* in your Beauty, and reduce you to the *ordinary* Pitch of a *mortal* Woman: So that, whene'er your Ladiship comes into these Quarters, I must hide my Head; for all the *Females* here curse me as heartily, as if it was I that *eclips'd* their Charms; nay, were I the *prettiest* Woman in the World, they cou'd not envy me more. Thus, Madam, You see how *deep* you are in my Books, since You have not only your own *Debt* to discharge, but to make me *amends* for the Injustice and Persecution of your whole Sex.

To

To Mademoiſelle De V——.

Upon her ſhedding Tears at an OPERA.

I Saw you yeſterday ſo concern'd at the *Opera*, whereas in all other Places You appear to be *ſo* relentleſs, that I cannot forbear to *reproach* you with it. For my part, I believe You give your *Heart* its full *Swing* at the *Play-houſe*, becauſe nothing but *Fables* grow in that *Territory*, while You are cold and indifferent in my *Company*, becauſe I ſpeak nothing but *Truths* to You. I can't imagine how it comes to happen ſo; for you ought to take the quite contrary part. I ſpend my time to a *fine* purpoſe, when I entertain You with the moſt *paſſionate* things which my Love can *ſuggeſt* to me. If a *Player* ſpeaks never ſo few *Words*, immediately out comes the *Handkerchief*, and an Inundation of *Tears* follows. Is it impoſſible then to *touch* You

You without *deceiving* You? This wou'd be a very untoward *Deſtiny* both for *You* and *Me*; but eſpecially for *Me*, who muſt deſpair of ever *pleaſing* you, if nothing elſe will *content* you. The fineſt Creature in the World is a *pretty Woman* like You, who is alive; that is to ſay, who has *Paſſions*: For *Paſſion* and *Life* are one and the ſame thing. Now, pray conſider, is it not a *pretty* Buſineſs to be only *alive* at the *Opera*? Remember, that according to this Rule, You *live* but *three Days* in a VVeek, and *three Hours* in a Day, for which too You pay an unconſcionable Tribute to the *Box-keepers*. To ſpeak properly, this is only *living* by the Help of *Machines*, like ſome infirm decayed *Wretches*, that wholly ſubſiſt by *Cordials*. Nay, before You can obtain this, You muſt bring together a vaſt Number of People, take a VVorld of Pains and Time to prepare the *Muſick*, ſtunn your Ears with the Lord knows how many ſtrange Inſtruments, and all this, to poſſeſs you with ſome little ſhort-liv'd *Paſſion*. As for *Me*, were I in your place, I wou'd go a more natural way to work, and obtain it at a leſs

leſs *Expence.* One ſingle *Lover* wou'd be enough to do this: And provided You were not backward on your ſide, you wou'd find your ſelf more ſenſibly mov'd in *beholding* and *liſtening* to this *Lover*, than ſeeing all the ſtrange *Cataſtrophe* of the Stage. In ſhort, Madam, *Life* does not conſiſt in drawing the *Air* with our *Lungs*, and returning it again; but it conſiſts in taking *Love* down the *Heart*, and diſtributing it. Now, this is the Reaſon why the *Life* you receive at an *Opera* is very *imperfect*: It is true, you take ſomething there, but you give nothing back: For, tho' the *Player* affects You, yet, I dare ſwear for the Fellow, that he knows nothing of the *Matter*. In ſhort, You muſt live *better* than ſo, ſince one may be had as *cheap* as the other.

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To Monſieur de C——

Upon a Friend's reſolving to marry an Old VVoman.

THIS comes to acquaint You that our Friend *S*——, notwithſtanding all the *Advice* of his Friends to the contrary, is reſolved to *marry* Madam *D***. All the *Reaſon* that he can give for ſo doing, is, that he is *poor*, and the *Lady* has a thouſand Pounds a Year. Well then, do You think this a ſufficient *Reaſon?* I preſume you don't; for there is ne'er a ſingle *Feature* about her, that does not want the above-mention'd *Sum* to keep it in Repair. If Want of *Beauty* implies Want of *Fortune*, ſhe is the pooreſt VVoman upon the Face of the Earth. I would willingly know what Method he takes to delude her. In the firſt place, I take it for granted, that this Deſign upon her muſt be wic-

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wicked: And tho' ſueh a Reſolution in my Opinion, is not eaſie to take, yet ſince he has fallen upon it, I long to know what Succeſs he has had in his Pretenſions. I have heard this *Venerable Perſon* often ſay, That, Heaven knew her *Heart*, ſhe had no Deſign to *marry* again: But that if ſhe was *predeſtinated* to commit ſuch a *Folly* the ſecond time (and V Vidows, by the bye, are mighty Sticklers for *Predeſtination*) ſhe would at leaſt take care not to chuſe that Man for her Husband who ſhould propoſe nothing elſe to himſelf but to make himſelf Maſter of her Eſtate; but one that had a real and ſincere *Conſideration* for her Perſon. I own, this Word *Conſideration* was a modeſt Word; but in the Ladies *Dictionary* it ſignified *Love*: And ſince *Satan* has put it into her Ladiſhip's Head to make a Diſtinction between her *Eſtate* and *Perſon*, I can't imagine what Method a Man can take to ſatisfie her that he has a *Fancy* to the *Former*, and not at all to the *Latter*. Can ſo *ſuperannuated* a Piece of *Mortality* believe that ſhe has any Merit to boaſt of, excluſive of her Thou-

Thouſand Pounds a Year; or is ſhe ſo *vain* as to think that the VVorld looks upon her *Acres* to be nothing but an *Appendix* to her other Perfections? What, has ſhe ne'er a *Looking-glaſs* in her Houſe, to convince her of her *Miſtake*? Have her Gentlewoman and her Dreſſing-Maid, her Chaplain, Steward, and her Butler, her Cook-Maid and her Gardiner, her Coachman and her Groom; have they all conſpired to *abuſe* her, and keep her in *Ignorance*? It almoſt makes me *mad* to think on't. For Heaven's ſake, what can be the meaning of ſo *ſtrange* an Infatuation? But, to return to our Friend, whatever *Sins* he may have to anſwer for, I am ſure he ought not to be tax'd with *Cowardice*. Bleſs me! to have the Impudence to throw himſelf at an old Painted *Dowdy*'s Feet, and there to tell her in a ſcoundril whining *Tone*, that the Divine Luſtre of her *Eyes* forſooth has burnt his Heart to a Coal; That her *Company* is Heaven to him, and her *Abſence* the greateſt Hell; in ſhort, that his Life, his Happineſs, his All, depends upon the Sentence of her *Celeſtial* Lips: To ſay all theſe

Sot-

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Sottiſh Flatteries, and do all theſe *wicked* things, is *certainly* above any Man's attempting, but one that has the Courage of *Hercules*. For my part, I cou'd ſooner run up to the Mouth of a *Cannon*, leap down a Precipice, or, what is *worſe*, tie up my right Leg behind me, and beg upon a Bridge, than reconcile my ſelf to ſuch *little* Practices. Inſtead of loading my tender Conſcience with ſo many horrid Lies, I wou'd *honeſtly* tell her Ladiſhip that I was moſt wonderfully in love with her *Bags* and her *Acres*; and that if ſhe would be pleas'd to make me *Maſter* of them, ſhe ſhou'd find me a complaiſant grateful *Drudge* to the End of the Chapter; But the Devil a *Syllable* wou'd I tell her of her *Beauty*. I wou'd moreover take Occaſion to inform her, that ſhe was *bound* in Honour, and all that, to *marry* me, becauſe I did not go about to banter her as the reſt of her *humble* whining Raskals did, who pretended to be ſmitten with her irreſiſtible *Charms*. A VVoman of good *Senſe* and *Diſcretion*, if ſuch a Monſter as that

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that is to be found above-ground, wou'd be better pleas'd, one wou'd think, with ſo frank an *Acknowledgment*, than with all thoſe Fulſome Compliments, of which the common Herd of Lovers are ſo *profuſe*. You will tell me perhaps, that above three Parts in four of the VVomen are Fools. Why, ſo they may be: however, I am ſuch a good-natur'd *Fool* to believe they are not altogether ſo *fooliſh* as we make them. Beſides, to open my ſelf further to you, there are *ſome* People in the World, whom, as *wicked* as I am, I ſhou'd make a Conſcience to *cheat*. 'Tis ſome pleaſure to put *falſe* Dice upon a cautious ſolemn *Coxcomb*, that ſtands eternally upon his *Guard*; But what kind of Satisfaction can it be, to angle for *Gudgeons* that will ſwallow a *Hook* without a *Bait*?

When You write to me next, pray ſend me word whether the abovemention'd Lady be not a downright Natural: For if ſhe is not, I am reſolved to *renounce* all manner of Acquaintance with our Friend: For if he has Cunning enough to perſwade her

her that he is in love with her Person, he must certainly be the most dangerous Impostor in the VVorld; And an Impostor, as I take it, is none of the fittest Men to make a Companion.

An End of Monsieur Fontenelle's

LETTERS.

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Certamen Epiſtolare

Between an Attorney of Clement's-*Inn and a dead Parſon.*

The Argument.

A Fellow of a College came up to Town about Buſineſs; which detaining him there much longer than he expected, he was forc'd to borrow five Pounds of his Landlady a Widow in Shoe-lane, *and promis'd to pay her within a Month. At his Return to* Cambridge, *a Living in* Lincolnſhire *fell vacant, and the College preſented him to it. On the Day of his Inſtitution he drank ſo plentifully with his Pariſhioners, that he fell ſick of a Fever, which diſpatch'd him in a few Days. All this while the Widow wondered what was become of the Gentleman; and after ſeveral Months Forbearance, having no News of him, employ'd an Attorney of* Clement's-*Inn*

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Inn to write to him for the five Pounds. The Letter coming to the College *some eight Months after our Parson's Decease, a Gentleman of the same House had the Curiosity to open it; and to carry on the Frolick, answer'd it in the Name of the dead Man, which gave occasion to the following Commerce.*

LETTER I.

To Mr. —— *at his Chambers in* —— *College in* Cambridge.

SIR,

INgratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris, was the Saying of one of the greatest Sages of Antiquity; to whose Name and Merits, I presume you can be no Stranger. *Perit quod facis ingrato*, was likewise the Saying of another *Grecian* Philosopher, as you'll find in *Erasmus*'s Adages. *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he will cut your Throat*, is a Proverb of our own Growth; and we have a thousand

Instances in Ancient and Modern History to confirm the Truth of it.

Indeed Ingratitude is so *monstrous* and *execrable* a Vice, that, according to the *Roman* Orator's Observation, (I need not tell You, that when I say the *Roman Orator*, I always mean *Tully*) the very *Earth* it self, the *bruta Tellus*, as *Horace* deservedly calls it, is a standing Testimony against an ungrateful Man, and rises up in Judgment against him. For does not this *Earth*, the *vilest* of the four Elements, make grateful *Returns* to the Husbandman for the little Cost and Pains he bestows upon her? does she not sometimes give him thirty, sometimes twenty, and at least ten Measures of Corn for the one he intrusted her with? Whereas an ungrateful Wretch is so far from doubling or trebling a Kindness done him, that 'tis next door to a Miracle, if he can be brought to give back the Principal.

And now, Sir, You'll ask me, I suppose, what I mean by declaiming thus against Ingratitude, any more than *Simony* or *Sacrilege*, or any other Sin whatever; and particularly how

how this comes to affect you: Why, Sir, don't be so hasty, I beseech You, and you'll soon be satisfied.

You must understand then, that one Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman*, Widow, who lives at the Sign of the *Griffin* in *Shoe-Lane* (I suppose, Sir, somebody's Conscience begins to fly in his Face by this time) told me, that a certain Gentleman of *Cambridge*, who very much resembles you in Name, Face, and Person (and now, Sir, I humbly conceive that some body that shall be nameless, blushes) borrow'd of her upon the first of *April* 1698, in the Tenth Year of his Majesty King *William*'s Reign, the Sum of five Pounds. (Well, Sir, let him blush on, for Blushing is a Sign of Grace) which he promis'd to repay her *in Verbo Sacerdotis*, within a Month after, (Good Lord! to see how Canonically some People can break their Words) Upon the Word of a Gentleman, As he was a Christian, and all that. But mind what follows, Sir. This worthy Gentleman I told you of, altho' he was bound to the Performance of his Promise by all that was *Good* and *Sacred*; and if *Good* and

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Sacred wou'd not bind him, by a Note under his own Hand, wherein he promised to pay to Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman*, VVidow, or Order, the aforesaid Sum of Five Pounds upon demand: Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this, has not had the Manners so much as to send her a Letter to excuse himself for this Delay, and takes no more Notice of her, than if he had never seen any such Person as Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman* in all his Life.

She being therefore my ancient Acquaintance and Friend; and one for whom I profess to have a very great Value, desir'd me to write a few Lines to You, which accordingly I have done, and by her order I request you as being a Person of great *Civility* and *Candour*, to tell the aforesaid Gentleman, whom (as I am inform'd) you may see every Morning in the Year, if you have a Looking-glass in your Room, which I will in *Charity* suppose; that she expects to have the five Pounds *supradict.* within a Fortnight at fartherst, and then all will be well: Otherwise she must be forc'd in her own Defence to employ the Secular Arm,

An-

Anglicè a Bailiff or Catchpole, and put the above-mention'd Perſon into *Lobb*'s Pound.

Now, Sir, having a great Regard to Mother Univerſity, of which I might have been an unworthy Member, had not my Unkle —— ; and likewiſe being deſirous to prevent farther Effuſion of Chriſtian Money; I make it my humble Requeſt to You to ſpeak to the aforeſaid Gentleman, that he would ſend me the Sum of five Pounds with all Expedition ; and in ſo doing you will in a moſt particular manner oblige,

S I R,

Your moſt Humble tho' unknown Servant,

From my Chambers in *Clement*'s-Inn.

H. W.

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ANSWER I.

To Mr. H. W. *Attorney at Law at his Chambers in* Clement's *Inn.*

Worthy Sir,

YEsterday Morning about Eight of the Clock precisely, the Sun being newly enter'd into *Sagittarius*, and the VVind standing at South-East by East; which Corner, as the learn'd Abbot *Joachimus Trithemius* in his Elaborate Treatise, intituled, *Eurus Eneucleatus*, tells us, is a certain Prognostick of Droughts and hot VVeather; I was smoaking a Pipe of Tobacco, and reading *Erasmus*'s *Moriæ Encomium* of the *Basil* Edition, printed by *Frobenius*, who, you know, Sir, married *Christopher Planton*'s; when to my great Surprize, the Post-Boy, brought me a Letter from one *H.W.* who pretends to date it from his Chambers in *Clement*'s-Inn; tho', as far as I can judge of the *Beast* by his Stile, and way of writing, he ought

ought to have a Room no where but in the *Brick-House* in *Moor-fields*.

For Sir, the Author of it, and I desire you tell him so much from me, seems to rave, and in his raving Fit disgorges old Buckram *Apophthegms*, and Ends of *Latin* stolen out of *Lycosthenes*; and in short, at the Expence of other Folks, throws his thread-bare Quotations about him like a mad Man, as you will soon perceive, if you'll give your self the Trouble to read what follows.

1. This Retainer to the Law, Sir, begins his Letter with *Ingratum si dixeris omnia dixeris*; and has the Impudence to tell me, that it was a Saying of one of the greatest Sages of Antiquity, as if a Man were a Jot the wiser for his calling him so; and, like a *presuming Coxcomb* as he is, *presumes* I am no Stranger to his Name and Merits. Pray, Sir, tell him from me, that he has falsified his Quotation; for which Crime by an Old Statute of King *Ina*, as you will find in *Gothofred* and *Panormitanus*, he ought to do Penance in a certain wooden Machine, called in *Latin*, *Colli-*

Collistrigium, and in *English* a *Pillory*; and that in all the ancient Manuscripts both in the *Vatican* and *Bodleian* Libraries, not to mention those of the Duke of *Curland* and the Prince of *Hesse Darmstad*, 'tis written *Attornatum si dixeris omnia dixeris*; which is as much as to say, Sir, that if you call a Man an Attorney, you call him all the Rogues and Rascals in the World.

2. Before I proceed any farther, I must beg the favour of you to inform him that we are much surpriz'd here to find an Attorney guilty of so much Nonsense, as to send down *Latin* to the University, where we have more than we know well what to do with. 'Tis as bad as sending *Darby*-Ale from *Fuller*'s-Rents to the Town of *Darby*, or Sturgeon to *Huntington*. In fine, as he has manag'd Matters, 'tis downright *Murderium* (he knows the meaning of that Word) for which he must never expect the Benefit of the Clergy.

To pass over his next idle Quotation, and an old batter'd *English* Proverb; the next Person he falls upon, is the *Roman* Orator; and with his usual

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usual Discretion, he gives me to understand that he means *Tully* by him. 'Tis well he tells us whom he means; for of all Men in the World, I thought an Attorney had as little to do with an Orator, as a Bawd with an Eunuch. But why should a Fellow that never meant any thing in his Life, pretend to Meaning; or how came *Tully* and such a Blockhead to be acquainted? Well, but *Tully*, he says, observes that the Earth it self, which, I hope by the bye, will one of these Days stop his pettifogging Mouth, for calling it the vilest of the four Elements, is a standing Testimony against Ingratitude; and why forsooth, because it returns the Husbandman ten for one. I can't imagine how it shou'd come into this Wretch's Head to rail at Ingratitude, who is the most ungrateful Devil that ever liv'd; and 'tis ten to one but I prove it before I have done with him. He is ungrateful in the first place to his *Schoolmaster*, for making no better Use of the *Latin* he whipt into him: He is ungrateful to the *Common Law* for polluting it with wicked Sentences purloin'd out of *Pagan* Authors: And lastly, he is ungrateful to the *Inn* he lives in

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in, for dreaming seven whole Years there to no purpose, and continuing as great a Blockhead as when he first came to Town.

Towards the Conclusion of his Letter, *You must understand*, says he, *that one* ——— This he said to shew his Civility and good Manners. *You must understand.* Why, suppose I won't *understand*, how will he help himself; or what Man alive can *understand* a Fellow that murders his Thoughts between two Languages. But I find I must *understand* him right or wrong. After this Compliment he tells me an idle foolish Story of a Widow in *Shoe-Lane*, and raves about five Pounds, that I know nothing of; and is so full of it, that a few Lines below he calls it the Sum *supradict.* I shall take another Opportunity to knock this impertinent Tale in the Head, and shall only desire you at present to acquaint this *H. W.* from me, that when he has answer'd this Letter, I design to give him Satisfaction in his other Points. In the mean time, Unknown, Sir, I am, as the *Roman* Orator has it,

Tuus ab ovo usque ad mala,

Q. Z.

LET-

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LETTER II.

To Mr.——— at his Chambers in ———College in Cambridge.

SIR,

I Don't know what Plenty of *Latin* You may have in the *Univerſity*, tho', by the bye, I can hardly believe You are ſo overſtock'd with it as You pretend; but I dare ſwear that *good Manners* are very *ſcarce Things* among you, and Your Letter *ſufficiently* demonſtrates it.

You are *angry* with me it ſeems, for quoting a few *Latin* Sentences. I am afraid 'tis the *Meaning* of them, and not the *Language* that diſguſts You; for ſome People can't endure to hear the Truth told them in any Tongue whatever: But, under Favour, Sir, What *mighty* Virtue ſhould there be in the Air of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, that *Latin* ſhou'd only flouriſh there? or why ſhou'd not *Tully* take up his Quarters in the *Inns* of *Chancery*, as well as one of your *Colleges*? I am ſure we can give him

him better Meat and Drink, and perhaps have cleaner and larger Rooms to entertain him.

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora PÆNI,
Nec tam aversus equos TYRIA sol jungit ab urbe.

The Meaning of which two Verses are, (for why shou'd not I interpret my *Latin* to You, as well as You have taken the Freedom to explain Yours to me) That *London* is not so barbarous and unpolish'd a Place, but that *Apollo* and the Nine *Muses* may find as hospitable a Reception there as with You in the University.

But, Sir, I have no time to lose, tho' You have. The Widow is pressing for her Money, the *Term* draws on apace, and I must know your Answer one way or another. Therefore let me desire You in your next not to ramble from the Point in hand, but keep to the *Text*. Once in your Life take *Martial*'s Advice, *Dic aliquid de tribus Capellis*. There's *Latin* for You again; but the Advice is good and seasonable. Once more leave off flourishing

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ing and come immediately to Buſineſs, that I may know what meaſures to take.

I am

Yours, as you uſe me,

H. W.

ANSWER II.

To Mr. H. W. *Attorney at Law, at his Chambers in* Clement's-*Inn.*

SIR,

YOU charge me with want of Manners in the *Univerſity*. Now, to convince You that your Accuſation is groundleſs, frivolous, and vexatious, I will take no notice of the ſcurrilous Reflections in your Letter, but, as you deſire me, fall immediately to Buſineſs.

To ſumm up then in a few Lines what you have beſtow'd ſo many upon, You tell me that a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance, meaning my

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my self, I suppose, whom in your Excess of Charity, you believe to have a Looking-glass in his Chamber, and a great deal of the like Stuff, borrow'd five Pounds last *April* of one *Rebecca Blackman* Widow, and Spinster, living at the Sign of the *Griffin* and *Red Lyon* in *Shoe-Lane*, and has not paid her as he promis'd. Now, Sir, if I make it appear to You that there is no such thing as a Widow *in rerum naturâ*, or a *Griffin*, or a *Red Lion*; that *Shoe-Lane* is an Equivocal Word, and that 'tis impossible for a Man that lives under the Evangelical Dispensation, to owe any such *Heathenish Sum* as five Pounds, I hope you'll be brought to knock under the Table, and own that You have given me and your self a great deal of unnecessary Trouble.

First of all, I affirm, assert, and maintain, that there is no such thing as a VVidow in the Universe; and thus I prove it. A *Widow* is one that laments and grieves for the Loss of her Husband; but how can You or any Man in *London* know that a VVoman really laments and grieves: For shedding of Tears, and wearing of Crape, are no sure

ture Signs of Grief; consequently then how can you be sure that there is any such thing as a Widow; and if so, are You not a most insufferable Coxcomb to palm a Widow upon a Stranger, that never did you any harm? Well, but suppose it were possible for a Man to know that a Woman really grieves for the Loss of her Husband, which Proposition, let me tell You, *Herebord*, *Burgersdicius*, and the whole Stream of the *Dutch Commentators* and *Peloponnesian Divines*, positively deny; how shall we be able to find out this Monster, and tell where the Place of her abode is? VVhy say you she lives at the Sign of the *Griffin* and *Red-Lion* in *Shoe-lane*? Bless us! what a sad thing it is to be troubled with a distemper'd Brain! *Imprimis*, a *Griffin* is a new *Ens Rationis*, only devised by the Imagination, and is no where to be found, no, not in the Deserts of *Arabia*, or the vast Forests of *Afric*; altho' *Afric*, Sir, ever since the time of *Eratosthenes* and *Strabo*, has been said continually to produce some new Monster: And, as for a *Red-Lion*, I defie You and all the Attorneys in the Kingdom to shew me one. *Theophrastus*, *Ælian*,

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Dyonisius, *Harmogistus* de miraculis, *Perogunius* de Brutis, *Philopæmen junior* de robusta Naturâ, and a hundred more of worth and credit whom I have read, and you never heard named, either in *Westminster-Hall*, or *Westminster-Abbey*. But since these are Pagan Authors, it may be you will pretend they ought to have no weight with a Christian, and I know you will be damn'd before you will allow of any thing against your own Mammon; therefore I shall prcede to give you more modern Accounts of what has been remark'd in the most natural places for to expect Monsters in, and yet the Devil of a *Red Lion* do they mention. *Don Gonsales* gives us a particular of all her Wonders, Miracles, and strange things in the habitable part of the Moon, *Mandevil's*, *Travals*, *Pinto*, and *De la Val's*, the most fabulous of the Poets, the most lying Pilgrims and extravagant Historians, never dared to have the Impudence to impose so much upon Mankind as to assert the being of a *Red Lion*.

Now if human Reason, Experience in many places, and no proof any where can have place as it ought do with a Lawyer, I hope here are enough to convince you of

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of your Error; but if nothing under ocular Demonstration will satisfy you, and you are not at leisure to turn over so many Volumes, let me request you, worthy Sir, to take a Step to the Tower, and if you don't find what I say to be true, I promise you here under my Hand to give you a hundred pounds *bonæ & legalis Monetæ Angliæ* the next time I meet you.

However for Peace-sake, let us once admit that *Griffins* and *Red Lions* are real Things, and no Fictions of the Brain, as *Smeglesius* hath evidently prov'd it, in what Street, or Square, or Lane, or Alley, is the above-mention'd Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman* to be found? Oh, cry You, in *Shoe-lane*. Come, Sir, *Shoe-lane* is a Fallacy which You must not pretend to put upon a Man that has taken his Two Degrees, and writes himself *A. M.* Don't You know that *Dolus latet in universalibus*? Whatever Lane People walk in they must certainly wear out Shoe-Leather; and in whatever Lane they wear out Shoe-Leather, that Lane in Propriety of Speech, deserves, and may challenge the Name of *Shoe-lane*: Consequently then, every Lane, not only in *London*, but in

all his Majesty's Dominions, where the Subjects of *England* walk, and wear out Shoe-Leather, may properly be called *Shoe-lane*. Judge then whether ever I shall be able to find out the true Place where this VVidow lives by the Equivocal Description You have given of it. As for my *Major*, I defie You or any of your Brethren in wicked Parchment, to find out the least Hole in it. My *Minor* is as plain as the Sun at Noon-day; and You may as well run your Head against a Brick-VVall, as pretend to attack it; and then the Consequence must be good of course. I would take this Opportunity to shew the Falshood and Vanity of the remaining Part of your Letter; but the Bell rings for Supper: However, I shall take care to do it next Post; at which time You may certainly expect to hear farther from

[*Your most humble Servant,*

Q. Z.

AN-

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ANSWER III.

To the same.

I Fully demonstrated to you in my last, that there was no such thing as a *Widow*; or supposing there was, that it was morally impossible for a Man to know it. After this, I proceeded to shew that your *Griffin* was Romantic, your *Red Lion* Fabulous; and that *Shoe-lane* by being every Lane, was consequently no Lane at all. Now, Sir, I come to consider the following Part of your Letter, where, with your usual *Ingenuity* and good Manners, You tell me I am indebted the Sum of five Pounds to the Widow above-mention'd; and I doubt not to lay open the Vanity of this Allegation, as well as of those that preceded it. Sir, give me leave to tell You, that 'tis impossible that ——— ——— ——— shou'd owe any such Sum as five Pounds. Is it to be imagin'd that a ——— ——— ——— shou'd trespass against a plain positive express Text of Scripture? This is

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what the worst of our Adversaries, either Papists or any other Sectaries, of what Title or Denomination soever, wou'd not have the Impudence to charge us with. Does not St. *Paul* positively say, *Owe no man any thing but Love?* How then can I owe this *Chimerical Widow* of your own making that heathenish Sum called Five Pounds? Indeed, if there is any such Person, I owe her a great deal of *Love*, as the Text commands me; but, as for *five Pounds*, I owe it her not: And for this, as I have already observ'd to You, I can produce a plain positive Text of Scripture, which I hope you will not be so wicked as to deny.

In short, Sir, I am afraid that the Law has discompos'd your Brain, and this I conclude from your incoherent Citations of *Latin*, your raving of *Griffins* and *Red Lions*, of *Widows*, and *Five Pounds*. Therefore tho' I am wholly a Stranger to you, yet as you are a Native of this Kingdom, I heartily wish your Cure, and shall do whatever lies in my Power to effect it, for which reason I desire you to take notice of the following Advice. It being now Spring-time, at which Season according to the Observation of the Learn-

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Learned *Zabarella* and *Ciacconius*, the Humours begin to ferment and float in all human Bodies, I wou'd advise you to correct the Saline Particles, with which I perceive your Blood is overcharged, with good wholesom Nettle Broth, and Water-gruel, every Morning alternately; but take Care to put no Currants or Sugar into your Water-gruel, because as the judicious *Fernelius* in his *Diatriba de Usu* affirms, Currants excite Choler, and Sugar has an ill effect upon the *Diaphragm*, *Glandula Pinealis*. Then Sir, thrice a Week at least, refrigerate your Intestines with a good Salutary Clister, and take some eighteen Ounces of Blood away about two Hours before the Clyster is administred to you. Above all, let me conjure you to forbear stuff'd Beef, salt Fish, Pepper, and hot Spices, and what is full as pernicious as Pepper and hot Spices, the reading of any *Latin* Authors, for fear they shou'd raise a new Rebellion in the Humours. Sage and Butter, with a Glass or two of clarified Whey moderately taken in a Morning, may be of singular Use. Go to Bed early, and rise betimes. If you live up to these Directions, I don't doubt but You'll be

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your own Man again in a little time. Having no farther Interest in all this, than only effecting your Cure, I perswade my self you'll be so much your own Friend as to follow the Advice of

Your humble Servant,

Q. Z.

LETTER III.

To Mr. —— *at his Chambers in* ——*College*, Cambridge.

SIR,

SInce You were so wonderfully kind in your last Letter, as out of your great Liberality to honour me with some of your own Directions, I am resolved not to be behind-hand with you in point of Courtesie; and therefore recommend the following Rules to your Consideration.

In the first place I crave Leave to inform you, that *Syllogisms* and *Sophistry* pay no Debts: That, as old Birds are not

not to be caught with Chaff, so a Lawyer is not to be impos'd upon by thin frothy Arguments; and that *Aristotle*, let him make never so great a Figure in the Schools, has no manner of Authority in *VVestminster-Hall*, where, I can assure You, they won't take his *Ipse dixit* for a Groat.

Secondly, I would advise You not to have so great an Opinion of your own Parts, as to despise the rest of the World, and think to palm any of your little Banters upon them. 'Tis enough in all Conscience I think, that You take the Liberty to dumfound us with your *Fathers* and *Councils* in the Pulpit, which we of the *Laity* are forced to take upon Content; and therefore You may spare them elsewhere.

Thirdly and Lastly, when You run in any ones Debt, 'tis my Counsel and I give it You for nothing, That You wou'd take care to see the *Party* satisfied in good current *Money*, for fear the wicked *Moabite* should compel you to it, which, between Friends, will not be much for your Reputation. As this

this is the last Letter You are like to receive from me, I make it once more my Request to You, to observe the Contents of it: For I am not at leisure to trifle any longer with You; Otherwise a Stone Doublet is the Word, and VVars must ensue, which *every* good Christian ought to prevent, if it lies in his Power. I am, unless You give me farther Provocation,

Your humble Servant,

H. VV.

Your old Friend the Widow, is *sorry* You have made so familiar with her as to call her Being in question; as likewise that of her *Griffin* and *Red Lion*. As for your Love, having no occasion for it at present, she desires You to bestow it elsewhere; but is resolved, notwithstanding all your learn'd Quirks and Quiddities to get her five Pounds again; and when she has it in her Pocket, for your sake she'll never trust it with a Logician, that would *ergo* her out of what is her own.

AN-

ANSVVER. IV.

To Mr. H. W. *Attorney in* Clement's *Inn.*

I Receiv'd your laſt, for which I return you my hearty Thanks, and am intirely of your Opinion, that old Birds are not to be caught with Chaff. I find, Sir, you are a great Admirer of old Proverbs, and I commend you for it: For a great deal of Morality and wholſome Knowledge is to be pick'd out of them: Beſides, Sir, they are like the Common Law of *England*, and derive their Authority from Uſage and Cuſtom. Now I am talking of Proverbs, there's one comes into my Head at preſent, which I deſire you to ruminate, or chew the Cud upon. In ſhort, 'tis *Birds of a Feather flock together*, which is effectually and literally fulfill'd, when an Attorney and a Pick-pocket are in the ſame Company.

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I am likewiſe of opinion, worthy Sir, that what you ſay of *Ariſtotle*'s making none of the beſt Figures in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, may be true; for how can that plodding Animal, called a Philoſopher, expect civil Quarter from the Sons of Noiſe and Clamour? But, by the bye, Sir, I muſt take the freedom to tell You, that ſome of his Friends here take it very ill, that You the Black-guard of *Weſtminſter-Hall* won't take his Word for a Groat, Sir, that diminitive contemptible Piece of Money, a Groat, Sir, three of which go to the making up of that important Sum denominated by the Vulgar, a Shilling. Is it not very barbarous and inhumane, that *Ariſtotle*, formerly Tutor to the greateſt Monarch in the Univerſe (when I ſay the greateſt Monarch in the Univerſe, I neither mean *Bajazet*, nor *Tamberlane*, nor *Scanderbeg*, nor *Pipin*, nor yet the *French* King, but *Alexander the Great*) whoſe *Ipſe dixit* wou'd have formerly gone more currant than our preſent *Exchequer-Notes* or *Malt-Tickets*, in any Tavern, Inn, or Victualling-houſe, between the *Helleſpont* and the *Ganges*, for a thou-

thousand Pounds, upon occasion: Is it not barbarous and inhumane, I say, that this same *Aristotle* shou'd not be trusted for a Groat in *Westminster-Hall?* This Language one would hardly have expected either from *Goth*, *Vandal*, or *Hunn*; but much less from a Person of your Civility and Learning. But alas, Sir, *Ætas parentum pejor avis*; we live in the Fagg-End of a most degenerate ungrateful Age, that has no regard to Greek or Latin. *Oh tempora & mores*, was the Complaint of a great Virtuoso two thousand Years ago, which we have but too much reason to renew now. Oh *Aristotle*, *Aristotle*, that I shou'd ever live to see thy venerable Name in so much contempt, that any one belonging to *VWestminster*-Hall shou'd have the Impudence to say he will not trust thee for a Groat! *Ultra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet.* I dare swear that even in *Moscovy* and *Poland*, none of the most hospitable Countries in the World, thou may'st at any time take a good Dinner and a Gallon of Brandy upon thy *Entilechia* and *Actus Perspicui*, and yet in *VWestminster-*

Hall

Hall, the moſt enlighten'd Hall of the moſt enlighten'd City of *Chriſtendom*, thy *Ipſe dixit*, in ſo much Vogue formerly with the *Thomiſts*, and *Scotiſts*, the *Nominaliſts*, and *Realiſts*, ſhou'd not paſs for a Groat? So much, Sir, by way of Anſwer to *Ariſtotle* and *VVeſtminſter*-Hall, *Ipſe dixit*, and a *Groat*.

What you ſay in a following Paragraph concerning the wicked *Moabite* and the *Stone Doublet*, is very picquant and ingenious: For, Sir, reading Mr. *Hobbs*'s Chapter about Concatenation of Thought, I find there is a great Connection between the *Moabite* and *Stone Doublets*; and ſome of the Modern *Itineraries* inform us that Stone Doublets are in mighty Requeſt with the People in thoſe Countries to this very Day; and the Phyſical Reaſon they aſſign, for it, is becauſe Stone Doublets are very refrigerating and Alexipharmic, which undoubtedly is a great Refreſhment in ſo hot a Climate as that where the wicked *Moabite* lived. But, Sir, in lieu of the Advice, which, out of your great Bounty and Liberality, you were pleaſed to give me for nothing,

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nothing, be pleased to accept of the following Character, which I gave my self the trouble to transcribe out of an ancient M. S. in the *Cotton*-Library, supposed to be written by the famous *Junius*, who for his great Skill in the Oriental Languages, acquir'd the Sirname of *Patricius*; and this Character, unless I am mistaken in my Mathematics, will give you a lively Idea of a certain Beast you may perhaps be acquainted with.

An Attorney is one that lives by the undoing of his Neighbours, as Chirurgeons do by broken Heads and Claps, and like Judges that always bring Rain with them to the Assizes, is sure to bring Mischief with him whereever he comes. He's an Animal bred by the Corruption of the Law, nurs'd up in Discord and Contention, and has a particular Cant to himself, by which he terrifies the poor Country People, who worship him as the *Indians* do the Devil, for fear he should mischief them. He is a constant Resorter to Fairs and Markets, and has a Knack to improve the least

leaſt Quarrel into a Law-Suit. He hates the Clergy for preaching up Peace and Unity, which he pretends wou'd undo the World and ruine Buſineſs. He talks as familiarly of my Lord Chief Juſtice as if he had known him from his Cradle, and threatens all that incurr his Diſpleaſure with leading them a Jaunt to *VVeſtminſter*-Hall. If his Advice be ask'd upon the moſt inſignificant Trifle, he nods his Head, twirls his Pen in his Ear, and cries 'twill bear a notable Action; and when he has emptied the poor Wretch's Pocket, adviſes him to make up the matter, drink a merry Cup with his Adverſary, and be Friends. He affects to be thought a Man of Buſineſs, and quotes Statutes, as fiercely as if he had read over *Kebie* and got him by heart. The Catch-pole is his conſtant Companion, by the ſame token they are as neceſſary to one another, as a Midwife to a Bawd, or an Apothecary to a grave Phyſician. While he lives, he is a perpetual Perſecuter of all the Country about him; but battens by being curſed, as they ſay Camomile grows by being trod upon. At laſt, the Devil ſerves an Execution upon

upon his Person, hurries him to his own Quarters, in whose Clutches I leave him.

If this Character may be of any Service to you, I shall heartily rejoyce, it being my highest Ambition to approve my self

Your most, &c.

Q. Z.

To Mr. H. W. *Attorney, at his Chambers in* Clement's Inn.

ANSVVER V.

NAY Sir, since you are so peremptory and all that, I have sent you my last conclusive Answer, and am resolv'd to be plagued with you no longer. Hoping therefore that your Worship is in good Health, as your humble Servant is at this present Writing, This comes to let you know (nay don't start I beseech you) that I am fairly and honestly dead, (Oh! fie

Sir, why ſhould you be diſcompoſed at ſo ſmall a matter as that is) in ſhort, dead to all intents or purpoſes as a Door-nail, or if that wont ſerve your turn, as dead as *Methuſelah*, or any of the *Patriarchs* before the *Flood*. And becauſe Sir I am in a very good Humour at preſent, and ſomewhat diſpoſed to be merry, (which you'l ſay is ſomewhat odd in a dead Man) and beſides have a mighty Reſpect for a Perſon of your Worth and Gravity. I will let you know what Diſtemper I died of, and give you the whole Hiſtory of my Illneſs from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*. Upon the 10*th* of *July* laſt Old Stile, I was invited to a Chriſtning in a certain Village in *Lincolnſhire*, where I had the Honour of being Vicar; and by a ſtrange Fatality was over-perſuaded to eat ſome *Cuſtard*, which is the moſt pernicious Aliment in the World, but eſpecially in the Dog-days. Since I have been in the *Elyſian Fields*, meeting with *Galen* and *Dioſcorides* the other day, I told told them my caſe, and both of them told me that Cuſtard had done my buſineſs. *Galen* whiſper'd me in the Ear, and told me that whatever Sham Stories the *Hiſtorians* had palm'd upon

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upon the World, *Trajan* got his Death by nothing but eating of Custard at *Antioch*, and mention'd two or three other Eminent Persons that had their Heels tript up by that pernicious Food. *Dioscorides* added farther, that Custard was destructive of the Intellect, and conjur'd me that the next time I writ to any of my Acquaintance in *London*, I wou'd desire them to present his most humble Service to my *Lord Mayor* and Court of *Aldermen*, and advise them as from him to refrain from Custard, because it obnubilated the Understanding, and was detrimental to the Memory. So much by way of digression, but now Sir to proceed in the History of my Illness: This eating of Custard first of all gave me a *Cachexy*, and 'twas my great misfortune that there was no Brandy to be had in the House, for in all probability a Cogue of true Orthodox *Nants* wou'd have corrected the crudity of the Custard. This *Cachexy* in twelve Hours turned to a *Dolor Alvi*, that to a *Peripneumonia* in the *Diaphragm*, and that to an *Epyema* in the *Glandula Pinealis*. Upon this, a hundred other Distempers came pouring upon me like Thunder and Lightning,

ning; for you know when a Man is once going, *down with him* is the Word; that very fairly dispatched me in four Days, and so I died, without a *Doctor* to help to dispatch me, or an *Attorney* to make my Will. A little before I troop't off, I desired my Parishoners to bury me under the great Church-Spout, which accordingly they did, I thank them for't, and upon every Shower of Rain I find a mighty refreshment by it, for you must know that when I was living, I was very thirsty in my Nature, and abounded in adust, cholerick Humour.

I believe Sir you might have writ to a thousand and a thousand dead Men, who wou'd never have given themselves the Trouble to answer your Letters, or have been so communicative of their Secrets, as you have found me; but Sir I scorn to act under-board. And if this don't satisfy all your Doubts, I can only wish that I had you *here* with me, to give you farther Conviction.

And now Sir let me desire you to put your Hand to your *Heart*, and consider calmly and sedately with your self, whether it be not *illegal* as well as *bar-*

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barbarous to disturb the Repose of the Dead, and persecute them in their very Graves. You that are so full of your *Cases* and your *Presidents*, tell me what *Case* or *President* you can allege to justify so unrighteous a Procedure? Is it not a known Maxim in Law, That *Death* puts a stop to all *Processes* whatsoever, and that when a Man has once *paid* the great *Debt* of Nature, he has *compounded* for all the rest? How then can you make me amends for the Injuries you have done me, and the great *Charges* you have put me to? For upon the *Faith* and *Honour* of a *dead* Man, the very *passage* of your Letters to this Subterranean World has cost me above *Five Pounds*, the pretended Sum you charge me with. However, if Heaven will forgive you, for my part I do; and to shew you that after so many horrid Provocations I am still in Charity with you, I remain

Your defunct Friend and Servant,

Q. Z.

Post-

P. S.

From the Elyſian-Fields.
Feb. 5.

All the *News* that I can ſend you from this part of the World is, that we are troubled with *none* of your *Profeſſion* here, which is no ſmall part of our *Happineſs*, I'le aſſure you; and upon a *ſtrict* Enquiry, I find that not one *Attorney* for theſe 1500 years has been ſo *impudent*, as to give St. *Peter* the Trouble of uſing his Keys.

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ORIGINAL LETTERS

ON

Several Subjects.

By Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

Addreſſed to ſeveral Gentlemen of his Acquaintance.

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SELECT LETTERS

Out of

Monsieur *de* * *Pays*.

* *Author of a famous Book, intituled*, Amitiez, Amours, & Amourettes.

A Billet from a Lady to the Author, wherein she desires him to carry her to see the Lion and Tyger.

IF what you have *swore* to me a hundred times be *true*, that is to say, if you are so much my *humble* Servant as you *pretend*, so soon as you have din'd, you'll come to our House, and carry me and my Sister to see the *Lion* and the *Tyger*, and some other odd *Curiosities* that are lately come to Town. How great your stock of *Courage* is I can't tell, but if you are not a rank *Coward* indeed, you'll be glad of the opportunity to be Master of the *Ceremonies* to us, and conduct us into the *presence* of the aforesaid out-landish Gentlemen.

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Thus I have given you a *fair* occaſion of *diverting* me, without putting you to any great *Expence*. Judge then whether I am not the kindeſt Woman upon Earth, ſince I am willing to be *obliged* to you for ſo *ſmall* a trifle.

The Anſwer.

'TIS but reaſonable, Madam, you ſhould go and pay a viſit to two ſuch *near Relations* as thoſe you mention'd in your Billet, and God forbid that I ſhould hinder you from *diſcharging* your Conſcience in ſo *neceſſary* a point. Yes Madam, I will certainly wait on you after Dinner, and not loſe the *Satisfaction* of attending you to an *Interview*, where no doubt on't there will be a World of *Careſſes* and *tender* things on both ſides. If *Sympathy* is the Mother of *Friendſhip*, I am confident that the *Tyger* and your *Ladyſhip* will be Hand and Glove, and ſtrike up the ſtricteſt *Alliance* that ever was known. I fan-

fancy 'twill be a moſt *pleaſant* Sight to ſee thoſe two Savage Creatures *humble* themſelves before you, *lick* your Hands and Feet, give you a gentle *ſqueeze* by the Arm, and tell you in their *Language* that ſince you are a hundred times more a *Lioneſs* and *Tyger* than they, 'tis but reaſonable they ſhould own you for their Lawful and Rightful *Queen*: So that Madam, tho' both theſe Animals are let *looſe* about the Room, I ſhall have nothing to *fear* from them while *you* are there: Or if they have never ſo much a mind to make a *Meal* of my Carcaſs, yet you may eaſily *conjure* them by the *Friendſhip* that is between you, or to expreſs my ſelf more properly, you may *command* them by the *Authority* you have over them, not to deprive you of the *Glory* of my Death: for in ſhort, Madam, it will be a moſt horrid *Shame* if their *Teeth* and *Paws* pretend to invade the Office of your *Eyes*. Therefore be aſſur'd my *Cowardiſe* will not hinder me from ſeeing this Show, ſince I ſhall have your Company thither.

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Billet from the ſame.

She deſires him to write her a few Lines in anſwer to a Copy of Verſes ſhe had received from a Lover.

I Here *unſay* all the angry things I ſaid to you laſt Evening. You are *good* for ſomething I muſt own, nay, now and then I cannot be without ſo *neceſſary* a Gentleman as your ſelf. If I *loſe* you for good and all, I ſhall *loſe* the better part of my *Diverſion*, and as *cheerful* as I am in my temper, I believe *ſincerely* in my Conſcience, that I ſhould at leaſt *lament* you three hours by the Clock. I dare lay any *Wager* with you, that you are not Conjurer enough to *divine* why I ſweeten and collogue with you ſo *furiouſly* this Morning. Know therefore that I want your Aſſiſtance to anſwer four of the fineſt, prettieſt Stanzas I ever ſaw, ſent me this Morning by a *worthy* Gentleman, who ſwears and vows he loves me *better* than his Eyes. Let me *die* if any thing can be *tenderer.*

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derer. Therefore invoke me the *Aid* of that *Familiar*, your *Muſe*, and employ all Wit to anſwer them, ſo, that both the Gentleman and I may be *ſatisfied.* Otherwiſe I *revoke* all the *obliging* things I beſtow'd upon you in the begining of this *Epiſtle.*

The Anſwer.

Madam,

YOU fancy, I perceive, that you have ſaid abundance of *complaiſant* things to me in your Letter, but the Duce take me if I either do or will *believe* a Syllable of the Matter. Set your Hand now to your *Heart* and tell me in ſober *ſadneſs* whether you made me a *mighty* Compliment in treating me like your *Confident*, when you ought to have treated me like your *Lover.* A wonderful *Favour* indeed, to deſire me to write a Copy of Verſes, and all to *pleaſe* a *Rival*, whom I wiſh at the *Devil.* Well, for this once, Madam, I am reſolved to *diſobey* your Orders: My

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Muſe is too young at preſent to ſet up for a *Goer-between*, and without Vanity deſerves a *better* Employment than what you wou'd recommend to her. I keep her in my Service only to aſſiſt me in my *Amours*, and ſhould I *ask* her to do any thing elſe, I am ſure ſhe wou'd *deny* me. Therefore Madam, you muſt e'en *anſwer* your Gallant your ſelf, and the next time you want a *Confident*, pray, employ any one elſe, but

Your, &c.

Billet from the ſame.

She rallies him for playing the whining Lover, and ſends him his Heart again.

I Begin to be dog-weary of hearing you *complain* of your ill *Deſtiny* ſo often. Your Letters as well as your Converſation run eternally upon this nauſeous Strain, tho' I have told you a hundred times that this is not the

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the way to *win* me. However you chuse rather to *displease* me than leave off this unfashionable way of Courtship. If you are resolved to play the *Milk-sop* still, let me intreat you to shew it elsewhere, and not before me. In short, if restoring the *insignificant* Trifle, your *Heart*, to you will secure me from all farther *Persecutions* of this Nature, take it again a God's Name, for I no longer pretend to it, since 'tis not fit for my Purpose.

The Answer.

YOU shew your good Nature with a witness, to send me my Heart back, after you have used it so scurvily above six Weeks. Is this then your way of *requiting* those that *serve* you? Who do you think will receive it in the blessed Condition you have brought it to? No Madam, e'en *keep* it to your self, 'tis your own proper *Chattel*, and no body but you has a Title to it. Once more let me tell

you, 'twas not *handsomly* done of you, to send it home in so *wretched* a pickle. *Mangled* as it is, and *burnt* to Tinder, what Woman alive will *entertain* it in her Service? If you did not *like* it you ought in Conscience, Madam, to have *sent* it me back long ago. At the time when it was *whole*, and *cheerful* (and such a one it was when I first made you a *present* of it) I could have found Mistresses *enough* that would have been glad to *receive* it: But since you have so *disfigured* it, that I my self hardly *know* it, you are bound in honour to look after it, and suffer its *Infirmities*, since you have been the *occasion* of them. Let it complain and *bemoan* its self never so much, you ought to bear with its *Lamentations*. But if they *offend* you, and break your *Repose*, is it not in your Power to make them *cease* when you please, and have I not told you a thousand times which way you may *silence* them? Come Madam, put my *Receipt* in Practice, and I give you *free leave* to send my Heart back again, if after you have tried that Experiment upon it, you don't find it as full of *Joy* and *Gayety*, as at present 'tis of *Grief* and *Affliction*. To

To *Calista.*

To acquaint her that he's troubled with an Ague.

I Am up to the Ears in *Love* Madam, as you know but too well. I have a confounded *Quarrel* upon my Hands, which I suppose is no News to you neither. Thirdly and Lastly, I have a damn'd *Law-suit* to manage, which you cannot be ignorant of, since I have *told* you of it so often. To *compleat* my Misfortunes I wanted nothing but a *Tertian Ague*, or some such Blessing to visit me, which, thanks, to my ill *Destiny*, is come at last to increase the number of my other *Persecutors*. Considering with what Formality and Circumspection it began to *attack* me, one may lay a *hundred* Pound to a *Penny* that it will keep me *Company* till next Spring. My *Hand* still trembles with the Extremity of my last *cold* Fit, and my *Heart* is almost *burnt* up

up with the Violence of my Paſſion; and what more *proper* Secretary can there be than a *freezing* Hand to a *flaming* Heart? As I am naturally of a *gay, merry* Temper, and according to the common Opinion an Ague always proceeds from *Melancholy*, I can't imagine how it came to ſingle me out of the Herd: For hitherto, whether 'tis owing to my *Inſenſibility* or *Courage*, I have not been much diſturbed either about my *Law-ſuit* or my *Quarrel*. 'Tis a plain Caſe then that my *Love* has betray'd me to this *troubleſome* Companion. For this reaſon, to deal *plainly* with you, I begin to *ſuſpect* you, and fancy that there is a ſecret *Intelligence* between you and my Diſeaſe, and that the Flames you kindled in my *Heart* prepared the way for thoſe that now ſcorch up my *Body*. And will the Queen of my Heart then, to whoſe Laws it ſo chearfully ſubmits, loſe the Conqueſts ſhe has made? Intereſt one wou'd think, wou'd dictate better Advice to her, and perſwade her not to let a *barbarous* Enemy *burn* up and *deſtroy* a place that belongs to her Empire. Revenge *your ſelf* then, Madam, and when your

hand

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hand is in, revenge *me*, and turn this impudent Aggresser out of your *Dominions*. I need not inform you that this cursed Aggressor I complain of, is my *Ague*, that ill-look'd, ill-natur'd, ill-contriv'd *Devil* that loves to make every one he *possesses* look as villainously as himself, that profes's'd *Foe* to Cherry-cheeks, that *demolisher* of jolly Constitutions, that *leveller* of Faces, and *destroyer* of all Mirth. Judge then what will become of my poor *Fortress* in a few Days, if this malicious *Engineer* batters it with his great *Artillery* from above, and at the same time *undermines* it from below. 'Tis true, he lies *idle* every other day, but, a Curse light on him, he does me more Mischief in *three* hours, than I am able to repair in *threescore*. In short, I expect to have this wicked *Siege* rais'd by none but you, and this 'tis so *easie* for you to perform, that unless my *Relief* comes immediately, I shall conclude you don't think the *Town* worth *saving*.

To

To the ſame.

He tells her after what manner he will receive her when ſhe comes to viſit him.

YOU ſend me Word, that you intend me a *Viſit* this Afternoon, but does your Ladiſhip well *conſider* what may be the *effect* on't? Do you think 'tis poſſible to ſee ſo *doleful* an Object as I am without *paying* ſome little Tribute to Pity, or ſuppoſe your *Heart* is *inſenſible* to all my Sufferings, do you know after what manner I ſhall *receive* you, and whether you'l be *pleas'd* with your Entertainment? Well Madam, that you may not be ſurprized, I will acquaint you before hand, what ſort of a reception you are to expect from me.

In the firſt place, Madam, when you come into the Room, I ſhan't *advance* one Step to meet you, that's poſitive, but keep my Chair, like the Great *Mogul*, or the Great *Turk*, which

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which you pleaſe; and the ſame Ceremony I ſhall obſerve at your going away. Then when you have ſeated your ſelf, inſtead of *complimenting* you upon your Beauty and *Wit*, thoſe two beloved *Topics* which you Women are ſo pleas'd to hear your *Adorers* expatiate upon, I ſhall *only* entertain you with the cruel *Uſage* of my Diſtemper, and tho' you look'd ten times *prettier* than I ever knew you, yet I ſhall fancy you as *pale* and *yellow* as my ſelf. Perhaps I ſhall not *ſpeak* a Syllable to you in an Hour, or if I *open* my Mouth, 'twill be only to ask your Ladiſhip what's *good* for a Man in my Condition, to complain of my *want* of Appetite, to tell you how many Hat-fulls of *Jeſuite's* Powder I have taken to no purpoſe, or relate to you what *odd Whimſies* come into my Head when I am in the *heighth* of my Pain. I ſhall think I entertain you with very *notable* Diſcourſe indeed, when I acquaint you that my Diſeaſe by a *ſtrange* unaccountable *Magic* carries me in the compaſs of twelve hours from the *extreameſt* parts of *Lapland* to *Guinea*; that for the ſix firſt hours I am ſo *cold* that a *cloy'd* Lover's Appe-

tite

tite cannot be more, and the ſix next that follow I am ſo *hot*, that all the Water in the *Volga* wou'd not cool me; that I am the Emblem of *Mont-Gibel*, as they ſay, that is of *Hell*, carrying two *contrary* Extreams about me; that when I *tremble* I make all the *Glaſs-Windows* for two Miles about me *clatter*, and when I *burn*, one had better croſs the *Line* than touch the *leaſt* part of me. Thus you ſee Madam what a *diverting* Scene you are like to find in my Quarters. As for my *looks*, you never ſaw any thing ſo *ghaſtly* and *terrible*. My very *Sight* is enough to make a Sexton *tremble* that has made it his conſtant Trade to rifle the Graves of the *dead*; nay, fright an *unbelieving* Prieſt into an Ague-fit of *Devotion*. My Phyſician, that was as rank an Atheiſt as *Vanninus* t'other day, believes the Exiſtence of *Spirits* already, by the ſame token, he owes his *Converſion* to me. You may count all the *Teeth* in my Head through my *Cheeks*, and the *Chirurgeons* of the Town beſpoke me this Morning to do them the Honour to repreſent a *Skeleton* at their Theatre, and ſuffer one of their Fraternity to read

read an *Anatomical* Lecture upon me. So you muſt not be *ſurprized*, Madam, if I make you a few *ſtarey* Faces at your coming in; 'Tis no *more* than what I do to *all* the World, nay even to my dearly beloved *ſelf*, when I behold my *Phyz* in the Looking-glaſs. All the *good* You are like to find by me is, that my *Hands*, of which You have ſo often *complained*, are grown the *civileſt*, quieteſt Hands in the Univerſe, and will not give You the leaſt occaſion to *complain* of them. Before *George*, in the *Humour* I am at preſent, I ſhould *hardly* draw them from under my Morning-gown to play with *Helen's* delicious Bubbies, which undoubtedly were very *commendable* Bubbies, ſince in Conjunction with her Face they made the *Greeks* and *Trojans* deal their handy blows ſo *liberally* to one another. So now, Madam, I leave You to gueſs whether You have any thing to *apprehend* from me, and whether You will not part *peaceably* from me, without calling me ſaucy, *rude* Fellow, as You uſed to do. This I muſt tell You too for Your Comfort, that I ſhall be highly *offended* with You, if You preſume to

laugh

laugh, according to Your laudable Custom; therefore resolve to disguise the *gayety* of Your Humour for a few Moments, or at least pretend a little *Compassion* for me. Thus I have not only inform'd You what You must *expect* from me, but how You are to regulate Your *Behaviour*, so that if You have any Desire after all this ghostly Counsel to visit Your *dying* Wretch, You are fully instructed how to *manage* Your self. After all, if You continue Your Resolution, I would *advise* You to come to Morrow, for 'tis one of my Days of *Reprieve*.

To Madam the Abbess of——

He gives her an Account of his Indisposition, and how uneasily he passes his Nights.

THE Clock has struck *Twelve*, and 'tis now just *six* Hours, *Seven* Minutes, and a *Quarter* precisely, since I have been *rolling* and tossing in

in my Bed, like a poor *Vessel* in the Bay of *Biscay*. All the Family is fast *asleep*, and that young Raskal my Footman *snores* as heartily as a *Drunkard* after a debauch. But all this while, that *Epitome* of Human *Misery*, your humble Servant is *awake*, and has nothing else to accompany him but his *Pains* and his *Despair*. 'Tis to no Purpose that I make Vows to *Morpheus*, promise him Sacrifice, and invoke his *Relief*: The *ill-natured* God is either too fast *asleep* to hear my Invocations, or too *tardy* to answer them. Not knowing how to entertain my self better, I built a thousand Castles in †*Spain*; but then again when I soberly considered that this was building Castles in a *Prince's* Country that perhaps won't *thank* me for my Pains, I immediately got up, quitted my *Chimæra's* and *Castles* to write you this Letter, and assure you that I value you more than all the *Princes* and *Emperors* in the World. But under the Rose, Madam, what Emperor deserves to be mentioned the same Month with you? *Augustus*, who was the *honestest* of the whole Pack, had only *one* Daughter, yet was not able

† *A French Proverb equivalent to ours of building Castles in the Air.*

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to keep her in *good order*, for ſeveral *grave* Hiſtorians affirm that ſhe wou'd *carry* a Stone in her Ear, whether her Father wou'd or no: But, Madam, you have at leaſt *forty* Daughters to look after, yet you keep them all in due *Decorum*, and as for your own Conduct, *Envy* it ſelf cannot find the leaſt Flaw in it. Now tell me fairly and ſquarely whether ever you cou'd have foreſeen that you ſhou'd be compar'd and prefer'd to *Auguſtus*, and of all the *Panegyriſts* you have known in your time, whether any of them ever made you ſo topping a *Compliment*; but, Madam, theſe *extravagant* Thoughts and *high* Flights are *excuſable* enough in a ſick man, whoſe Brains are *addled* by the *vileſt* of Diſtempers. This *curſed* Ague has thrown me into a thouſand other *Follies*, that wou'd make you burſt your ſides with *laughing*, ſhould I undertake to ſend you the *compleat* Hiſtory of them. What will you ſay then when I *aſſure* you that I am grown a wonderful *Admirer* of that *venerable* piece of Antiquity, your *Aunt*? Cou'd you ever have imagined that a ſick Man wou'd have longed for ſo *dainty* a Morſel, and won't you

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you now agree with me that an *Ague* gives a Man a very *strange* Appetite? However what I tell you is as *true* as that I am now *writing* to you. I have had the honour to *receive* only two Visits from her, but in that short time have discovered a thousand *Charms* in her, found her more *witty* than your self, and more *beautiful* than *Calista*. In short, I have felt a certain *Emotion* which I should christen by the name of *Love*, were I in health. You wou'd hardly believe how many *fine*, *tender* things I promise my self to say to her, and how *assiduous* I design to be about her *ancient* Person, so soon as I am *recover'd*. And yet perhaps *Thirsis* when he is *well*, will not follow the Inclinations of *Thirsis* the *sick*, but forgive *Calista* all the *cruel* Railleries she has made both upon his Crutches, and other Misfortunes. Since I have *mention'd* her name, I may venture to tell you, that you are *bound* in Honour to possess that *inhumane* Creature with a *little* of your own good Nature. The *Compassion* you have been pleas'd to express for me, gives me *infinite* Satisfaction: But alas! What a *refreshing* Cordial wou'd it be to me, if

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my and your *Caliſta* (for ſo I muſt call her ſince you *beſtow'd* her upon me) wou'd ſhow me a little of that obliging *Pity* which you *vouchſafe* me daily? At the *very* Moment when I am writing this, I dare *engage* ſhe ſleeps as *profoundly* as if ſhe had nothing to *anſwer* for, and that if ſhe *dreams*, her Imagination is making *merry* at my Expence, either *playing* with my Crutches, or *drolling* upon my Paleneſs. What is *more*, I dare engage that ſhe'll be ready to die with *laughing*, when ſhe knows I writ this Letter at *Midnight*, and that too, when I had ſo *little* Temptation to write. But let her make her ſelf as *merry* with it as ſhe pleaſes, I am *content*, if you will but *take* this Occaſion to let her know how *uneaſily* I paſs my Nights. Above all, lay your *Commands* upon her not to *ſpeak* a word of it, ſince it highly *concerns* you in point of *Reputation* to have it kept *private*. 'Tis a *Cenſorious* World, you know, and who can tell what *ſtrange* Stories malicious People may *raiſe* of us, when they come to underſtand that a Man of my *amorous* Complexion got up at *Midnight*, with no other Deſign, but

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but to give himſelf the Pleaſure of *entertaining* you? Adieu.

To Monſieur *de P*——

That Women have ſold their Favours in all Ages of the World, confirm'd by the famous Story of Lais, *and* Demoſthenes.

TAke my Word for't, Sir, you were exceedingly in the right on't to refuſe *buying* of Pleaſure at ſo *dear* a rate. When a Man is ſo *honeſt* as to beſtow his *Heart* upon *Phillis*, ſhe ought to be ſent to the Devil for a *mercenary* Strumpet, if not content with that *preſent*, ſhe demands the fingering of his *Purſe*: For as Love's *Caſuiſts* have long ago regulated the matter, in caſe of *Services* rendred, the *Workman* ought to be paid, and not the *Maſter* that employs him. I always told you, if you remember, that this wheedling young *Gipſie* loved you for the *inſide* of your Pockets, and not for your *outward* Merits: And ſince

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have found it by experience to be *true*, I hope you'll *take* my Word for the future. However, don't be *dejected* at the matter, for you are not the *first* Man by a Million that has suffered this *Misfortune*. The Generality of the *Sex* in all *Ages* of the World have set a *greater* Value on wicked *Mammon* than integrity: Half a Crown, a Silver-Thimble, a Brass-Ring double gilt, a pair of *Jersey*-Stockings, and the like, will *purchase* you a Chamber-maid, or one of her Rank at any time: Bribe but *higher*, and you may get an arm-full of *Quality*, of what Complexion or Age you please: For after *long* Observation, I find it to hold truer, *no Money*, *no Mistress*, than *no Money*, *no Swiss*. 'Tis a most wicked Custom I confess, and ought to be banish'd out of all *civilized* Nations, but the *Disease*, I am afraid, has taken too deep *rooting* to be *removed*. To convince you that this is *true*, as likewise to give you *Consolation* all under one, I resolved to send you the following *Story*, which seems to be *calculated* for the Meridian of your Case.

You

You remember, my dear Friend, or at least you ought to remember that *Silver-tongued* Orator of *Greece*, who cou'd perform Miracles by his *Eloquence*, I mean the celebrated *Demosthenes*, who led the Nobility and People of *Athens* just as he pleased, and who was a *greater* Thorn in the King of *Macedon*'s Foot, by the single Power of his *Rhetoric*, than all the Captains of his Republic by their *Bravery*. At the same time, that this notable *Haranguer* flourished at *Athens*, a certain Lady of Pleasure, whose Name was *Lais*, flourish'd at *Corinth*, who was as famous for the *Lilies* and *Roses* in her Cheeks, as our *Athenian* for the Tropes and Metaphors in his Speeches. No mortal *Heart* whatever cou'd withstand the irresistible *Charms* of *Lais*, and no mortal *Ears* cou'd defend themselves against the bewitching *Tongue* of *Demosthenes*. In short, they agreed in this particular, that both of them promoted the *public good* with the *Sweat* of their Brows, though after a different manner. History no where informs us what Fees *Demosthenes* used to demand, but 'tis agreed on all Hands that *Lais* wou'd be paid exorbitantly for her Atten-

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dance: She was not one of those *generous* Damsels, that think they are sufficient *Gainers* by *exchanging* Love for Love; neither tho' she *fought* for pay did she *list* her self to the next Comer for a *small* matter: No, all her Favours were *taxed*, and at so *high* a rate too that she occasioned the famous *Proverb* you have heard so often mentioned, that *every one cou'd not afford to go to Corinth*. *Demosthenes*, who had been informed by common Report, of the *Beauty* and attractive *Graces* of this charming *Corinthian*, flatter'd himself that this *Proverb* did not affect him, and that 'twas impossible for *Lais* to withstand the all-conquering *Harmony* of his Periods. Thus being satisfied that he should gain his point, he took Pen in Hand, and sent a *Cart-load* of Love-Letters to *Lais*: She, like a well-bred Lady, civilly answered him, in order to *lure* him on, being one that loved to bring these Matters from Contemplation to *Practice*. Upon this our Orator gets ready his Equipage, leaves *Athens*, and sets out for *Corinth*. I cannot positively *affirm* at this distance of time, whether a *dead* or *living* Vehicle carried him thi-

thither, that is to ſay, whether he went on *Horſeback* or in a *Coach*, the old *Philologers* being wholly *ſilent* as to this point; but conſidering how *deeply* ſmitten he was, 'tis probable that he rode *Poſt*, if they had any ſuch *Connience* in his Age. He was no ſooner arrived there, but plucking *off* his Boots immediately (for I ſtill ke ep to my Hypotheſis, that he took Poſt) he repaired to the next Barber's Shop, where being moſt niçely powder'd and perfum'd by *Tonſor*, he put on his beſt Linnen, bruſh'd his Hat, and now imagining himſelf as great a Beau as *Adonis*, prepar'd to beat up the Quarters of his new Miſtreſs, whom he fancied more beautiful than *Venus*. Coming into her Apartment, he found her infinitely more *charming* than he had imagined; he *ſeated* himſelf over againſt her, he *ogled* her, he exhauſted all his *common* Places, he ſquander'd away the *whole* ſtock of his *Eloquence*, he ſaid a hundred *pretty* things to her, he made her a *Goddeſs*, and what not. All this while *Lais* patiently heard our *Athenian* Tongue-pad, ſtill expecting when he wou'd open to the *purpoſe*, I mean when he wou'd preſent her

her with a Purſe of *Gold*. After the uſual Forms were over, he had *Aſſurance* enough to ask her the *important* Queſtion, and ſhe had the Conſcience to ask ten thouſand *Drachmæ*, that make up in our Money —— let me ſee —— as I hope to be ſaved I can't tell you *exactly*, but I dare venture to affirm it was a very *conſiderable* Sum. This confounded Propoſition put poor *Demoſthenes* ſo to the Dumps, that for a Quarter of an Hour he ſtood like one *thunder-ſtruck*, without Senſe or Motion: At laſt recovering his *Speech*, *Madam*, cry'd he, *your humble Servant: I am not in the Humour at preſent to buy Repentance at ſo dear a rate, and ſo Good Night.* The *Grammarians* and *Antiquaries* have enter'd into a furious Diſpute about the meaning of this Word *Repentance*, and the moſt learned are agreed that *Demoſthenes* underſtood that which we call the *Neapolitan Diſeaſe*, and in his time went under the Name of the *Corinthian Itch*. Be it as it will, our *love-ſick* Orator got home, aſhamed and confounded at the *ill ſucceſs* of this Journey: And from that time forward he bellow'd very ſtrenuouſly againſt the

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Extortion of the Women, but did not make one single *Convert* in the whole Sex. And now Sir, I hope I have somewhat qualified your uneasiness, by laying before you this Adventure of *Demosthenes*. This *scandalous* Traffic of *selling* Favours is no *modern* Invention of the Ladies, but as *old* as the Creation. As for those *noisy Coxcombs*, that pretend to carry the whole *Female* World before them by their *Rhetoric*, and have the *Impudence* to lay Wagers that they'll bring the greatest *Coquette* to their Terms in *three* Days, only *laugh* at them for *Fops*, for they are not worth your answering. Let them *pretend* what they please, I'll engage that ten *Pistols* will go further than ten thousand of the finest *Stanzas* and *Letters* in the World, for *Merit* is a sort of an antiquated *Coin*, which not one Woman in a Million will take for ready *Money*. I am,

&c.

To

To Madam *de H*——

Occasion'd by sending down a Bed to her in the Country.

I AM not *Prophet* enough, Madam, to foretel whether I have executed my Commission to your *Satisfaction*, tho' no care has been *wanting* on my side I can assure you: For I employ'd an experienc'd *Woman* of my Acquaintance to direct me in this Affair, knowing that we *Batchelors* are not so proper Judges of all the good *Qualities* required in a *Bed*, as those that have learnt them by long *Practice*. All our Neighbours that have seen it, like it exceedingly. One said it was the prettiest *Altar* in the World for a young Maiden-head to be *sacrificed* upon: Another, that it was one of Love's little *Cabarets* where a brace of *hungry* Lovers might *refresh* themselves with a *Bit* from the *Spit*, when they could not tarry till the whole Joynt was *matrimonially* served up to them. Altho'

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Altho' I very well know that it is not designed for any such *wicked* Purposes, yet I cannot forbear to *envy* the Pleasures it will be *conscious* to, and reflect what a delicious Scene of *Happiness* you and I might act upon it, if you wou'd but give your *Consent*. But these are Thoughts you are never *troubled* with, all your *concern* at present being to know how much it *cost*. If I took as much *Pleasure* to make others *uneasy* as you do, I should leave you in this *Suspence* a Month or two longer, and not *clear* it to you till I came down into the Country: But as I am not *revengeful* in my Temper, be pleased to know, that for all it appears so *magnificent* and *stately*, I bought it with the *Money* you gave me, and as for the *Over-plus* I fairly laid it out upon a very *fine* Counterpane, for which I pretend that you are very much *obliged* to me. Consider then, Madam, that if I have been so *trusty* a Manager of your *Purse*, how much a *better* Manager I should be of a more precious *Cabinet*, if you thought fit to trust me with it. Besides I must take the freedom to tell you that I am in some sort a *Benefactor* to your re-

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repoſe, and I may without Vanity affirm, that by my *means* a certain Perſon *ſleeps* at her eaſe, that *diſturbs* the Quiet of ſo many People. But I am afraid that this *Vanity* and a ſmall *Compliment* from you will be all the *Reward* I ſhall receive for the *Pains* I have taken. Not but that if you were inclined to do me *Juſtice*, this Bed might eaſily *enable* you to *pay* the Debt you *owe* both to my Love and the Trouble I have under-gone in this Affair. Cou'd I have found ever a *Conjurer* in this part of the World, before I had ſent down the Bed to you, I wou'd have brib'd him to *inchant* it in ſo ſtrange a manner, that I might have *revell'd* in your Arms, yet your Huſband have *known* nothing of the buſineſs, and you not ſlept a wink in it, till I came to preſcribe Love's *Opiate* to you. How glad wou'd I have been to have purchaſed ſo *valuable* a Charm as this at any *rate*, and how wou'd I have hugg'd the *honeſt* Magician that cou'd have help'd me to it! But no ſuch a Conjurer was I *able* to find after all my *Enquiry*, ſo that I was forced to ſend you the Bed in its true *primitive* State, without any other

Charms

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Charms than what all *other* Beds in the World may as well *pretend* to, I mean the *Faculty* of making People sleep *comfortably*, when Nature *calls* upon them. Take your Belly-full of it there, Madam, you have my free leave for it, but when that *Domestic* Animal, that lies by your side, *wakes* you to perform Love's *Mattins*, in that *Critical* Moment, *think* ('tis the *smallest* Favour you can grant me) oh! *think* upon

The Languishing

THIRSIS.

To Four Ladies, with whom the Author was in Love at the same time.

I Think I have given you a *plain Proof* that I am as much in love with you as 'tis *possible* for a Man to be, since I can *afford* to write to you at a time when I *suffer* as much as ever poor Fellow suffer'd. Upon men-

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mentioning my *Pain* I fancy you'll at first suspect it to be *another* sort of a Distemper than really it is: In the next place I am *afraid* you'll think my Letter *contagious* and for that reason refuse to read it; but Ladies, as I hope to be happy in the Embraces of you all four, there's no danger in't. My Distemper, in short, is nothing but the *Tooth-ach*, and as for that slight Indisposition which you charged me to have gotten in *Spain*, and I so often *denied*, suppose it were true, it wou'd have been so effectually *cur'd* by this time, that it ought not to hinder you from *keeping* a Correspondence with me upon that score. No, Ladies, you need not fear any *Infection* by reading my Letter. If 'twere possible for you to catch my *Disease* that way, since *Love* and the *Tooth-ach* generally go together, you might perhaps catch part of my *Love*; mind me, Ladies, I say *part* of my Love; for should you catch it all, 'twou'd *scorch* you to death; for I swear to you, I have the most *ardent* Affection for you all four, which I ever *felt*. And now methinks I hear you *cry* out that a *divided* Heart is not worth a

Far-

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Farthing, and that a Man that loves *more* Women than *one* loves *none* at all. This perhaps may be *justly* enough said of your *puny* Gallants that have not *Heart-room* enough to lodge more than one *Phillis* at a time; but, Ladies, my *Heart* is of a prodigious *capacity*, and will contain you all four with the greatest *ease* in the world, and that so *commodiously*, that you need not justle or elbow one another. In short, without being guilty of *Infidelity* to any one of you, I will love you all four both in *general* and in *particular*, Did you but know what strange *Emotions* and wambling of *Bowels* I feel within me, as often as I think on the *Tears*, feign'd or real, which you were pleas'd to *shed* at my Departure, you'd be satisfi'd that I interpret them to my *advantage*. As often as I reflect upon that *Melancholy* Farewell, so full of *Tenderness* and Concern, I am *Coxcomb* enough to *flatter* my self, that I am seriously and heartily *beloved* by you all four: And while I am possess'd with this Contemplation, I am ready to run *mad* that I was so unhappy a Dog as not to know this *good Fortune* of mine be-

fore I parted from you, that I might have made my *Advantage* of it while I was at—— But since I have receiv'd no *Pleasure* by it as yet, I am resolved to make my self some amends by *boasting* of it, for you may swear I'll not be *silent* of the Honour I had of seeing four pair of the finest *Eyes* in *Christendom weep* when I took my leave of them. In short, I relate this History to all I meet, Men, Women, and Children, that will give me the hearing; in which number you may safely include a world of *pretty* Ladies, who already begin to *lend* me their Ear. If hereafter they shall think fit to lend me *any thing* else, I will make all you four my *Confidents*, and send you a *punctual* Account of it. At the same time, Ladies, I must entreat you to send me the *News* of your Parts, as likewise to *love* me a little, or at least to make me *believe* you do. For a *proof* of this I expect you should all four *kiss* the bottom of this Letter where my *Name* is written. Tho' I am so many Miles distant from you, yet I see, as plain as my hand, Mrs. *Mary* and Mrs. *Betty* going to do it; but as for Mrs. *Lætitia* and Mrs. *Honour*, they scruple at the bu-

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buſineſs, and make *wry* Faces; however, I know they'll come to't at laſt to oblige a Friend——— ſo, ſo, now *all* of you have done it; but, Ladies, a *word* before parting. For Godſake not a Syllable of this to your Huſbands or any one elſe; for we muſt expect a terrible Noiſe indeed, ſhou'd it be known that you *kiſs'd*,

Ladies,

Your moſt Humble and

Obedient Servant

Le Pays.

To the Fair———

A Letter of Gallantry.

ALTHO' my *Love* parted from you laſt night in a great *Paſſion*; yet as for *my ſelf*, Madam, I ſwear to you I went away very well *ſatisfied*. 'Tis a peeviſh, froward *Child*, that's

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certain, and has *ſtrange* Humours with him. When you have *granted* him one Favour, the young Son of a Whore *demands* another, and another after that, and ſo on to the *end* of the Chapter, that is to ſay, till you have granted him the *laſt Favour* of all. But I preach'd all night long to the ſquawling Puppy, that he had reaſon enough to be ſatisfied, repreſenting to him, how that languiſhing *Softneſs* he ſaw in your Eyes, thoſe *tender* Words interrupted by ſo many Sighs, that feeble *reſiſtance* attended with ſo much Tranſport and Emotion, were ſufficient *Proofs* you were not *angry* with him, but wou'd *content* his longing one of theſe days. Then to refreſh the young Raſcal's *Memory*, I reminded him what an agreeable *Diſorder* you were in all the while, by the ſame token you hardly *knew* what you did, or what was done to you. Laſtly, I gave him Reaſons to *hope* that at our next *favourable* Meeting, he ſhould have no occaſion to *complain*. In ſhort, to appeaſe the Child, I paſs'd my *Word* for you, and ſo he *quietly* took a Nap, and ſtill continues very *orderly*. Therefore, Madam, I muſt conjure you to be

aſſiſt-

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aſſiſting to me that I may keep my *Promiſe* to him, for this little *God*, in caſe he's diſappointed, will lay about him like a *Devil*, and prove a greater *Thorn* in your ſide than

Your moſt importunate Lover.

To Madam *de B——*

The Author excuſes himſelf for not writing a Love-letter for her, as ſhe deſired him.

THE laſt time I had the *honour* of your Company, you were pleas'd to enjoin me two *different* things. The *former* I now acquit my ſelf of, in ſending you the *Gloves* you deſired me to buy for you; but as for the *Love-letter* you *commanded* me to write, let me dye, Madam, if 'tis in my *power* to obey you. Not but that I have uſed all imaginable *Endeavours* to bring it about. Upon my Word now I have harraſs'd and teiz'd my poor *Head* beyond Expreſſion, and all

to dictate me a few fine *Compliments* in order to give you this small *Satisfaction*; but this *Head* of mine is the most *perverse*, fantastical Head in Nature, and when I have most *need* of his Assistance, is then sure to play me the *scurviest* Tricks.* In short, 'tis a giddy, hair-brain'd *Rambler*, and so great an Enemy to all *Constraint* whatever, that when my *Heart* honestly advis'd him t'other Morning to obey your Orders: *I must*, replies he, *be as implicite a Slave as thou art, to do every thing that is order'd me; but thanks to Heaven and my own good Conduct, I am free, and will obey no body but my self. Hark you me Friend*, cries my Heart to him, *you are a Blockhead for calling me Slave. I will maintain it before all the World that 'tis an honour to obey* Calista, *and little less than Rebellion to dispute the meanest of her Orders. What! an Honour to be a Slave*, says my Head in a Fury, *you may preach up the Merit of passive Obedience as long as you please, but 'tis a Doctrine I shall never swallow; for know I am a Republican in my Nature, and declare against all Tyranny whatever. And how darest thou call* Calista *a Tyrant*, says my Heart,

Heart, *she whose Goodness is equal to her Beauty, and who if she delighted in making Conquests might drag all Mankind after her triumphant Chariot. If she tramples upon the Liberties of a free-born People,* replies my Head, *if she sees her Subjects suffer without endeavouring to save them, if she keeps up a standing Army of little Cupids in her Eyes, contrary to Nature's* Magna Charta, *all which is undeniably true, why then I positively affirm that she's a Tyrant, and ought not to be obey'd in her arbitrary Injunctions.*

You'll be *surprized*, Madam, without Question, to hear that I am plagued with such an *inteſtine* War within me, and perhaps having never heard till now that the *Head* and *Heart* can be of two *different* Factions, you may question the *Sincerity* of this Relation. But, Madam, I once more assure you 'tis *true*, and what will more *amaze* you, this *Heart* of mine became your *Slave* chiefly through the wicked *Insinuations* and Counsels of my *Head*, which was eternally telling it how gentle and good condition'd a *Mistress* you were, and by that means engag'd it to part with its *Liberty*. But after

it had once prevail'd with my *poor Heart* to surrender up its *Freedom* to you, like a malicious *Trayter* as it is, it *refus'd* to follow its Directions, pretending that it wou'd always continue *free*; least you might believe it owed you any manner of *Service*; and to give you a Proof of it, positively refused to write the *Love-letter* you demanded of me. Pardon me therefore, Madam, if I cannot *obey* you upon this occasion, and be assured that my *Heart* utterly disapproves this Obstinacy of my *Head*, condemns its Rebellion, and will dispute the *Glory* of being intirely yours with the *proudest Heart* in the Universe.

And now, Madam, may I be so bold as to ask you your *Opinion* of this Letter? Is it not a *non pareille* in its kind, and is it possible to write any thing more *extravagant*? I dare not pretend to determine beforehand how you will relish it, but if 'tis so happy as to contribute the least to your Diversion, I shall be infinitely *pleas'd* with my Performance, since to *satisfie* you is the greatest *Satisfaction* that can be to

Your most Faithful and
Obedient Servant.

To

To Madam *de L*——

A Billet written one Morning when the Author had taken Phyſic.

I Know you are in Town, and am *impatient* to ſee you, and yet, as my *ill* Stars will have it, cannot *ſatisfy* this Impatience. What vexes me moſt, is that I am *aſham'd* to acquaint you with the Reaſon. All I dare tell you at preſent is, that 'tis an abſolute incontrollable *Reaſon*, which I am forc'd to *ſubmit* to in ſpite of my Teeth, and if I went about to *contradict* it, I ſhould ſoon find my ſelf in the wickedeſt *Diſorder* imaginable. Thus I am conſtrain'd to obey this *haughty* Tyrant, who, to be free with you, ſo *imperiouſly* ſummons me to dance *Attendance* after him, that he has made me lay down my *Pen* half a ſcore times at leaſt, while I have been writing this ſhort Epiſtle. But I hope his *Reign* will not laſt *above* two Hours longer, that ſo ſoon as I have dined

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I may do my ſelf the *Honour* to wait upon you, and tell you in *Perſon*, with what Zeal I am,

Your, &c.

To *Caliſta*.

Upon ſeeing her bath her ſelf in a River.

WELL, Madam, all your *Tricks* and *Artifices* are to *no* Purpoſe. Laſt Night my good *Fortune* led me to the *happy* place, where you were *bathing* your ſelf, and tho' I ſaw a ſight infinitely *finer* than that of *Diana* all naked as ſhe was born, yet *Actæon*'s cruel Deſtiny did not attend me. But, Madam, if I might ask you a *civil* Queſtion, Why ſhould you take ſo much pains to *conceal* your Beauties? Upon my Word now I ſaw nothing like a *ſhameful* part about you, or if I did, 'twas only the Thighs and *ſomething* elſe of your Siſter and Coſin, which ought to be *aſham'd* to

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to appear in your Preſence. The firſt *Doctrine* I raiſed from my *Text* was, that thoſe very Members you give your ſelf ſo much trouble to *hide*, are not a jot *inferiour* to what you expoſe to *common* Sight, from whence I drew this *Inference*, that there are a thouſand *pretty* Women in the World that have more Reaſon to *hide* their Faces than you have to hide your—— Had you lived in that happy time when the good Folks of *Syracuſe* dedicated a Temple to the fair-buttock'd *Venus*, your Ladiſhip had certainly been *Goddeſs* of the Place, every one wou'd have brought his *Offering* to you, and ſaluted your plump *Poſteriours* according to the Ceremony there obſerved. Pardon me, Madam, this Quotation is too juſt and natural to deſerve your Cenſure. As I never beheld any thing in all my Life ſo *charming* as I found you laſt Evening, I want Expreſſions to tell you how much I am *enſlaved* by your Beauty. If I were now in my *Poetic* Vein, I ſhould proclaim to all the World, that the *red-hair'd Charioteer* of the Day, meaning the *Sun*, quitted the *Ocean* laſt Evening, where he uſes to

to *ſolace* himſelf in the Arms of his beloved *Thetis*, to ſport away the Night in that fortunate *River* where *Caliſta* was bathing her ſelf. Heavens! how often was it in my Thoughts to *plunge* Head foremoſt into the Water after you, and try the *Adventure* of the Nymph *Salmacis*. But, Madam, as theſe were the *firſt* Motions of my Paſſion, ſo they are *excuſable*, becauſe the wiſeſt Philoſopher upon Earth is not *Maſter* of them. The next Moment I made ſome *ſober* Reflections upon this Deſign, and muſt own I was terribly *afraid* of you, altho' you were *naked* and diſarmed, and carried not that *unmerciful* Fly-flap about you, with which you uſe to *correct* the Inſolences of my *Hand*, when it preſumes to touch your *Bubbies*, or examine the *Fringe* of your Petticoat. After all, Madam, 'tis more for your *Advantage* than you are aware of, that I *ſaw* you laſt Evening, for whenever you act the *reſerved*, I muſt own you carry *Treaſures* about you that deſerve to be well *looked* after, and not expoſed to *unſanctified* Eyes. Having ſeen the Beauties of your Body, I cannot but approve the Severity of your Soul; there-

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therefore you need not quarrel with me for preſuming to ſee you, ſince it turns ſo much to your Advantage.

A Billet from *Caliſta* to the Author.

She is angry with him for not knowing her at a Maſquerade.

YOU are a Man of the leaſt *Gallantry* that ever was known. I am inform'd that a Lady in a *Maſque*, and who, notwithſtanding her Diſguiſe, ſeemed to be *well-ſhaped* enough, took you *aſide* Yeſterday from your Company, and ſaid a hundred *obliging* things to you, to all which you replyed ſo *coldly* and *dully*, that ſhe went away very *ill ſatisfied* with you. This Lady had an indifferent *good Opinion* of your *Wit* before, and had the *Charity* to think you might act your part tolerably well in a Frolic of this Nature, but you have moſt effectually *undeceived* her. As this Lady's Sentiments are always the *ſame* with mine, don't

don't come to tell me any more Stories of your *Proweſs*, for I ſhall certainly *ſend* you back to the *Lady* in the Maſque.

The Author's Anſwer.

BEfore I *received* your Billet, I was told that you were at the *fine* Maſquerade laſt Night, nay, that you were the *very* Perſon with whom I *diſcourſed* ſo long. But why ſhould you think it *ſtrange* that I did not *know* you, you that never ſpoke four *kind* Words to me in all your Life, and then entertained me with ſo much ſeeming *Tenderneſs*? In ſhort, your *Soul* was infinitely more *diſguiſed* than your *Face*, ſo that had your Maſque been off, I ſhould never have been able to *know* you through ſo much *fondneſs* and good Nature. I ſhould have ſworn that my very Eyes *deceived* me, and that it was not *Caliſta* that talked to me. Since I was taken up with theſe *Thoughts*, judge you whether all the ſoft Expreſſions and Careſſes of a *Stran-*

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ger were like to *operate* with me, and whether I was in a Humour to begin an *Amour* with a Person, who seemed to have some *wicked* Designs upon your Property. Thus you cou'd not but observe with what *Indifference* I entertain'd you, so that, my dear *Calista*, instead of complaining of me, I think you ought to *commend* my Fidelity, and from thence conclude that you have no *Rival* to apprehend.

To Monsieur *de A*——

Our Author gives a short Account of the principal things he observed in England. *I purposely translated this Letter to let our Ladies see what a good Opinion the* French *have of them.*

IF the People of *London* talked *French*, a Man wou'd almost fancy himself in the midst of *France*: Both Sexes go exactly *dress* as they do in *Paris*, and bating a few things, the manner of living is the same. Since our ar-

arrival here we have seen all the *remarkable* Places in this Town, as *White-hall*, *Somerset-House*, St. *James's*, *Westminster-Abbey*, St. *Paul's*, *Temple-Bar*, the two *Exchanges*, and several other Buildings, which we shall give you a large *Account* of at our Return. One thing we much exceed *Paris* in, and that is, the great number of *pretty Ladies*, who are most plentifully furnished with *Bubbies*. As this is a cheap *Commodity* here, and very scarce in *France*, I was thinking to buy a good *Quantity* of them, and send them you in a Vessel *packed* up by two and two, with red *Ribbons* between them. I concluded that so *delicious* a Merchandise would not be *unwelcome* to you, and that you wou'd be very well *pleased* to furnish some of your Acquaintance with them, who *want* them, and wou'd willingly lay out their Money that way: But upon *second* Thoughts, considering that your Custom-house *Officers*, who let nothing escape them without *examining*, wou'd sully them with their *unrighteous* Hands, I laid aside this Design; knowing full well that such *nice* Commodities wou'd be spoil'd with handling, and

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and lose all their *Charms* and *Beauty* before they cou'd come to you. It was a sensible *Mortification* to me that this Obstacle *opposed* my Design, and hinder'd me from affording you this *Satisfaction*. Since I have mentioned the *English* Ladies, I must inform you that they are *terribly* cruel in their Temper, but 'tis not such a sort of *Cruelty* as gives Occasion to mournful *Elegies*, that makes the disconsolate *Lover* hang or drown himself, that delights in the *Martyrdom* of Hearts, and the *Complaints* of desponding Wretches; for according to the *best* Advices I can receive, they make none of their Gallants *die*, but by *over-loading* them with their Favours: But they are *cruel* according to the Genius of their Nation, they love *Blood* and *Slaughter*, and after the manner they *talk* of it; one of their humble Servants can not give them a more agreeable *Diversion*, than by *stabbing* some body or other in their Company. And this is so certainly *true*, that a Stranger cannot but observe how this *barbarous* Inclination reigns even at their *Plays*, and in their *Theatres*. You know, my worthy Friend, that 'tis an *inviola-*

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Rule of our *Stage* not to expose any *Tragical* Objects to the Eyes of the Spectators: And therefore our Poets, that know the *sweetness* of our Temper, never exhibit any *bloody* Representations upon the Stage, nor suffer any *Murders* or *violent* Actions to appear there. On the contrary, the *English* Dramatic Authors, to flatter the *Savage* Humour and *Barbarity* of their Countrymen, make no *Conscience* of shedding *Blood* upon their Theatre, nay, *adorn* their Tragedies with the most cruel *Catastrophes* that can be imagined. Hardly a *Play* is acted but some body is either *hanged* or *torn* to pieces, or *murder'd* in it, and at such Passages the Ladies clap their Hands for *Joy*, and are ready to *burst* their sides with *laughing*. I had almost like to have forgot that they never *fail* once or twice a Week to see the Prize-Fighters *hack* and *mangle* one another at the *Bear-garden*, who, to please these *good-natur'd* Spectators, cut *large* Collops out of one another's Carcasses. By this you may *judge* of the Temper of the *English* Women: However, I wou'd not have you conclude from hence that they are *cruel* in

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in all *other* Respects; for, as I have already observed, they are *favourable* enough to their Lovers. 'Tis a frequent thing to carry them to the Tavern, where they'l take their Brimmers *heartily*, till they can scarce find their way out of the Room, and then to be sure they are not in a *Humour* to deny their Gallants any thing. There is a famous Public House near *Moorfields*, where the Master keeps a parcel of *Fidlers* and *Dancers* in constant pay, who have nothing to do from Morning to Night but to *divert* those that come thither to drink. Here the whole *Quinteſſence* of their Gallantry is to be seen at one view: They are never without abundance of *merry* Fellows that carry their *Mistresses* thither; the House is somewhat built after the manner of an *Amphitheatre*, and the principal Sport being in the *middle* of the Room, the Company behold it at the greatest *ease* imaginable. I have been *there*, and had my share in the *Diversion* it affords. We likewise went to see *Hampton-Court*, where the Court is at present, and which is the *Fountain-bleau* of *England*. We had the *Honour* of seeing their Ma-

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jeſties there: The young Queen is *low*, and of a *brown* Complexion, and by her *Face* 'tis eaſy to diſcover that ſhe has a great deal of *goodneſs* and *ſweetneſs* in her Nature. She has brought ſome four or five *Portugueſe* Ladies with her, that are the moſt *deformed*, ill-looked Devils that ever bore the Name of *Women*. When a Man ſees them among the *Engliſh* Maids of Honour that attend her, he wou'd be apt to ſwear that *Heaven* and *Hell* were jumbled together, and that *Angels* and *Furies* were lately reconciled to one another. But this is not all the *Trumpery* which the Queen has brought with her out of her own Country; for her Majeſty has a Conſort, as 'tis called, of Citterns, Harps, and the Lord knows what *Inſtruments*, that make the moſt *wretched* Harmony that ever was heard. Going to hear Maſs, we were obliged to ſuffer this vile *Perſecution*, and tho' I have none of the *niceſt* Ears, I never heard ſuch *hideous* Muſic ſince I was born. As for *Hampton-Court*, 'tis a *magnificent* Pile of Building, but upon my Word *comes* not up either to our St. *Germain's*, or *Fountain-bleau*, no more than *Whitehall*

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hall is to be put in the ſame Scale with the *Louvre*, or St. *James*'s Houſe with *Luxemburgh* Palace. When I was ſhown that *diſmal* Place where the late King had his *Head* cut off, I cou'd not forbear to pour out a thouſand *Imprecations* againſt this *rebellious* Nation, and was infinitely *pleaſed* to ſee the City Gates, and other eminent Places adorned with the Heads and Limbs of thoſe execrable *Regicides*. *Cromwell*'s Head of accurſed Memory was very much to my *Satisfaction* placed over *Weſtminſter-Hall*. I wiſh that the *public* Examples of theſe *Criminals* may deterr all *Rebels* for the future, and *ſecure* the Peace and Dignity of the *Britiſh* Throne, which has hardly recovered the terrible *Shock* it received in the late calamitous *Diſorders*. And now, Sir, having ſeen all that is *worth* the ſeeing, we begin to think of taking our *leave*. Our Pockets have been moſt *cruelly* emptied ſince we have been here, for *Shilling* is the Word upon *every* Occaſion. 'Tis impoſſible to make a viſit to an *Engliſhman*, unleſs the *Shilling* marches in the Van. For my part, tho' I underſtand as *little* of their Language, as

I do of *Arabic*, yet methinks they talk of nothing but *Shilling*, *Shilling*, *Shilling* everlastingly. In short, for *this* and twenty other *good* Reasons 'tis *high* time for us to prepare for our *departure*; but alas! 'tis with some *regret* we take up this Resolution. The Sea used us so *discourteously* in our Voyage hither, that we wou'd not, if we cou'd *possibly* avoid it, *expose* our selves again to its *Fury*: Therefore, Sir, if you desire to see us once more in *France*, you must with all Expedition build us a Bridge from *Dover* to *Calais*: Otherwise I don't see how we shall get over.

I am

Your most

Obedient Servant.

To

To *Monſieur* de B——

In the beginning of this Letter he rallies his Friend for not writing to him; and afterwards gives him an account of a merry Intrigue he had with a Hugonot *Parſon's Wife.*

UPON my Word, Sir, I am exceedingly *obliged* to you, for the *extraordinary* Opinion you ſeem to have of my *Friendſhip*, ſince you believe it can *thrive* and proſper like the Fruits of *Paradiſe*, without *cultivating* or looking after. To be plain with you, can you expect I ſhould *entertain* you from time to time with my Letters, while you *refuſe* to put your ſelf to the *Expence* of one ſingle Line? But you are the *pleaſanteſt* Gentleman in Nature, I ſwear, when you tell me I have *Wit* enough to *gueſs* at all you can ſay in an Anſwer, and therefore *forbear* to write to me. What! are you ſo *unreaſonable* to expect I ſhould do like Friar

Martin, that is, *ſing* and make the *Reſponſes* my ſelf? Had you the *leaſt* Regard to my *Reputation*, you wou'd never *ſerve* me ſo, for none but *Fools* uſe to *talk* to themſelves, and for my part I begin to be *weary* of it. Beſides, to *diſarm* you of all Excuſes, your *Miſtreſs* can never be ſo *jealous* of you, but you may venture to write a few Lines to a *Friend*, without incurring her *Diſpleaſure*. With all due *Submiſſion* to the Lady be it ſaid, *Friendſhip* does not *interfere* with the Intereſt of *Love*, ſo that I may very well be allowed to find a *Friend*, at the ſame time that the charming *Urania* finds a *Lover* in you. Having made mention of *Love*, I have trump'd up a *new* Miſtreſs lately, but thou art ſo *unpardonable* a Wretch that I hardly think it *worth* my while to *communicate* this Affair to thee. In ſhort, I am ſo *concerned* at thy Negligence, that by my good Will I cou'd *deny* thee this ſmall Satisfaction, but *Friendſhip* combats furiouſly within me, and I perceive will get the better of my *Reſentment*. Know then, thou *wicked* Reprobate, that for this laſt Month I have paid my *Devotion* to

a

a *Calviniſt* Parſon's Wife, who is wonderful pretty and *good-natur'd*, which *laſt* Quality, you know, is ſeldom to be found in the Females of that *ſower* Perſwaſion. I *daily* make my Viſits to her, and ſhe *ſuffers* them, ſuffers them, I ſay, without *Reluctance*, and perhaps not without *Pleaſure*. When I firſt made her a *tender* of my Affection, the pretty Creature *pelted* me moſt unmercifully with Texts of *Scripture*: But I ſoon turned her *Artillery* upon her ſelf, and convinced her that all the *Orthodox* Commentators were on my ſide. Perhaps you *laugh* at this *Gallantry*, tho' at the ſame time you approve my *pious* Reſolution to careſs none but *Hugonots*: For let the Cenſorious World make the *worſt* on't it can, People can *only* charge me with *tempting* a Woman to *ſin*, that was above *half-damn'd* to my Hands. But let them *talk* as they pleaſe, 'tis a *Deſign* I am reſolved to put in Execution this *Lent*, for the *Repoſe* of my Conſcience. I intend for the future to *hunt* no where but in the Territories of *Geneva*, where I ſhall be without the *Juriſdiction* of the Church, ſo that my Confeſſor will

will have nothing to do with any *Game* I ſpring there; and indeed, if he pretends to *forbid* me this *Sport*, I ſhall *appeal* from him to ſome more *competent* Judge. By this time I hope you are ſatisfied that I have taken the *ſureſt* Method of ſucceeding, and that a young Fellow cannot *better* employ his time, than in making *Love* to Women that never go to *Confeſſion*. That confounded *Church-Stratagem* called *Confeſſion* is a mortal Enemy to all *Gallantry*, by the ſame token a Man ſhall have an *Apoſtle's* Day now and then *pop* in unluckily upon him, when he has *almoſt* brought an Intrigue to *bear*, and ſo make him *loſe* in one *Minute* all the *Ground* he has been *ſtruggling* for ſo many *Weeks* before. But, the Lord be *praiſed*, there are no ſuch *Misfortunes* to be feared among the *Hugonots*: The good People of that *Perſwaſion* never *trouble* their Heads with keeping a *Catalogue* of their Sins, but let them lie at *Sixes* and *Sevens*; whereas we *diſcreeter* Catholics pay off our ſcores once a *Month* at leaſt, and then begin a *freſh* Tick. The beſt *Jeſt* of all is, our *Husband*, according to the common *Fate* of moſt *Cuckolds*, is

is the kindest, civillest *Fellow* in the World to me, and imagines the *only* Motive of my coming so *often* to see him, is to be *settled* in some Points of Religion. To *countenance* this belief in him, I seem to be wonderfully *surprised* at his Discourse, nay, sometimes allow him the *better* of the Argument, and, indeed, 'tis merry enough to consider how *harmoniously* the busines of *Sin* and *Religion* goes forward in his House; for while *old Orthodox* thinks to make a *Convert* of me, I'm endeavouring, by way of *Retaliation*, to make a *Whore* of his Wife.

To Monsieur *de S*——

Our Author endeavours to comfort his Friend for having lost his Mistress.

I Commend you for making me the Confident both of your *Love* and *Affliction*, for tho' you had not been *obliged* in point of *Friendship* to have done it, yet the *Conformity* of our Mis-

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Misfortunes ſeems to have *challenged it* from you. I am *concerned* at your *ill* luck, and reſent it with as *lively* a concern, as if it were my *own*. Were you to be *comforted* after the uſual manner of People in Diſtreſs, that is, by citing to you the *Examples* of other Perſons as *unfortunate* as your ſelf, I cou'd eaſily produce *my ſelf* as an Inſtance of humane Infelicity, who have all my life-time been perſecuted by *Love*, as well as a conſtant ill *Fortune*. If the perfidious *Meliſſa* has *deſpis'd* you, my cruel *Caliſta* has beſtow'd the *ſame* treatment upon me. At the ſame time, I muſt confeſs, that *Caliſta* is not altogether ſo unjuſt as *Meliſſa*, ſince ſhe beholds none of thoſe *ſhining* Qualities in me, which the other ſees in you; for which Reaſon I ought only to *condole* your hardſhip, without thinking of my ſelf, who am too *worthleſs* a Wretch to be comforted. But ſince you have commanded me to adminiſter to you ſome *Conſolation* out of my own Store, I cannot begin *better*, than by reminding you of the ancient *Proverb*, which ſays, that *Fortune* and *Love* don't always *favour* the moſt *deſerving*

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ving. One wou'd think that an *handſom* young Fellow, like your ſelf, was only made to be *beloved*, and that the Ladies ought to prefer ſuch as come *neareſt* to them in point of Beauty, to thoſe that are fartheſt *remote* from it: However, we find the quite *contrary* uſually happens: Women are the moſt *fantaſtic* Animals in Nature as to their Affections; they love without knowing *why*, or *wherefore*, and *blindly* follow the Direction of their *Paſſions*, that never adviſe with *Reaſon*. What finer *Gentleman* did *Italy* ever produce than *Jocondus*, witty, generous, gay, and beautiful, yet does not Hiſtory *inform* us that the dear *Wife* of his Boſom loved the Embraces of her *Coachman* much better than his, a *Raskal* that was as ugly as the *Devil*, and *ſtunk* worſe in his own ſingle Perſon, than a Convention of *Pole-Cats*? Who has not heard of *Aſtolphus*, the famous King of the *Lombards*, whoſe *Beauty* made him *admired* by all the World, yet his *virtuous* Queen left him, to *ſolace* her ſelf in the Arms of a little diminutive crumpled *Brute*, whoſe very ſight was enough

enough to put *Maſſalina* her ſelf out of *conceit* with the whole Sex? And now, Sir, do you think it *ſtrange* that ſhe has *abandoned* you for that walking Tun of Guts and Garbidge, your *Rival*? Tell me not that your Misfortune is without *Example*: Were I not afraid to overwhelm you with variety of *Citations*, I cou'd eaſily *refreſh* your Memory with the ancient, but true Story of the celebrated *Penelope*, whoſe *Virtue* and *Chaſtity* have been recommended to all ſucceeding Women as *Patterns* to follow. Don't you know that during the Abſence of *Ulyſſes*, ſhe was *courted* by abundance of young *Lords* and *Noblemen*, who omitted nothing that cou'd contribute to gain her Affection: There was nothing but Muſic and Feaſting, and Magnificence, yet the Devil of any Progreſs did theſe young *Lords* and *Noblemen* make in *Penelope*'s Heart, with all their Muſic, Feaſting, and Magnificence. At laſt a Crotchet took *Mercury* in the Pate to *undertake* that which all theſe fine *Princes* had attempted in vain. He flatter'd himſelf that being a *God*, he ſhould eaſily ſurmount thoſe Difficulties

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ties which frail *Mortals* had found invincible, and that *Penelope* must be a Statue, or something *worse*, if she cou'd maintain her *Heart* against his fine *Shape*, his *Eloquence* and *Address*. But notwithstanding all this, *Mercury* succeeded not a jot better than the rest of his *Rivals*. Finding that neither his fine *Shape*, or his *Eloquence* made any Impression upon the Lady, he had recourse to *Address*, having had the Honour more than once to serve his Father *Jupiter* in the painful and laborious Character of a *Pimp*. But he displayed all his *dexterity* to no purpose, therefore to bring matters *sooner* to an issue, he metamorphosed himself into a Goat, and under that *agreeable* Form caress'd this irreconcileable Enemy to love, the chast and virtuous *Penelope*. Now what will you be able to reply to me, dear Friend of mine, when I shall desire you to *remember*, that a paltry, stinking *Creature*, with *Hoofs* and *Horns* obtained those Favours, which so many whining Coxcombs, and even *Mercury* himself had solliciting in vain? *Penelope*, who had stood *buff* to all the Charms and Courtship of

of *Gods* and *Men*, ſurrenders up her Perſon to a vile, naſty *Animal*, and what was the effect of this *unnatural* Commerce, but a cloven-footed Puppy, I mean *Pan*, the illuſtrious Prince of *Fauns* and *Satyrs*? Let me deſire you, Sir, to chew the *Cud* a little upon this *inſtructive* Story, and when you have done ſo, tell me whether you and I have not ſhown our ſelves a *brace* of idle Coxcombs to *languiſh* and die for two inſignificant ungrateful *Coquetts*. Were we *wiſe*, we ſhould leave off this *Game*, and ſtart a *better*. As for you, 'tis in your Power to chuſe a hundred Miſtreſſes that will think themſelves *honoured* with the leavings of the inſenſible *Meliſſa*, and will be much more capable to comfort you upon the ſcore of your loſs, than I can *pretend* to. Deliver your ſelf therefore from a *Slavery*, which will be diſhonourable to you, ſince your Miſtreſs has made ſo *vile* a choice. Conſtancy is often a *Vice* as well as a *Virtue*, and all the VVorld will *laugh* at you, to ſhow it upon this Occaſion. For my part, I *adviſe* you nothing but what I am reſolved to put in *Practice* my ſelf: Whenever

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Whenever the cruel *Calista*, who has not as yet thought fit to declare her self, shall bestow her Affection upon *any other* than my self, that very Moment I will throw off her *Chains*, and not drag them about me to set off the *Triumph* of my Rival. I will see him *crucified* a hundred times over, before he shall have the *Satisfaction* to see me drop one single *Tear* for those Favours which he enjoys at Pleasure. No, I will *drown* all my Cares in a Glass of generous *Red*, put the *ill-natured* Jilt in the front of some *glorious* Lampoon, break her Windows, murder her Lap-dog, and wish her and her Spark at the *Devil*. This is the *Remedy* I wou'd prescribe to you in your present Distemper, and not to let it grow upon you by humouring it, which wou'd make me as great a *Sufferer* as your self, since I *feel* all your Afflictions in as *sensible* a manner as I do my *own*. Forget a *worthless* Creature that has forgotten you; nay, remember that *Melissa* has obliged you by resigning you up for another, since 'twas impossible for you to have

pass'd one *easy* Moment, with a Woman of so *wretched* a taste. I am

Your, &c.

A Letter to Monsieur *H*——

Giving an Account how he surpriz'd a famous Miss of the Town dining at her Lodgings in an undress, with two of her female Companions.

WELL, I have the most *comical* Adventure in the world to recount to thee, that's certain. Ha, ha, ha, I shall *kill* my self, I think, with *laughing* at it, 'tis so ridiculous: Give me leave to *recover* a little out of this Fit, and then, dear Rogue, thou shalt *hear* all.

Know then——— but this *wicked* Fit again interrupts me——— Well then to be *serious*——— Know that between the Hours of twelve and one to day, having gone through my whole *Circle* of morning *Visits*, I bolted *unawares* into the divine *Belinda's* Cham-

Chamber, where I saw a sight enough to——— Pardon me, dear *Tony*, I am so *tickled* with the *Idea* of it, that I must take t'other dose of *Laughter* before I can stir a step farther——— to have made the morosest *Cynic* in the world forfeit all his *Gravity*.

A *Plague* on her, you know the divine *Belinda* well enough, that ill-natur'd sawcy *Harlot* that comes every night so *spruced* up and *prim* to the Playhouse; she that has been the subject of so many *Sonnets*, and deified by so many confounded *Poets*; she that is never without a *train* of Marquises, Lords, and Knights, and a *numberless* Litter of *subaltern* Puppies to *hunt* her from the Pit to the Sidebox, and back again from the Sidebox to the Pit. Well, and *what* of her, you'l *cry*, why, as I told you before, I *bolted* unawares into her Chamber, and surpiz'd her with two of the Sisterhood at a *small* Collation.

The Devil of a *Napkin* or *Tablecloth* was to be seen before them. No *Pagan* Ragoos, nor *high-flown* Kickshaws, but a Platter of humble *Sprats*, attended by six boil'd *Eggs* in a crack'd earthern *Pipkin*, a *dabb* of salt Butter

ſtuck upon the *corner* of the Table, and a handful of *Salt* wrapt up in the greaſy Fragments of a *Seſſions-paper*. Their Commodes and Smocks were *waſhing* below by the Landlady of the houſe, judge then what a *rueful* Figure they made in this *diſhabillée*, with their *Hair* about their Shoulders, and their *Udders* ſwagging down to their Navils. The *Furniture* of the room was every way anſwerable to the *Entertainment*, for let me ſee —— there ſtood that *neceſſary* Utenſil call'd a *Piſs-pot* brimfull in the Chimney, a batter'd *Banbox* upon a broken-back'd Chair, the Skeleton of a *Fan*, with a *Tooth-bruſh*, a *Powder-puff*, and a box of *Pomatum* in the Cloſet; a row of Pins, with the *Academy* of Compliments, and one of *Durfy*'s Song-books in the Window, and laſtly, two or three *little* deal-boxes upon the Mantle-tree, which I hope in the Lord had *Turpentine* Pills in them. The Ladies *bluſhed*, and ſo did I, then down Stairs they *flew* without ſpeaking a word, and I after them, but *loſt* them in ſome of their ſubterranean *Catacombs*.

No *ſooner* was I got into the Street, but I made abundance of *moral* Reflections

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ctions upon what I had *ſeen*; theſe *impudent* Devils, ſaid I to my ſelf, that look ſo *charming* by Candle-light, bleſs me! what *ſorry* Dowdies they are in their undreſs, and how *ſcurvily* do they fare at home, who are ſo *nice* forſooth and ſo *ſqueamiſh* at the Tavern! Well I am reſolved to *undeceive* all Mankind, and communicate my *Diſcoveries* to them. With this *virtuous* Reſolution I went to all the Chocolate-houſes I knew to *find* out any of my Acquaintance, and *unboſom* my ſelf to them; but meeting not a ſingle *Soul* there, I repair'd to my Lodgings, and cou'd not *reſt* till I had imparted this *bleſſed* News to thee. I can't foretel how this Letter will *edify* with you, tho' if you make a *right* uſe on't, it may prove a *better* Antidote againſt whoring than a Month's *penance* in Love's Powdring-tub —— But as for the divine *Belinda*, the next time I ſee her *Ladyſhip* in the Side-box, if ſhe's not as *civil* and *humble* as one of her own Calling before a *ſurly* Juſtice, take my word for't, I'll proclaim the *nakedneſs* of her Land to all her *Adorers*.

Farewel.

To Monsieur des A— *From* Antwerp.

Giving a Description of what our Author observ'd in Flanders.

WE are now at *Antwerp*, and in a few days intend to visit *Holland*. 'Tis worth any *curious* Man's while to make the *tour* of *Flanders*: Here are a world of noble Cities, infinitely *finer* than ours in *France*. I had sent you a *large* Account of them if my Friend Mr. *L. B.* had not *prevented* me in my Design, for he has acquitted himself with so much *Care* and *Exactness*, that 'tis impossible to *add* a Syllable to what he has written. By *virtue* of his Letters you'll *see* every thing as *distinctly* and *plainly* as if you had it before your *Eyes*, so that they give you all the *pleasure* of our Voyage, without ever stepping a foot out of *Paris* for't. However I am afraid that at our return he'l make you *pay* your part of the *Expence*, for 'tis not *reasonable* you should contribute no-

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nothing towards it, who receive the ſame *Satisfaction* as we, yet ſuffer none of the ſame *Inconveniences*. Thanks to the *Relations* he has ſent you from time to time, you have *beheld* every thing that is beautiful and remarkable in *Flanders*, ſitting perhaps at your *eaſe* in your Elbow-chair in *Paris*, while we are *jumbled* to death in ſome curſed Waggon, that almoſt *ſhocks* us to pieces: Not to *inflame* your reckoning by telling you, that we are forced to take up with the moſt *pagan* Food that ever was known, to have *Butter* mingled in all our Sawces, Butter in the *beginning*, and Butter in the *concluſion*. To this I might *add*, that in abundance of places they *underſtand* our Language no more than *Greek* or *Hebrew*; ſo that if I deſire the Servant maid of the houſe to bring me a little *Water*, ten to one but the *Gipſy* lays a huge *Loaf* before me. Not but that we have that *neceſſary* Animal call'd an *Interpreter* with us, but Heavens! what a *damn'd* plague is it to *talk* by an Interpreter? If the Fellow *leaves* you but a moment, all that while you muſt *loſe* two of your Senſes, and reſolve to be *deaf*

and *dumb*: Besides, Sir, consider how it must put a Man to the *blush* to ask for *certain* things that shall be *nameless*, by an Interpreter, and what a cruel *pennance* it is to a person of my *intriguing* temper, not to be able to *whisper* a few *civil* things into the Chamber-maid's *Ears*, especially if she's *handsom*. Thus I have shewn you some of the *Inconveniences* we lie under: However, our Friend Mr. *L.B.* as *tender* and *nice* as he is, has perfectly inured himself to all these *Hardships*. That *fickly* Gentleman, who cou'd not have rid from *Paris* to *Dancy* for his heart, and who wou'd not have gone a *Mile* without a *Coach* to purchase the *Indies*, is the *easiest* Man in the world now, when he's in a Waggon stow'd up between some *Tun-bellied* Monk and some jolly *Flemmish Hostess*, lying upon a *wholsom* Bundle of *Straw*, where he displays all his Stock of *Dutch* at once, to make himself understood in such *Illustrious* company. Wou'd you not be wonderfully *pleased* now to see him in this *merry* Equipage? But as I hinted to you above, he that was so mighty *squeamish* and *fickly* at *Paris*, is grown as *robust* as *Hercules* in his Travels, and I can assure you has no other

Illness

Illness about him but that of not *sleeping* so well a nights; but the *mischief* on't is that he makes me bare a *good* share of this *Illness*. When he can't sleep *himself*, he wishes all the World were *awake*, and is stark *mad* to see any one enjoy his *rest* when he's *without* it. And yet one wou'd think he uses *Exercise* enough in all conscience to make him sleep, for we hardly pass through any Town of note, but he must make the *Tour* of it upon the Ramparts, and this for the most part on *foot*, for a *Coach* is a *Convenience* that is not *always* to be had. This is not all, he must get you up to the top of the *highest* Towers and Steeples, that are of a prodigious *height* in this Country. Five hundred *Steps* of Stone or Wood, and above these five hundred Steps four or five confounded *Ladders* with some thirty or forty *Rounds* in each, *terrifie* him no more, than if he had serv'd an Apprenticeship to a *Mason*. 'Tis to no purpose to tell him, that unless he had learn'd to *dance* upon the high Ropes he must expect to *break* his Neck, and that he wou'd not get a *Minute* the sooner to *Heaven* for dying so *high* above ground: All *Remonstrances*

ſtrances of this nature are perfectly *loſt* upon him; nay, what is worſe, he obliges me to follow him in all theſe *Frolics*; me, I ſay, who to purchaſe all the *Wealth* of the Univerſe, wou'd not be *hit* in the Teeth with *dying* in the *Air*, for fear of *diſhonouring* my Family; and who beſides am not altogether ſo curious as he is, to ſee the Fortification, Plan, and Scituation of every *Town* we paſs through. Theſe are his *conſtant* Recreations every day that *paſſes* over his head, and yet he does not *ſleep* a jot the *better* for't. The perpetual *jangling* of the Chimes too in all the great Towns of *Flanders* is no ſmall *Ear-ſore* to us. 'Tis a ſort of Muſic that *pleaſes* a *new* Comer for twice or thrice, and one, that was *never* us'd to it before, muſt needs be *ſurprized* to hear a Set of *Bells* play all the Notes of a *Couraut* or *Jigg* as diſtinctly as a *Spinette* or *Harpſicord*: So that the Fellow that looks after the Clock, may ſet every Family in any of their Towns a dancing, without putting them to a farthing *Expence* for Violins and other Inſtruments. As I told you 'tis a pleaſant *Surprize* enough, but take my word for it, a Man

Man soon grows *weary* of the noise; for this Harmony stunns one every quarter of an hour: So that the Lord have *mercy*, say I, upon all good *Christians* that live near these Steeples, but *especially* upon such as like our Friend Mr. *L. B.* have no great *Inclination* to sleep. Heaven be praised we shall remove into *another* Country too morrow, where the Bells are not so *clamorous* and *importunate*. Before I leave this Town, I cannot but own to you that *Antwerp* is one of the *finest* Cities a Man can desire to see. The Magnificence of the Churches, the *Cleanness* of the Streets, the fine *Furniture* of the private Houses, is a quite different thing from what we have in *France*. There is *hardly* a Tradesman's House without abundance of good *Pictures* in the rooms, for most of 'em have a *natural* Genius to Painting: The People are *honest* and *industrious*, the Women *beautiful* and *free*, and for that reason not given to *Gallantry*, whatever *Stories* you may have heard of the many *Conquests* the *French* made at *Brussels* among the fair Sex. I think 'tis impossible to give a *stronger* Demonstration of their Chastity, than that there are certain

tain Societies of Religious Women call'd *Beguines* here. In some places you may see eleven hundred of them *lodge* together, who take no *Vow* upon them, *go* about the Town when they *please*, receive *Visits* from Gentlemen in their Chambers, and use all the innocent *Freedom* imaginable, yet it was never heard that they were *suspected* of the least Gallantry, or charged with any the least *scandalous* Disorder. Having told you this, you may easily conclude that the *Flemish* Ladies have no mighty *Inclination* to love. I dare pawn my Reputation, that if we had such Houses in *France*, where young Women might *dispose* of themselves as they *fancy* best, without any Guardian, or Relations, or Husband to *controul* them, that *Intriguing* wou'd be much more in *vogue* among them, and that our *French* Ladies wou'd not be altogether so reserv'd and cold as those of *Flanders*. I am

Your, &c.

To

To the ſame.

Containing an Account of what he obſerv'd in Holland. *From* Amſterdam.

THE Perſecution I ſuffer from Mr. *L. B.* daily *increaſes* upon me. A Man that travels in his Company ought to *renoûnce* Sleep for good and all: Becauſe forſooth I ſleep a little *better* than he does, he immediately concludes I take too *large* a doſe of it, and everlaſtingly buzzes in my Ear, that it may be *prejudicial* to my health. Ever ſince we came from *Delft*, where beſides the famous Tomb of the Prince of *Orange*, we ſaw that of Admiral *Tromp*, whoſe Epitaph begins with *Hic jacet qui vivus nunquam jacuit*, he daily recommends him to me as an *Example* to follow, and to qualify me for having ſuch an *Inſcription* upon my Tomb when I am *dead*, wou'd never have me go to *bed* by his good will while I am *alive*. Let me

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conjure you, Sir, the next time you write to him, to desire him to give civil *Quarter* to your humble Servant, and endeavour to perswade him that such *Persons* as I, who have *more* Body than Soul, ought to be allow'd *half* as much Sleep again as *other* Mortals. You may *back* this if you please by representing to him, that during our Stay in *Holland* he ought at least to give me *Liberty* of *Conscience*, which is the *best* and most *staple* Commodity of these Provinces. Since I have mentioned the VVord *Liberty* it may not be *amiss* to observe to you, that these fat Gentlemen keep a *furious* pother about it. A Man that hears them talk of the *French* and their Government, wou'd swear we were nothing else but a pack of *Slaves* and *Vassals*, with the *Rod* always at our Posteriours to make us *mind* our Business, and that no People are so fit to *command* the Universe as the *Dutch*. They talk of *Crown'd* Heads with as much *arrogance* as the ancient Citizens of *Rome*: They rail incessantly at our Constitution, at our *selling* of Offices and other Places, pretending I know not how many *Abuses* are occasion'd by

by it, and say that nothing but true *Merit* and *Virtue* advances a Man's *Fortune* in their Country. If what they say is *true*, 'tis certain that *only* those that have the *biggest* Bodies, and *greatest* Bellies have the most *Merit* to recommend them, for I have remarked that there needs no *other* Qualification to make a Man a Counsellor or Burgomaster, but a *mighty* Paunch; for which Reason, if our Friend Mr. *L. B.* has a Mind to *continue* in these Provinces, I believe without *flattering* him, he may justly pretend to the *highest* Preferments of State; for altho' he *sleeps* very little, yet the Butter, Cheese, and Beer, upon which at this present Writing he *feeds* as heartily as a natural *Dutchman*, have so exceedingly *improved* the bulk of his Person, that you'll *bless* your self to see him at his return. However, I don't believe he'd *settle* his abode here, tho' to possess himself of the *highest* Post in the Government; for as you know him to be a very good *Catholic*, the difficulty of going to *Mass* here will be an *invincible* obstacle in his way. The Truth on't is, I am exceedingly *scandalized*, that those Sons of *Circumcision*

sion, the *Jews*, should be allowed more Elbow-room at *Amsterdam* than *honest* Catholics. Your Bawdy-houses at *Paris* live not in half the *dread* of that *Heathenish* Animal, the *Commissary of the Ward*, as the poor Mass-houses here. However, I have had leisure enough to observe, that not the *Men* but the *Government* has this Aversion for our Religion. The *Hollanders* don't so much hate *Rome* as they do *Madrid*, and for my part 'tis an Article of my *Faith*, that they wou'd *sooner* be prevail'd upon to submit to the *Pope*, than the King of *Spain*. Happening to be in Company with some *Butter-boxes* t'other Morning, a Friend of ours that was in the *bantering* Strain, told them that the *Inquisition* was certainly going to be put down, that a *Protestant* Minister had lately got leave to preach publickly at *Madrid*: In short, that his *Catholic* Majesty was upon the point of declaring himself a *Hugonot*. Upon this, a fat *Hollander* in the Room twirled his *Whiskers*, and in the *fulness* of his Heart replied, that if the *Spaniard* turn'd *Hugonot*, the *Hollanders* would find themselves obliged to turn *Catho-*

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lics the next Moment after. And now, Sir, I leave it to you to determine whether they have any real *Affection* for their *own* Religion, or any positive *Aversion* to *ours*. It may justly enough be affirm'd of them, that they *hate* nothing in the World but the *Spanish Tyranny*, and *love* nothing *cordially* but their *Silver*. Were it not for this, they would infallibly be the *honestest* Fellows in the Universe. As for their *Women*, you may take it for a general rule without Exception, that they are fair complexion'd and pretty to a Miracle. In *North Holland* particularly, all the Lasses have such *delicate* Heads of Hair, and so agreeable a *mixture* of white and red in their Cheeks, that the most indifferent among them wou'd pass for a *topping* Beauty at *Paris*. At the same time I must frankly own to you that the *generality* of them are little *better* than so many *Images* in Wax-work, and have no *greater* a share of *Understanding* than merely to *distinguish* Beer from Wine, and Butter from Cheese; so that a Man *needs* not put himself to any great *Expence* in Oaths to perswade them that he's in Love with them.

Altho' they have no great Inclination to *Gallantry* on Nature's side, yet 'tis no *difficult* matter to draw them into the *Net*: They do out of downright *Stupidity* that which our VVomen in *Paris* do out of *Gayety*, but then their Careſſes are ſo *cold* and *phlegmatic*, and they have ſo wicked a reliſh of Joy, that, as I am *credibly* inform'd, in the very *Criſis* of Pleaſure, and in the moſt *tranſporting* Moments of Bliſs, they'l eat Apples and crack Nuts. But this is not *all* I have to *ſurprize* you with: In the buſineſs of Gallantry nothing can be ſo diametrically *oppoſite* to *Paris* as *Amſterdam*: For here none but your young *Maidens* will grant you any Favours, but when once they are got within the Circle of *Matrimony*, and have pronounc'd thoſe *terrible* Words for *better for worſe*, you may *ſooner* borrow *Money* of an *Uſurer*, than prevail with them to *ſhow* you the leaſt *Civilities*. While they are at your own *diſpoſal*, you may make them *ſcrub* and *carry*, *lie* down, and do what you *pleaſe*; but when they have taken the final Name of *Wives* upon them, all the Wealth in the *Indies* will not tempt them to

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injure their Husbands: And indeed they derive no little *Advantage* from this *politic* Self-denial, for they *govern* their Husbands at Discretion, who are such tame passive Creatures, that to this very Hour it was never *known* that a married Man in *Holland* bestow'd any conjugal *Discipline* upon his Wife. If a Man should administer a few transitory *Kicks* to his crooked *Rib*, tho' the *Provocation* were never so *just*, he must expect to be sent to *Bridewell* for his Pains, and do three or four Years pennance in *Prison*. And the Reason is, because no Man is allowed in this *blessed* Country to do himself *Justice*. Nay, a Master or Mistress that should be so *ill-advised* as to give their Footman or Servant-maid a *Box* in the *Ear*, wou'd certainly be called *coram nobis* for't, and forced to pay them a *Years* Wages, tho' they had lived but five *Days* in their Service. After this I leave you to judge how *insolent* these Vermin are, and whether you wou'd chuse a Valet out of *Holland*. But if this Custom is *faulty*, they have others that deserve to be *imitated*. As for the *Crosses* and *Afflictions* of the World, they have the

best Maxims that can be imagined. Not to displease those *worthy* Gentlemen the *Scots*, who have preached so long upon those *Thread-bare* Topics of *Constancy* and *Resolution*, the *Hollanders* have put that in *Practice* which the others have only recommended in *Theory*. Certainly no People in the World receive Misfortunes with less *Emotion* : Let what Accidents soever *befal* them, they comfort themselves that something *worse* might have happen'd to them : If they chance to break a *Leg* or an *Arm*, they think themselves *favourably* dealt with that they did not break their *Necks* : If a Tempest at Sea *sinks* some of their Vessels, they thank Heaven for *sparing* the rest ; or if their *Houses* are burnt down by *Fire*, they are well enough pleased that they escaped it *themselves*. Thus Sir, you see what admirable *Consolations* they give themselves in *Holland*, which are not so *commonly* practis'd in our Climate. I should swell this Letter to too enormous a *Bulk*, should I pretend to set down all those *useful* Maxims that are establish'd here for the repose of human Life : For then I should be obliged to *waste* a great deal of

Pa-

Paper to acquaint you with those *just* and *solid* Notions they have of *Love* and *Honour*, how much they despise these two foolish *Chimæra's*, and how they laugh at us for paying a *servile* Adoration to a brace of worthless *Idols* of our own making. Besides, if the *Hollanders* can't boast so *ready* a Wit, and so *fruitful* an Invention as ours, yet they may *justly* boast a *greater* Application to Business, and more Industry than we. 'Tis indeed *prodigious* to observe that a Country which *hardly* produces any thing of its own growth, should yet have *Plenty* of all that the Universe *affords*; which is intirely owing to their infinite *Trade*, and the good Constitution of their *Government*. The Limits of a Letter are too *confin'd* to recount to you a thousand *remarkable* things, as the Magnificence of the *Stadt-house* at *Amsterdam*, the neatness and rich Furniture of their *private* Houses, which are *exactly* built so as to answer one another, the Beauty and vast numbers of their *Canals* in the midst of their Streets, all of them planted with great Trees on each side so regularly, that a Stranger can hardly tell whether he

ſees a *City* in a *Foreſt*, or a *Foreſt* in a *City*. To this I might add with what *Art* as well as *Expedition* they can build you a Ship or a Houſe, the *vaſt* Expence and Trouble they are at in keeping their *Dikes*, and that *wonderful* Correſpondence which their Traffic gives them in all the *Corners* of the World. In ſhort, Sir, I ſhould be forced to write an *entire* Volume, to give you a *tolerable* Account of all the *Wonders* of this *little* Republic. But I may very well ſpare you the trouble of my Relations, for you are in great *danger*, let me tell you of meeting a greater *Perſecution* than you'd expect. Our worthy Friend Mr. *L. B.* is *almoſt* reſolved, ſince he's in the humour of *travelling*, to make a Viſit to *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Poland*, and the reſt of the *Northern* Countries. However, I am in good hopes we ſhall make the beſt of our way to *Liege* through *Bois le duc* and *Maeſtricht*, and when we are got ſafe thither, we ſhall ſoon determine how to diſpoſe of our ſelves. Thus, Sir, you ſee that in ſpite of the Proverb, I am like to leave *Holland* without *making my Fortune there*; not that I have been *wanting*

ing to my self in any Respect to bring it about, but the *mischief* on't is that I have not as yet been able to *find* out any Employment that *Suits* my Inclination, except it be that of teaching your young Wenches of about fifteen or sixteen the *French* Language, with whom their Masters take all the *familiarity* you can wish, and perswade them to *do* every thing they have a mind to, provided they tell them 'tis the Mode and Fashion of *France*. If I knew but a little *Dutch* to introduce me, this wou'd be the *fittest* as well as the most *agreeable* way of turning the Penny; but as 'tis my Misfortune to be able to speak no *other* Language but what I learnt of my *Nurse*, and a few Fragments of *Latin*, which I pick'd up at the *College*, I am forced to leave *Holland*, as I told you before, without making my *Fortune* there. However, I can honestly *assure* you that I am not in the least *mortified* at it, since I should be *ashamed* to find it *any where* else but in your *Friendship*, as being with the *utmost* Sincerity

Your most humble
And most obliged Servant.

To Madam *de B*——

Upon her being angry with him for telling her that his Soul had left him to go and inhabit with her.

FOR Heaven's sake, Madam, what have I done to you to put you into so *cruel* a Passion? Was it then so *unpardonable* a Crime in me to tell your Ladiship that my *Soul* had *quitted* its old Tenement to *take* up its Quarters with you? For my part I cannot see wherein it should so mightily *displease* you. If you believe nothing of the matter, why then should you be so *offended* at it, and if 'tis *true*, that this *Vagabond* of a Soul has *left* me for you, take it to *your self* a God's Name, and don't send it back to its old Master that has now no *Title* to it: For ever since the *Frolic* has taken it to loiter about you, it comes so seldom home, that I have no time to *punish* it for *deserting* me. Perhaps you may think this Adventure is without Example

ample, but I can aſſure you 'tis not ſo new as your Ladiſhip imagines. If ever you had read *Pliny*, he wou'd have informed you that the Soul of one *Hermotimus* uſed to *abdicate* his Body as often as the *Whimſey* took it, in order to divert it ſelf more *agreeably* elſewhere as it ſaw occaſion, and then when the Frolic was *ſpent*, wou'd come home *civilly* to its *old* Habitation, and tell *Hermotimus* what *fine* things it had obſerved *abroad*. This was a wonderful pretty way of *travelling*, for one to run over the Lord knows how many *Leagues* without the leaſt *Fatigue*, or being expoſed to any of thoſe *Inconveniences* that uſe to incommode other Travellers. But, Madam, there's a ſenſible difference in the caſe between *Hermotimus* and me: for that worthy Gentleman's *Body*, all the while his *Soul* was abſent from it, lay as *cold* and *immoveable* as a Stone: but for my part, I eat, and drink, and dance, and laugh, while my Soul is taken up near your Perſon. By this, Madam, you may ſee, that you have wrought a *Miracle* upon me much more *conſiderable* than any in *Pliny*; tho' under the roſe, that ingenious *Roman*

was

was no *Niggard* of his Prodigies, when once his *hand* was in. I am,

Your, &c.

To Madam——

To acquaint her that he had the good Fortune to escape a double Scowring viz. *Death and Marriage.*

SINCE I have been deprived of the *happiness* of seeing you, I had like like to have done two of the *foolishest* things which a Man in his *sober* Sences can possibly be *guilty* of, if 'tis in his *Power* to avoid them; I mean, Madam, I had like to have gone the way of all Flesh in a *mortal* and *matrimonial* Sense, or in plainer *English*, either to have been *interr'd* in a Church-yard, or *undone* at the Church-Altar. To set me *right* in your good Opinion, 'tis but convenient I should inform you, Madam, that neither of these was of my own seeking, but that a burning *Feaver* threaten'd to send me *nolens volens* to the *Grave*, and my good-natur'd *Parents* to

to condemn me to a *Wife*. However, Heaven be praiſed, I have made a ſhift to avoid both thoſe *Bleſſings*, and ſince you have been always pleaſed to *expreſs* ſome *Concern* for my *Welfare*, I am *vain* enough to believe 'twill be ſome *Satisfaction* to you to learn how I *eſcaped* them.

My Feaver had brought me to a very *low* Condition, ſo that I *expected* every moment when I ſhould take a leap in the *dark*, for which reaſon I was willing to clear my *Debts* before I parted, and if I had ſtolen any thing from any of my Neighbours, honeſtly to *reſtore* it, that I might not be *embarraſs'd* in my Journey to the *other* world. Immediately I remember'd that I had read in ſome of our Caſuiſts, (perhaps it was St. *Auſtin*, but I won't be poſitive) that to *ſteal* was nothing elſe but to *take* away ſomething that belonged to our Neighbour, without his *Conſent*: Upon which account remembring that I had *ſtolen* certain *valuable* Goods from your pretty Coſin *Belinda* without her leave, my poor *Conſcience* flew in my *Face*, and acted the part of a *Fury*. This Conſideration, in ſhort, ſo *terribly* alarm'd me,

that

that 'tis impossible to tell you what *Agonies* I lay under, so that being fully resolved to make *restitution* of all that very moment, I asked my Confessor, a grave *antient Pillar* of the Church, whether he wou'd give himself the trouble to take into his Custody a few things I had *stolen* from a certain Person, and deliver them to their proper *Owner*. The old Gentleman overjoy'd to find so *pious* a Disposition in me, made answer that he wou'd do it with all his *heart*. Upon this I gave him a little *Purse* which I wore about my Neck in nature of a *Relick-Case*, wherein he found a Lady's Picture in Miniature, three red Ribbons, and a Locket of Hair. When my venerable Spark saw this, *Come, come*, cries he, *if you have been guilty of no other Theft, ne'er trouble your self about the matter: This is a Peccadillo, a meer Trifle, and my Life for yours, will never rise in Judgment against you.* *Ay, but Father*, said I to him, *this is nothing to what follows, for I have stole something of a* thousand *times a* greater *value than this.* How my dear Child, said he, twirling up his Whiskers most judiciously, and what can

that

that be. 'Tis anſwer'd I, what both the *Indies* cannot purchaſe, 'tis what would pay the *greateſt* Monarch's *Ranſom* upon Earth, and I muſt beg you to reſtore it with the *other* things. *That you may be ſure of, Youngman*, replied our Scruple-drawer, *for what ſays one of the brighteſt Luminaries of the Latin Church? Non tollitur peccatum niſi reſtituatur ablatum.* Which for your Ladiſhip's Edification I thus tranſlate,

If you reſtore not what you ſtole,
Old Nick will burn you to a Coal.

With that, in ſpight of my Weakneſs, I jump'd out of bed, took old *Eccleſiaſticus* by the Beard, and gave him ten or a dozen hearty *Buſſes*, and deſired him to *reſtore* them to your Coſin *Belinda*. Altho' my Relations, that ſtood round my Bed, were in Tears to ſee me ſo near my laſt *Exit*, yet they could not forbear *laughing* at ſo *ridiculous* a Scene, nay even the good *Father* himſelf loſt all his *Gravity* to find me troubled with ſo *merry* a remorſe of Conſcience. However, to compoſe my afflicted Spirit, he promiſed *in verba Sacerdotis* that both the *Purſe* and

the

the *Kisses* should be faithfully *restored* to their right *Owner*. When they had given me *Satisfaction* in this *important* point, I gave one of my Brothers a Will I had made a little before, and intreated him, that if he had any *Kindness* for me, he wou'd take care to see two Articles of it performed: The first was, to bury the *Box*, wherein I preserve your Letters, in the same Coffin with my self; and the second, to go to *Æmilia*, ask her for my Heart, and deliver it to Madam ——— to whom it rightfully belongs. I likewise bethought my self of some small matters I had stolen from *Calista*, and accordingly communicated these Scruples to my *honest* Confessor. But after I had given him a *full* Account of the whole Affair, he *fairly* told me, that since I had made so many *fruitless Journeys* for her sake, danced so many *hours* attendance after her, thrown away so many *Sighs*, and been at the *expence* of so many *Tears* upon her account, I had *honestly* deserv'd a *better* reward than a Patch-box, a Tooth-picker, and a small Ear-ring *amounted* to, and therefore need not *disquiet* my self upon that score. Thus you see,

Ma-

Madam, what a world of care I took to *discharge* my *Conscience*, that I might *troop* off like a good *Christian*. But, as it happen'd, I might have *saved* my self the *trouble* of making all this *preparation*, for Heaven *contented* it self to see me put all in *readiness* for this unwelcome *Voyage*, without carrying matters any farther. In short, my Feaver *abated*, and I began to perceive some small glimpse of a *Recovery*. 'Twas at this *critical* Juncture, when my Relations, intending, I suppose, to take their *Advantage* of my *Weakness*, which had not as yet *wholy* left me, proposed a *Match* to me, and I, to convince you that I was not yet *fully* recovered, in some manner *consented* to their Proposal; but no sooner did I find my self in *statu quo*, that is, re-establish'd in perfect *health* of Mind and Body, but I took care to escape the *Ecclesiastical Trap* they had laid for me, and made the best of my way to *Paris*, where I am at present, but cannot *tell* you to what place I shall *remove* next. However, this I *know*, Madam, that let my *Destiny* carry me to what part of the World it *pleases*, I shall inviolably preserve that *Friendship* which I

have *sworn* to you, and that nothing can give me greater *Satisfaction* than to find by your Letters, that you *maintain* the same for me, who am

Madam,

Your most obliged and

Paris.

most Obedient Servant.

To Calista.

To tell her what cruel Designs his Despair had thrown him upon.

WHEN I *parted* from you yesterday, I left you with a full Resolution to *murder* my self, that I might have the honour of *pleasing* you once in my life, and *free* you, as you are pleased to *express* your self, from a troublesome *Persecutor*. But hitherto I have not put my Design in *execution*, as having not been able

to

to *determine* what *sort* of Death to pitch upon. At first I had an Inclination to *imitate* the late *Celadon* of amorous Memory, and plunge headlong into the *River*, but then I was afraid lest the *Water* would carry me to the Banks as well as him, and the compassionate *Nymphs* save me in *spite* of my teeth. Then the *Fancy* took me in the head to go and decently *hang* my self before your Door, and copy the Example of *Iphis*, who is the first Lover upon Record that brought a *Halter* into reputation; but I consider'd upon second thoughts, that it wou'd eternally *reflect* upon your Family, should I make a *Gallows* of your Door; and besides, *hanging* is a *scurvy* sort of death, to which I have had an *aversion* from my Cradle. In the next place I thought of *poisoning* my self, but soon laid it aside, believing that *Poison* was no more able to *dispatch* me than *Mithridates* in the days of yore, since I had made it in a manner *familiar* to me by being so long *accustom'd* to it; for mind me, Madam, having fed so many Years upon *Fear*, *Despair*, and *Melancholy*, which are the rankest and most violent *Poisons* in nature, and all this

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without any *prejudice* to my Person, I think I may *safely* conclude, that I may venture now to take a small dose of *Arsenic* or *Antimony*, and yet do my self no *harm*. After this I bethought my self, that to pierce my Heart with a *Dagger* was as *pretty* an Expedient as a Man in my Circumstances cou'd *wish*, but when I reflected that *Lucretia* had ended her days with a piece of cold *Iron*, I soon *abandon'd* my design; for why the plague should I pitch upon that sort of death which a *foolish* Woman formerly chose, who died out of *madness* for having committed that *very* Action, which it makes me *stark mad* that I have never yet been so *fortunate* as to commit: And therefore since my *Despair* proceeded not from the same *Motive* as that of the undiscreet *Lucretia*, what reason had I to chuse the same *Destiny*? In short, I *spent* the whole Night in *considering* of this Affair, but cou'd come to no *final* Resolution. Now, Madam, I wou'd not have you think that the *fear* of dying has *hinder'd* me all this while, no, 'tis the *manner* of doing it which has given me all my *Uneasiness*; for to *unload*

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load my Conſcience to you all at once, ſince I have found ſo many *Plagues* and *Croſſes* in my *life*, I wou'd by my good will taſt a little *Pleaſure* at my *death*. And this, Madam, I might expect to *find*, cou'd I put a certain *thought*, that has ſuddenly come into my head, in *execution*; which is, my *faireſt* Creature, to *die* between thy Arms, to *expire* upon thy Boſom, to be *ſtifled* with thy Kiſſes, and *ſmother'd* with thy Embraces. I am very well *ſatisfied*, before I have made the *Experiment*, that there is nothing of that *Horror* in this ſort of death, as there is in drowning, hanging, and the like. *Oblige* me therefore ſo far as to let me *die* in this manner, for ſince you are *reſolved* upon my death, what ſignifies it whether it be given me with *Pain* or *Pleaſure*?

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To Monsieur de C— *Captain in the Regiment of*—

Upon the Conclusion of the War between France *and* Spain *in the Year* 1660. *by the Treaty of the* Pyrenees.

THIS comes to tell you, tho' I know you'll *curse* me for my News, that you must now resolve to *live*, whether you will or no. In short, the *Peace* was yesterday *concluded*, and in a few days will be *proclaimed* all over the Kingdom. I'll allow a Gentleman of your *Gallantry* to be angry at it, but 'tis no little *Consolation* to us *worthless* Fellows, that we are going to enjoy the Fruits of *Peace* and *Tranquillity*, which the *confounded* Noise of *Drums* and *Trumpets* has so long *interrupted*. With the rest of his Majesty's good *Subjects* I have my *part* in the publick *Joy*, yet at the same time *feel* one that is *particular* to my self, when I consider that I have no-

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nothing more now to *fear* from your bravery, and that your Life is no longer a *Ward* to your *Courage*. The Devil take the *Guardian*, ſay I, that ſhows ſo *ſmall* a concern for the preſervation of his *Ward*. Well, I wou'd not for a *greater* Sum than I am willing to mention here, have *ventur'd* my Life upon the ſame *bottom* with yours in any of the late Engagements. A Man that had ſeen how you *expoſed* your ſelf upon every occaſion, wou'd have *ſworn* your Life was a *burden* to you, and that it *coſt* your Father and Mother *no Pains* to beget you. Had the *Muſquet-balls* been nothing but ſo many *Paſtills* or *perfumed Eggs*, you cou'd not have march'd with more *alacrity* into the Trenches. 'Twas to no *purpoſe* I remonſtrated to you that your *Life* was worth the *preſerving*, that there was no great *leachery* in having ones *Brains* examin'd by a Canon-ball, and that your Father, as able and experienc'd a *Workman* as he is, might *belabour* the matrimonial *Anvil* a dozen and a dozen times to that, before he cou'd *hammer* out ſuch another *chopping* Youth as your ſelf; for in ſhort, all *Advice* of this nature was

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thrown away upon you. Misled by that *Ignis fatuus* call'd *Gallantry*, you believed me to be an Enemy to your *Glory*, and thought a Son of *Mars* ought to despise the *Counsel* that came from so *cowardly* a Principle as *Discretion*. I own indeed you took the *direct* Road to get a Mareschal's *Baton*, but alas, where one Man arrives to his Journeys *end*, how many thousand *drop short* by the way! In my opinion now a Man that sets Honour always *before* his Eyes, ought now and then to look *behind* him, and reflect upon the dangers that attend it: You Gentlemen in *red* think a Man is only born to be *knock'd* in the Head, but we of a more peaceable *Cloth* are well enough content to be *disappointed* of those Honours. Now, as I humbly take it, this *fantastic* Idol of yours, this *spoiler* of fine Shapes, this *Lover* of Blood-shed, Valour I mean, is the greatest *Curse* that a Man can *bring* with him into the World; for which reason I *thank* my Maker duly every Morning for not bestowing this *fatal Talent* upon me. To deal plainly with you, I was never any great *Admirer* either of *Alexander*'s or *Cæsar*'s Glory

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ry, which was purchased by the *Desolation* of so many *flourishing* Provinces, and the *Slaughter* of so many innocent Wretches. These and the like *Calamities* have too long over-run all *France*, but now their Reign is *over*, the Lord be praised, and we shall see *no more* of them; for I must once more tell you, tho' I *displease* you never so much, that the *Peace* is concluded, and that I have no other *War* now to apprehend for you, but that which your *Mistress* is resolved to *declare* against you at your return.

Yesterday I and four of my Friends enter'd *Fontarabia*, where the late Prince of *Condé* cou'd not get Entrance at the head of ten thousand Men. *Mistake* me not, Sir, as if I told you this with an Intention to magnify my *Bravery*; No, 'tis one of the *blessed* effects of the *Peace*: And to *convince* you that 'tis so with us, I must inform you that we live in the strictest *Amity* imaginable with those worthy Gentlemen the *Spaniards*, who are not such *ill-favoured* Devils as we used to *paint* them, but treat us with *Rosa-solis*, *Wine*, and *Chocolate* as lovingly as if we had tum-

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bled in the ſame *Belly* with them, and not a Soldier of their Nation been *killed* in any of the late Actions. They are a *civil*, well-bred People, as I hope to be *ſaved*, and the Duce take me if I don't love them heartily, becauſe they carry no *Gall* nor *Rancour* about them: Not but that you may hear them *complain* now and then, one of having loſt a *Son*, another a *Brother*, and a third a *Relation*, either in *Flanders*, *Catalonia* or *Italy*. But this is nothing, the *complaining* fit is ſoon over with them, and to *repair* the Loſſes they have ſuſtained, wou'd be *content* with all their Hearts, that a ſufficient Number of our *ableſt* Troops were ſent into *Spain* to beget as many *Children* upon their Women as they loſt *Soldiers* in the War. All our *Politicians* here are of Opinion that this is one of the *principal* Articles of the Treaty, and that for this *purpoſe* abundance of the ableſt *Mathematicians* in *Europe* will be employed to *compute* how many Men the *Spaniards* have loſt, to a *ſingle* Centinel, ſince the *falling* out of the two Nations. As for me, I think it the moſt *reaſonable* Propoſal in the World, and ſince

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I have not had the *Honour* to be employed by his Majeſty in his *Wars*, am very willing to ſerve him upon this *Occaſion*, for which Reaſon I will uſe all my *Intereſt* at Court to procure me a *Company* in one of theſe Regiments.

Well, certainly this is the *merrieſt* Country in the Univerſe. The Children here can *dance* before they can *ſpeak*, and cry for a *Guitarre* more impatiently than they do for the *ſucking Bottle*. Their *Mirth* begins with their Life, and never concludes but with it: Nay, their very *Prieſts* have their ſhare of it, as well as the reſt of their *Flock*, and I have obſerved that at all their Weddings and Merry-makings the *Parſon* is the Man who conſtantly leads up the *Dance*. But of all their *commendable* Cuſtoms, that which I *moſt love* them for, and all the World in my opinion ought to imitate, is, that there is a *Probationſhip* here in chooſing a *Wife*, as well as in taking the *Monaſtic State* upon one. After they have *conſummated* for a Twelvemonth together, if *Joan* does not like *John*'s *Abilities*, or *John* is ſcandalized at *Joan*'s *Capacity*, they are at liberty

to

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to *part*, and a young Wench that has had half a dozen such *Husbands* one after another, carries her Head as *high* as the *modestest* She in the Parish, and no body dares say *black* is her Eye. Well! how happy a Place would *France* be, were this *righteous* Fashion *observed* in all its Provinces.

Before I *conlude* this Letter, give me leave to acquaint you with an *odd* Accident that has happened upon these *Coasts*, and which perhaps it may not be *improper* to recount to you. Not many days ago a poor *Whale*, having *heard* without question that the *Peace* was concluded between the two Crowns, and possess'd with a laudable *Curiosity*, to see two Nations *united*, which had so miserably *infested* one another in the late War, *imagined* he might come into these Seas without any *detriment* or *molestation* to his Princely Person; for which reason he left his *native* Shores of *Norway* or *Greenland*, to *assist* at so illustrious a *Reconciliation*, and carry the *happy* News throughout all *Neptune*'s Dominions: But the *worthy* Tars of this Place, who understand neither *Rhyme* nor *Reason*, having

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ving no regard to the Articles of *Peace*, nor yet to the Rules of *Hospitality*, that are every where *sacred*, no sooner saw this high and mighty Potentate *appear* upon their Coasts, but like a parcel of Raskals, without any formal *Declaration* of War, or the least *Affront* from his *Northern* Highness, they *attacqu'd* him with all the *Posse* of the River, not considering that *two* to *one* is every where *odds* as well by Water, as Land, *mann'd* out a hundred Boats against him, and brought him in a *triumphant* manner into the Harbour. You know how *corrupt* the Courts of *Admiralty* are over all *Christendom*, and what little *Respect* is paid to the *Law* of *Nations*, where the *longest* Sword puts in its Pretensions. In short, they declared him *good Prize*, and made a *Present* of him to Cardinal *Mazarine*, who either out of *good Husbandry*, because he knew it wou'd require so many *Tuns* of Butter to fry him in, or for some other *Reason* best known to himself, wou'd not keep him, but sent him to *Don Louis de Haro*, who out of *revenge* sends his Excellence every Week two Mules laden with Ice ——— But I have

tres-

treſpaſs'd too much upon your *Patience*. Send me Word in your next when we may *expect* you in theſe Parts, and be aſſured that none of your *Friends* wiſhes your coming with more *Impatience* than

St. John de luz. *Your moſt humble*, &c.

A Billet from a Lady.

Wherein ſhe deſires him to help her to a Song ſhe had forgotten.

I *Remember* that Yeſterday towards the Evening I heard a *Sonnet* or *Madrigal*, I cannot tell you which of the *two* it was, repeated to me by I don't know *who* or *where*; But this I *remember* full well, that it was one of the *prettieſt* Fancies I ever *heard* in all my Life. This *treacherous* Memory of mine has *unhappily* loſt it, by the ſame token, I have *puzzled* my Brain, to no purpoſe, all this Morning, in *hopes* to *recover* it. Prithee *favour* me ſo far as to try whe-

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whether you can *retrieve* it in yours, for I ſhall have occaſion to ſhow it in certain *Company* to Night, where it will be very *acceptable.* I can give you no *other* Marks to *know* it by, but that it talks of *Cupid*'s having been of ſeveral *Trades*, but what thoſe *Trades* were, the Lord of *Oxford* knows for me, and *concludes* with this Line, or ſomething *like* it.

Where he ſtops up one hole, he leaves a ſcore in the room.

If your *Memory* can't *help* you to it, I expect your *Muſe* ſhould ſupply the *defect* of it, and ſend me before Evening either the *Song* I have *forgotten*, or one of your *own* upon the ſame *Subject*, full as good as the other. *Farewell.*

The Anſwer.

Madam,

I Have not the *leaſt Idea* of the Madrigal or Sonnet you write to me for, and indeed *how* ſhould I? My Memory can't *help* me to't, for to the *beſt* of my remembrance it was never

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never *intruſted* with it. As for my *Muſe*, I have taken a great deal of *Pains* with her to put her in a *good* Humour, and *perſwade* her to *comply* with your Commands: Beſides that ſhe *hates* nothing ſo much as to write upon *Compulſion*, ſhe told me very *bluntly* that ſhe lay under no *Obligation* to pay the *Debts* of your Memory, or *gratify* a Lady's Demands that cou'd forget a *fine* piece of Poetry ſo *eaſily*. You muſt *own*, Madam, that ſhe had ſome *reaſon* for what ſhe ſaid; for ſince you have *loſt* ſo charming a *Song* as this laſt *appears* to have been by your *concern* for it, how can it be *imagined* that you ſhould take any care to *preſerve* ſuch fooliſh Words as *mine*? At *firſt* indeed I was of her *Opinion*, but upon *ſecond* Thoughts both alter'd *my own* Mind and *hers* alſo, by *repreſenting* to her, that you cou'd not oblige her more *effectually* than by *forgetting* her *Verſes*, ſince at the ſame time you would forget her *blind ſide*. Upon this *Conſideration* ſhe made the following *Ballad* I now ſend you, for I can't find in my heart to give it a *better* Name, wherein ſhe has *endeavoured* to follow the *blind* Directions you gave her, as well as 'twas *poſſible*. *Cu-*

Cupid turn'd Tinker.

(1)

Fair Venus *they ſay*
On a rainy bleak day,
Thus ſent her Child Cupid *a packing:*
" *Get thee gone from my Door*
" *Like a Son of a Whore,* (*ing.*
" *And elſewhere ſtand bouncing and crack-*

(2)

To tell the plain truth,
Our little blind Youth (*Sir:*
Beat the hoof a long while up and down,
Till all dangers paſt,
By good Fortune, at laſt
He ſtumbled into a great Town, Sir.

(3)

Then ſtraight to himſelf
Crys this tiny ſly Elf,
Since begging brings little relief, Sir:
A Trade I'll commence
That ſhall bring in the Pence,
And ſtraight he ſet up for a Thief, Sir.

(4)

At Play-houſe and Kirk,
Where he ſlily did lurk, (*People,*
He ſtole Hearts both from young and old
'Till at laſt, ſays my Song,
He had like to have ſwung
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple. (5)

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(5)

Then with Arrows and Bow
He a Soldier muſt go, (*ing.*
And ſtraight he ſhot Folks without Warn-
He thought it no Sin
When his hand once was in,
To kill you a hundred his Morning.

(6)

When he found that he made
Little Gains by this Trade;
What does our ſly graceleſs Blinker,
But ſtraight chang'd his Note
As well as his Coat,
And needs he muſt paſs for a Tinker.

(7)

Have yo' any Hearts to mend,
Come I'll be your Friend,
Or elſe I expect not a Farthing:
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
I'll ſoon make 'em whole;
And Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?

(8)

But Maids, have a Care,
Of this Tinker beware (*on't.*
Shun the Rogue, tho' he ſets ſuch a face
Where he ſtops up one hole,
'Tis true by my Soul,
He'll at leaſt leave a ſcore in the place
(*on't.*

Be-

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Before I *part* with your Ladiſhip I cannot but *remind* you of your *accuſing* me in your laſt with being the moſt *faithleſs* Lover upon Earth. A *hideous* charge! were it true, but Heaven be *praiſed*, 'twill give me no great *Trouble* to *juſtify* my ſelf, tho' in making this Juſtification I ſhall be *forced* to advance certain *Doctrine* which is not *commonly* received. I am perſwaded, Madam, that there can be no greater *Fidelity* in the World than to *ſhow* it to ſeveral People at the *ſame time*. When a Man has promis'd it but to one Miſtreſs, he needs no *mighty* Stock of it to keep his Word with her. But when he *vows* Fidelity to ſome ten or twelve *Bona Robas* at once, he *ought* in my Opinion to be *plentifully* furniſhed with this *precious* Commodity, to *enable* him to *acquit* himſelf of his Promiſe. As for my ſelf, Madam, I can *honeſtly* boaſt that I am poſſeſs'd of this *happy* Talent, and am the *faithfulleſt* Man living to half a dozen *Miſtriſſes* at this preſent Writing.

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In all Love's Dominions I challenge the Boy,
To shew such a forward frank Lover as I.
So faithful and true where my Promise is past,
At the first so sincere, and so warm at the last.
Imprimis, *I've sworn true Allegiance to* Phillis.
And the same I have done to divine Amarillis :
Then to Cælia *the fair I my Heart did resign,*
Next I laid down the trifle at Iris's *shrine.*
Calista *then gently put in for the Prize,*
Nor did the Coy Sylvia *my Offering despise.*
But now you'll enquire can they all quarter there,
Why Madam my Heart's large enough never fear.
There's room for my Phillis,
And soft Amarillis :
And Cælia *the fair,*
Who need not despair
Of a good Lodging there :
With Iris, Calista, *and* Sylvia *beside.*
Yes, Madam, this oft by Experience I've try'd.

So

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So large is the place, and ſo plenteous my Store,
I with eaſe can provide for ſix Miſtreſſes more.
Nay, if you diſtruſt me, e'en ſend me a ſcore.

I don't know what your Ladiſhip will ſay to theſe *heretical* Principles, but you may be ſatisfied I firmly *believe* them, having made this *Confeſſion* to you, not only in *Verſe*, but in the Sincerity of *Proſe*, in which I beg leave to *aſſure* you that I am with the utmoſt reſpect,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient, &c.

To a Lady who deſired him to draw the Character of his Rival.

Madam,

YOU are certainly the moſt *ingenious* Woman in the World at *tormenting* of your humble Servants,

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ſo that 'tis really a great deal of *Pity* you had not been Daughter or Wife to one of thoſe Emperors who took ſo much *delight* in inventing new *Puniſhments* to perſecute the poor *Chriſtians*. How *nobly* had you ſucceeded in that *glorious* Employment, and what *Pleaſure* wou'd it have been to your *good-natured* Daddy, or Husband to ſee the *fruitfulneſs* of your Invention? All the *Tortures*, the Gibbets and Racks of thoſe famous *Tyrants* had been nothing but down-right *Sport* and *Paſtime*, if compar'd to the Torments which your *fertile* Genius wou'd have *found* out. Have I not ſufficient reaſon, Madam, to entertain this Opinion of your *Cruelty*, ſince I have found to my *coſt* how dextrous you are in *perſecuting* your Subjects? Is it poſſible to deviſe a more *emphatical* Puniſhment than to *oblige* a Man to *write* the Panegyric of his *Rival*? And yet you have *impoſed* this cruel *Neceſſity* upon me. Since *Adonis* has the good *Fortune*, I won't ſay the *Merit*, to appear *lovely* in your Eyes, you muſt e'en lay your *Commands* upon me to draw him as *ſuch*, and charge me not to let *Envy* or *Jealouſy* have the leaſt

leaſt hand in his *Picture*, Nay, what is *more*, you expect I ſhould *flatter* his Defects, and *ſet off* his good Qualities. This, as I take it, is what you require me to do in order to *pleaſe* you; but, Madam, is it poſſible I ſhould pleaſe *you* and *my ſelf* at the ſame time? I need not inform you ſure what a *Mortification* it is to *praiſe* ones Rival even for his *Perfections*, what muſt it be then, to be *forced* to tell *lies* in his Favour. Do you believe that becauſe you are *charm'd* with his Merits, I muſt be *ſo too*, or becauſe you have been *pleaſed* to make him your *Idol*, that I muſt *fall* down and *worſhip* him in my turn? I *appeal* now to your Ladiſhip, whether you did not give me a *juſt* Provocation to *compare* you to thoſe ancient *Tyrants* that perſecuted the poor *Chriſtians*, becauſe they wou'd not adore *falſe* Deities; for don't you exerciſe the ſame *Injuſtice* againſt me? But this is *nothing*, you are my *Sovereign*, and tho' it goes never ſo much *againſt* the Grain, I muſt *obey*; neither ſhall I ſcruple to *ſacrifice* my own Pleaſures, that I may *promote* yours. For this *Reaſon* I will immediately take my *Pencil* in Hand

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to draw the *Picture* of your beloved *Adonis* and uſe all imaginable *Precaution* that neither *Envy* nor *Jealouſy* ſhall be *concern'd* in tempering the *Colours*.

Adonis is well-ſhaped and of a *reaſonable* Stature. 'Tis true, ſome People think him ſomewhat of the *loweſt*, but what of all that? 'tis rather an *Advantage* than any *Prejudice* to him, ſince no Man can call him a *great* Coxcomb, without giving himſelf the *Lye*. His *Hair* is of a fine *flaxen* Colour, and *curls* moſt deliciouſly, ſo that he may boaſt without Vanity, of having a *fine Head*. 'Tis a downright *Calumny* to ſay his Head is none of his own, for I am intimately *acquainted* with the Barber that ſold him his Periwig, who has told me a hundred times, that like a *noble* Gentleman, he gave him five Guineas *more* than it was worth. His *Head* ſtands between his two Shoulders exactly like that of other Mortals, upon a *Pedeſtal*, which in truth is ſomewhat of the *ſhorteſt*, but then to make him *amends*, Nature has ſupplied in *thickneſs* what it wants in *length*. His *Complexion* is as fair as a Lilly, and indeed 'twere next to a

Mi-

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Miracle were it otherwise, for to my certain Knowledge he ows the Devil and all for *Cosmetics* and Washes, scrubs and lathers his Phyz most *unmercifully*, and bestows some half a dozen of *VVash-balls* upon it every Morning. His *Eyes* are blew and rowling, 'tis true they are somewhat *heavy* and *dull*, but then 'tis to be consider'd they are *only* so in your *Presence*, and what *VVonder* is it, Madam, if when the *Sun* shines in its Meridian brightness, the lesser *Stars* disappear? His *Eyebrows* are fair, but over large, and somewhat *Saracen*-like, I mean, when the Tweezers have not *play'd* their part, for which reason, I wonder at the *Impudence* of his Enemies, who pretend that he has an *effeminate* Face: Whether Nature was in a liberal Vein when she bestow'd a Head of Hair upon him, I cannot *resolve* you, as not being able to *judge* of it through his *Periwig*, but this I am *assured* of, that she shew'd her self extreamly *frugal* when she gave him a *Beard*; I say, Madam, extreamly *frugal*, for had she given him one Hair less, she had *ruin'd* his Beard to all Intents and Purposes. But *blessed* be the fashion which extends its *Empire*

over our *Beards* as well as our *Habits*, *Adonis* has juſt *enough* for his *preſent* occaſion. His *Noſe* is not to be *play'd* upon, becauſe 'tis ſomewhat of the *ſhorteſt*, which may be the *phyſical* reaſon, perhaps, why he does not *ſmell* things at a diſtance. His *Cheeks* are *ruddy* and ſanguine, and indeed well may they *bluſh* to be placed ſo near a *Mouth* that ſpeaks nothing but *Abſurdities*. In ſhort, the *Turn* of his Face ſeems to *promiſe* no mighty ſtock of Intellectuals, but who knows but his Soul is an errant *Hypocrite*, and *conceals* it ſelf on purpoſe to *ſurprize* all the *World*, when it makes its *firſt* Appearance? As for the qualities of his *Body*, 'tis certain he poſſeſſes them to *advantage*: He is a profound Critic in his Clothes, and tho' he duly employs half a ſcore *hours* every morning before his Toilette and Looking-glaſs, yet it cannot be *pretended* that he beſtows them to no *purpoſe*. He *dances* to perfection, ſo that one may with *juſtice* ſay of him, that if he has no Mercury in his *Brains*, he has enough in his *Heels*. He makes a good figure on *horſeback*, I cannot *deny* it, who the laſt time I had the *honour*

of

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of your company, received an unlucky *fall* from my Horſe, which he afterwards *mounted* before you, and *managed* with an extraordinary good *grace*. I remember it full as well as if it were but yeſterday, how plentifully you *laughed* at my misfortune, and what mighty *Commendations* you beſtow'd upon his Horſemanſhip. But, *Caliſta*, the *Miracle* is not ſo *great* as you imagine, for there is always a ſtrange ſort of *Sympathy* between *Beaſts*, and that perhaps might occaſion the good *Intelligence* between the *Horſe* and *Adonis*. As for his *Courage*, I have nothing to *except* againſt it, he is not *afraid* of ſhewing his Face in the *field*, and I believe wou'd not ſcruple to *hazard* his life for a *trifle*, becauſe he *knows* very well that in doing ſo he hazards a *thing* of no very great *Importance*. He is *liberal* even to Profuſion, and *flings* away his Money like Dirt, but 'tis among his Songſters and Fidlers, becauſe they *compliment* him with the title of *his Excellence*. He is *free* in his Diſcourſe, and has nothing of the *Diſſembler* in him; but, *Caliſta*, thoſe that always *ſpeak* what they *think*, don't always *think* what they

they *ſpeak*. He is no *Lyar*, and all that know him will do him the juſtice to *clear* him from that Imputation, for there wants a great deal of *Wit* and *Memory* to qualify a Man for that *Calling*. As for *Wit*, his Adverſaries give out that he has *little* or *none*; but I am *ready* to take up the *Cudgels* in his defence, for, I think, he has given a *convincing* and indeed an *undeniable* proof of his Wit in *loving* you. But to this the others reply, that he *loves* you meerly becauſe he was *told* you were amiable, and only ſuffers himſelf to be *carried* down the Stream with your other *Admirers*. 'Tis true, his *Judgment* was never poliſh'd by Education, he has no more *reliſh* for Learning than a Horſe, and is a perfect *Stranger* to all the Sciences: but, what is *equally* happy for him, he imagines he *knows* them all and ſomething *more*: and as Happineſs *conſiſts* in ones *thinking* himſelf happy, ſo perhaps *Wit* and good *Senſe* may conſiſt in ones thinking himſelf *witty*. If this Inference holds *good*, no Man ever poſſeſs'd it in ſo *eminent* a degree as *Adonis*, ſince no Man ever had a *better* Opinion of his own *Merit*. At the

ſame

ſame time, *Caliſta*, we muſt own that you have principally *contributed* to fix this *Error* in him, by heaping your Favours ſo *profuſely* upon him, and that 'tis *pardonable* in a Man to deceive *himſelf*, after he has deceiv'd a *Woman* of your wit. As for his *Devotion*, 'tis agreed on all hands that it muſt needs be very *great*, for he never *fails* of ſhewing his fine Perſon at *Church* when *you* are there, which is as much as to ſay, he goes thither very *often*. He is as *diſcreet* as a Man in his Condition well can be, and to be ſure *boaſts* not of Favours he never *received* from you. In his ordinary Converſation he pleaſes not *one* in a million, but what *ſignifies* that, ſince he is ſo happy as to *pleaſe* you, and you *alone* are all the *world* to him. One cannot ſay without groſly *flattering* him, that he *rallies* agreeably, but the Reaſon is, becauſe all *Raillery* is downright Slander, and *Slander* ſurely is below a Gentleman of his extraordinary *worth*. He tells his Stories with a very ill *grace*, and *teazes* all thoſe People to *death* whom he deſigns to *divert* with them; but tell me after all, what mighty *honour* is it for

for a Man to be a good *Story-teller*, in plain *English*, a good *Buffoon*?

And now, *Calista*, I have finished the *Picture* of your dear *Adonis* as well as I was able. I am afraid you'll not think it altogether so charming as the *Original*; but I find my self oblig'd in *Conscience* to inform you that *Love* is a most *deceitful* Painter, upon which account 'tis not safe always to *believe* the representations of so known a *Flatterer*. Perhaps too my *Jealousy*, whatever care I took to *hinder* it from having any hand in this *affair*, has not *seconded* your Intention. Well, be it so then: However, I dare assure you, *Calista*, that my *Jealousy* is much more *just* than your *Love*, and better *knows* how to draw Pictures after the life. I am

Madam,

Your most obedient Vassal, &c.

To

To Mrs. Elizabeth Handy *my Lady*——'s *Gentlewoman.*

Dear Betty,

SINCE you have promis'd to *conſider* me for drawing your Picture, and to be *juſter* than your Miſtreſs, who has not as yet *paid* me a farthing for *drawing* hers, and a thouſand other *Services* I have done her in my time; I am willing to *gratify* your deſire, and *paint* you with all the little *Art* I am Maſter of. At the ſame time I may without *vanity* affirm that your Picture will be a *truer* and more *finiſhed* Piece than *hers*, ſince you don't expect I ſhould *flatter* you; for which reaſon you muſt not take it *ill* of me, if I tell you without farther *Ceremony* that you are not *handſome*. Should I uſe this *Freedom* with your Miſtreſs, tho' I have the *truth* never ſo much on my ſide, ſhe wou'd call me all the *vile* Names under the Sun; but I know I am talking to *you*, whom I fear

fear *leſs* than her, by the ſame token I love you a great deal *better*.

Once more then I muſt tell thee, my deareſt *Betty*, that thou art not *handſome*, but then I *defy* the Devil himſelf to ſay thou art *deformed*. No, no, my dear Child, thou haſt a ſmiling roguy *Air*, and a certain *Je ne ſcay quoy* which our *fineſt* Ladies are often without, and ſets all the *Springs* of Nature in *Motion* as often as I *think* on't. Thy *Complexion* is brown, and none of the *cleareſt*. Thy *Eye brows* are as black as a Coal, and by the aſſiſtance of *Art* wonderfully *becoming*. Thy *Noſe* is a little *turn'd* up, which is an infallible *Sign*, dear Rogue, that thou art a Lover of the *Mathematics*. Thy *Mouth* is ſomewhat of the *largeſt*, but then to make thee *amends*, 'tis ſo proper for a Man's Tongue to wanton in. Then thy *Teeth* are as *regular* as the Paliſade before thy Lady's Parlour, and as *white* as Ivory. Thou haſt the daintieſt ſmacking *Lips* in the Univerſe, that wou'd *invite* a Hermit to *ſign* and *ſeal* upon them. Thy *Hair*, which reaches down to thy *waſt*, and is of a *lovely* black, gives no little *addition* to thy other Charms. As for thy

Bub-

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Bubbies, dear Child, they are none of the whiteſt, but they are plump and fleſhy, and *riſe* and *fall* ſo prettily, that I am *ſtark-mad* to have the *preſſing* of them; were Bubbies to be bought and ſold for ungodly *Pelf*, thou mightſt ſafely boaſt that thou art *richer* than thy Lady. As for thy *Shape*, I may *venture* to ſay without Flattery, 'tis fine and delicate. Thy *Legs* are ſo ſtraight and well-proportion'd, and thy Feet *ſteal* in and out ſo prettily under thy Petticoats, that I long to be better *acquainted* with them. If thou hadſt deſigned I ſhould have painted thy *other* Parts, thou oughteſt to have *ſhewn* them me, for between Friends thou ſhould *conceal* nothing from us Painters, and I don't queſtion but that thy Picture would have been ten times more *compleat* had I drawn thee *ſtark naked*. However, I have *ſeen* enough to convince me that thou art a moſt *delicious* Morſel of Iniquity; and, unleſs the Planets *deceive* me, I dare ſwear thy Inclinations are not *averſe* to the *Fleſh*. Thus, my dear Child, I have *drawn* part of thy Picture, by which a Man, that has but *once* had a ſight of thee, may eaſily *know* thee again:

again: But now I am preparing to shew thee some of my Master-strokes, to satisfie thee I am no *Bungler* at my Trade, but can tell how to *draw* People after the *life*. Not to make thee *vain*, Nature has been wonderful *indulgent* to thee; thou canst *set off* thy Person with a very little *Expence*, and appear in an *ordinary* Stuff more *advantageously* than any of our *stiff-rumpd* Countesses in their *Silks* and *Sattins*. In the point of *dressing*, thy Fancy is the most *orthodox* in the World: *Envy* it self cou'd never *charge* thee with putting one *Pin* out of its due place, nay even thy very *Negligence* has Charms, and *becomes* thee. As for thy pretty little *Fingers*, nothing in nature comes *amiss* to them, they are *perfectly* skill'd in all the Mysteries of *Embroidery*, they can *stitch* and *sow*, cut *Birds* and *Beasts*, and the whole History of the *Creation* in Paper, *raise* Fortifications in *Paste*, and a thousand other *Curiosities*. Thou hast more *Wit* than wou'd set up a dozen Waiting Gentlewomen, and canst *see* as far into a *Millstone* as the *oldest* Match-maker in Town: Thou canst *discover* a hundred things which no Body else wou'd have ta-

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taken any *notice* of; nay I have *observed* more than once that thou *knowest* the Intention of People, let them take never so much care to *conceal* it. I'll defy all the waiting Women in the Universe to shew so much *meekness* of Spirit as thou dost, or so *virtuous* a disposition to bring an *Intrigue* to a *happy* Conclusion. 'Tis true indeed, that in relation to thy *wicked* Lady this Talent of thine has hitherto been *unsuccessful*, but if thou continuest much *longer* about her person, I don't doubt but some of thy *Stratagems* will take effect. Thou hast an *amorous* Inclination, as I hinted to thee above, and I am damnably *mistaken* if thou canst *live* a day without *engaging* in some *new* Amour: But then, Child, thy Love is *noble*, 'tis built upon no *sordid* Principles of *Lucre*, it proposes nothing to it self but the *ease* and *relief* of Mankind, and always *soars* above thy Condition. But let thy Lovers be of what *Quality* they will, thou knowst how to make 'em observe their due *distance*, and govern 'em like a true *Mistress*. Thou hast dexterity enough to manage a *laudable* commerce with *five* or *six* Gallants at once,

for, to thy *eternal* praiſe be it ſaid, ne'er a Women in the world is *deeper* read in all the *Refinements* of Gallantry than thy ſelf. Thou knoweſt how to beſtow thy Favours with *Diſcretion*, to employ ſometimes *Compaſſion*, and ſometimes *diſdain*, to act the *fond* and the *indifferent*, according as the *various* diſpoſition of the *Scene* requires it, in ſhort, to make a *proper* Uſe of thy *Looks* and *Sighs*. Thou canſt *dart* a favourable *glance* at one, while thou *ſqueezeſt* the other by the Hand, and *talk* tenderly to a third, while thou *treadſt* upon the Toes of the fourth, and manage Affairs ſo *diſcreetly* as to make none of them *deſpair*: Not that thou art ſo *willing* a *Tit* neither as to let every Blockhead *get* up and *ride* for asking: Faith, Child, I'll *ſay* that for thee, thou waſt always a *Reſpecter* of Merit, and wou'dſt vouchſafe thy *Friendſhip* to none but thoſe that *deſerved* it. If any young Fellow falls *roughly* upon thee in one of his *amorous* Fits, thou knowſt how to *humble* his Inſolence, without *tearing* his Ruffles, or playing the *Fury* with his Hair. Should thy Miſtreſs *ſurprize* thee conferring Notes with a Friend in a *Corner*, or in

a

a *Posture* that wou'd give *offence* in another, thou art not a jot *discompos'd* for the matter, but knowest so *well* how to personate the *Innocent*; that 'tis impossible to find the least cause of *quarrelling* with thee. Upon all such *occasions* thou hast a thousand *Excuses* ready *cut* and *dried* for the purpose, and thy Wit never *displays* it self so signally as in these *Rencounters* which wou'd utterly *dum-found* a Person of less *Assurance*. Besides, *Betty*, to give thee thy *due*, thy Soul is neither infected with *Jealousy* nor *Envy*; thou art no *Enemy* to the Divertisements of *others*, but takest as much delight to *procure* as to *receive* them thy self, and art never in thy *Kingdom* but when thou art *holding* the door. When thou seest two *Lovers* under any *unhappy* Circumstances, thou knowest how to *insinuate* thy self into their Confidence with *Address*, and art *ravished* to find any Opportunity to contribute to their *Pleasures*. After all thou art *generous* to a miracle, and not at all influenc'd by *Interest*; thou preferr'st an honest fellow's hearty *Affection* to the *Purse* of a wealthy *Coxcomb*, and didst never in all thy life *stoop* so low as to *va-*

lue that glittering *traſh* call'd Money. Nay, Child, I dare *engage* for thee, that did thy *Abilities* come up to thy *Will*, thou wou'dſt *give* inſtead of *taking* the Pence, and *allow* thoſe that had a ſhare in thy *Affections* a noble ſhare of thy *fortune*. And, *Betty*, 'tis this virtuous *Principle* that makes thy Lovers ſtick ſo *cloſe* to thee: As thou art infinitely more *generous* and *witty* than all the *Servant-maids* in *Chriſtendom* put *together*, ſo one may juſtly conclude that thou haſt none of their *Vices* or Imperfections. Thou doſt not *trouble* thy head to *find* out, and afterwards *proclaim* the Faults of thy Miſtreſs; thou raiſeſt no idle *ſquabbles* about the Wages or Gettings of thy Fellow-ſervants; and as 'tis thy chief *Deſire* to *converſe* with People *Face* to Face, thou *canſt* not endure to ſpeak *ill* of them behind their *backs*: So much for thy *Morals*. Now to give ſome ſpecimen of thy *intellectual* Parts, thou canſt *nicely* diſtinguiſh between *fulſome* love, and love dreſt up in *clean* Metaphors, and haſt *inform'd* thy Judgment by reading *Romances* and other *good* Books, that talk *feelingly* and *judiciouſly* of theſe Affairs. 'Tis true, that

that ſo many *ſhining* Qualities make thee as much *envied* by the Maids and Footmen, as thou art *admired* by the Maſters and Miſtreſſes. In ſhort, my dear Child, thou art the *Heroine* of Waiting-women, and *Glory* of thy Function, and I make not the *leaſt* queſtion but that *one* of theſe days we ſhall *all* of us ſee ſome *notable* Adventure befal thee, that will *convince* the world that thou waſt deſcended of *illuſtrious* Parantage.

Thus, my charming *Betty*, I have endeavour'd to *draw* your Picture, which I hope will give you ſuch *Satisfaction*, that you won't grudge to *pay* me for't in the ſame *Coin* as you *promiſed* me, who am

Your moſt humble Admirer.

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To a Harlot in Great Queen-ſtreet *that hang'd her ſelf for an* Iriſh *Captain; and was unluckily cut down by her Maid.*

AN old Acquaintance of mine came to my Lodgings this Morning, and accoſted me after this manner. *Harry*, cries he, there's the ſtrangeſt Accident has happen'd yonder, near *Covent-Garden*, that ever you heard, and, prithee, try if you can gueſs it. Why, ſays I to him, I have no extraordinary Hand at this Sport, but if 'tis ſo very ſtrange, and the Scene near *Covent-Garden*, as you ſay, let me ſee. Has the talking Parrot in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* foretold the downfall of the *French* King? *No.* Now I talk of a Parrot, when Doctor *Burgeſs* preach'd laſt, did he make no body laugh? *No.* A Whore profer'd a retaining Fee at *Rouſe's*, and denied it? *No.* A City Reformer ſurpriz'd between a pair of red-hair'd Strumpets at

at the *Horſe-ſhoe*? *No.* A new Play talked of at *Will's*, and no *Exceptions* made to it? *No Sir.* Thus *No* was the Word ſtill. At laſt, ſays my Friend, in his old leering way, to put you out of your Pain; a certain *Harlot* in *Great Queen-ſtreet*—has run away from her Lodgings, carried off all her Effects in her Pocket-Handkerchief, I ſuppoſe, and—— Why, is that ſo ſtrange? *No, no*, but hear me with Reverence and Attention,— decently ſuſpended her ſelf Yeſterday Morning between the Hours of Twelve and One, *preciſely*,— the true *Canonical* Hour for hanging. Says I to him, as I hope to be ſaved, but, prithee *Jack*, for what —— Why, what ſhould ſhe hang her ſelf for but *Love*, ſaid he, very gravely— The Devil ſhe did, ſays I again: Thou may'ſt as well tell me a Foot Soldier wou'd die a Martyr for Small-beer, a true States-man for his Country's Intereſt, or a City Prentice for *Suffolk* Cheeſe —— Why, truly Sir, you may make merry as long as you pleaſe, ſays he, but 'tis even ſo as I tell you, and her Name—— Why, that is what I long to know—— Don't interrupt me then, 'tis the famous *Squintibella*

tabella—— VVell, Peace light on her Soul, 'twas *glorioufly* done —— But you have not heard all, ſays he. She had not hung a full Minute, when Alas, to ſee the great incertainty of human Affairs! her Maid, the Duce take me if my very Heart did not leap up to my very Mouth at the bare mention of her Name, hearing a Noiſe above, run up Stairs, and unluckily cut her down; and a Chirurgeon, with a *Pox* to him, made a ſhift to bring her to her ſelf, and recover'd her. And thus, continued he, ſhaking his Head in a *ſorrowful* manner, they have between 'em ſpoil'd one of the beſt Jeſts in *Chriſtendom*.

This is the *exact* Relation my Friend gave me of this *Affair*. Now to do thee *Juſtice*, thou art the *only* Harlot ſince the Creation, I believe, that ever had it put into her Head by the *Devil*, to fall a Sacrifice to *Love*. VVho cou'd have imagin'd that a VVoman of thy free *communicative* Spirit, ſhould fix her Affection, which was diſtributed before to all Mankind in *common*, to *Jews* as well as *Gentiles*, upon one tranſitory Mortal, nay, love him to that degree, as

to

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to *venture* Fire and Brimſtone for his ſake. This is ſo *monſtrous* and ſurprizing, that I much fear me, my dear Child, it portends ſome *unlucky* Revolution to *Europe*, the down-fall of the *Proteſtant* Religion in the *Palatinate*, the Univerſally Monarchy of *France*, the unkinging of his *Poliſh* Majeſty, or the beating of Prince *Eugene* out of *Italy*. Hadſt thou adminiſtred a little *Neapolitan* Conſolation to thy *Hibernian* for his Infidelity, thou hadſt *reveng'd* thy ſelf upon him in thy own way and *Profeſſion*, but to *hang* thy ſelf for a *faithleſs* Wretch, was ſo wrong a Step in *Politics*, that I can't imagine how thou could'ſt fall upon it. Alas, thy *buſineſs* is living and not dying, or if thou muſt needs *reſolve* upon the latter, thou oughteſt to die in thy own *Element*, I mean, of Love's *active* Diſtemper, and even of that, no where *under* a Garret. *Money* is a Whore's Religion, *Love* is down-right Superſtition; now, why ſhould one of thy Function, in this *Atheiſtical* Age too, die for an *Errour*, when our very Parſons won't do it for the *Truth*.

But

But my Dear, I only ſay this by way of raillery, for between Friends, I ſo heartily approve of thy virtuous Reſolution, that I am almoſt ready to hang my ſelf for its Miſcarriage.

Bleſs me! what wou'd I have *given* to have been in thy Chamber when this glorious Scene was tranſacting there; but Heaven be praiſed, I have a tolerable good Fancy of my own, with whoſe Aſſiſtance I can make a ſhift to *gueſs* pretty well how it was. I imagine then I ſee thee taking ſome half a ſcore melancholy *Turns* about thy Room, with a *noble* Diſtraction, and *heroic* Wildneſs in thy Looks, like Queen *Dido* a little before ſhe aſcended the Funeral *Pile*: Methinks I hear thee pouring out a volly of hearty *Ejaculations* againſt thy falſe Gallant,— then down with thy Looking-glaſs,— then out with the Cords, — then faſten them to the Staple, —— then mount the fatal *Joynt-Stool*, —— then take the fatal Leap, ha, ha, ha, it makes me ready to die with the conceit,—— and then ſwing

With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape, and a Grace,

As

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As the Song has it, like a School-boy in a Bell-rope, but ſo prettily and decently, that I muſt needs ſay for thee, with the Knot ſo *nicely* plac'd under thy right Ear, thy Mouth ſo *merrily* diſtorted, and the humidity of thy Nature ſo *plenteouſly* ſtreaming down upon the Floor, that for my part, I wou'd rather have beheld this Sight, than any of the *Roman* Triumphs, and ſooner ſeen thee dangling *under* the Rope, than a thouſand *Lady Marys* ſhowing their Agility *upon* it.

Faith, my dear Child, to be *ſerious* with thee, I wou'd not have had thee cut down for a *Million*, and a Million thou knoweſt is a pretty *round* Sum, as times go. In the firſt place, had thy noble Deſign taken effect, thou wouldeſt have been immortalized in all the *News-Papers* about Town, and thy *Phyz* moſt curiouſly engraved in Wood by honeſt *John Overton*, to *adorn* the Walls of every Coffee-houſe in *Drury-lane*. The poor Siſter-hood of *Wild-ſtreet* wou'd have quoted thy Name with as much Veneration, as the Boys in *Cheapſide* talk of the *London* Prentice, that killed his brace of *Lions*, and kept the Anniverſary of thy *Suſ-*

penſion

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penſion more *religiouſly* than the good People of *White Friars* do that of their *Martyr*, Captain *Winter*. Then there wou'd have been half a ſcore mournful Odes made upon thee, that's certain, ſung moſt harmoniouſly at *Holbourn-bars* and *Fleet-ditch*: The Ballad-Women wou'd have cried *here's a new and true Ballad of a Miſs of the Town, that hang'd her ſelf in great* Queen-ſtreet. Then ſome of the ſtanders by wou'd have asked *for what?* For what? why, becauſe ſhe had perhaps, cries one of them, been over-worked in *Bridewell*, or becauſe ſhe had faln into the Hands of Juſtice *Perry*, cries another, or was ſtript of her only Petticoat by an *unmerciful* Drawer, ſays a third, or an unkind Spark gave her a ſmall Token of his Affection, cries a fourth, and left her not a Farthing to get rid on't. Thus the Mobb wou'd have bandied their Opinions about thee, and at laſt, the Ballad-Women clear'd all by telling them *In truth, you are miſtaken, ſhe hanged her ſelf for Love.* Upon this, there wou'd have been ſuch *ſhouting* and clapping of Hands, ſuch *hollowing* and huzzaing, that the whole Town wou'd have

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have rung with the noiſe. Nay, who knows but the City Poet, in a few Years, wou'd have brought thee into *Smithfield*, where thou wouldeſt ſoon have o're-topt *Jephtha*'s Daughter, and *Bateman*'s Ghoſt; or laſtly, who can tell but thou mighteſt have been prefer'd to the Almanac, and a new *Æra* commenc'd from thy glorious *Suſpenſion*: VVell, it makes me ſtark-mad, my dear Creature, to think that thou haſt *loſt* all theſe Advantages and Honours, theſe Trophies and Epitaphs, through the over-officious *Folly* of thy Maid. Prithee, let me *conjure* thee to turn her away for my ſake; or rather for *thy own*; for why ſhould thou keep a ſilly Slut in thy Service that has rob'd thee of *Immortality*?

H. T.

To Melaniſſa.

Upon ſeeing his Rival go into Her Lodgings.

I Was dreſt, and juſt *going* to make you a ſmall *Viſit*, laſt Evening, when

when I unluckily ſaw a Coach ſtop at your Door, a *Gallant* bolt into the Houſe, the *Saſhes* drawn down by truſty *Rachel*, and all appearances of *Buſineſs* going forward. This made me immediately *drop* my deſign, for as I would not willingly be *hinder'd* in one of my own *Intrigues*, ſo I am too good a *Chriſtian* to interrupt any *Friend* of yours in his. Cou'd I but expreſs to you how *uneaſily* I paſs'd the Evening, and what racking thoughts poſſeſs'd me all night, as *hard-hearted* as you are, I dare ſwear you wou'd *pity* me. All the while I toſs'd and *tumbl'd* in my Bed, I fanci'd my *happier* Rival revell'd in your *Arms*, ſurfeited on your *Lips*, lay expiring upon your *Breaſts*, and ——— but I dare truſt my ſelf no longer with ſuch *ſtabbing* Ideas: In ſhort, I am upon the brink of *Deſpair*, and you have no other way left to cure my *Jealouſy*, but by impoſing upon my *Underſtanding*, and telling me that all I ſaw was a perfect *Illuſion*; perſwade me the *Gallant* was the Fellow that furniſhes you with *Small-coal*; that the *Coach* was a Bandbox with your Linnen in't, the two *Horſes* a brace of Elephants juſt marching for *May-fair*. Tell me, truſty

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ſty *Rachel* was drinking burnt *Brandy* with a couple of Tinderbox-cryers at the next red lattice, tho' I *ſaw* her draw down the Parlour-Saſhes about ſix. To conclude, *invent* any thing, *ſay* any thing, *ſwear* any thing, tho' it be never ſo *abſurd*; ſo you give it me but under your *hand*, 'twill be the beſt of *Cordials* to

The deſpairing

Amyntas.

Billet to Melaniſſa.

He deſires her to ſteal him a kind Glance out of her Window.

Madam,

WHAT have I done to diſoblige you, that you ſhould keep me ſo long in *Darkneſs*? In plain *Engliſh*, why have I not ſeen you *ſhine* out of the Saſh this morning, ſince you know I *compute* the Day not from the Sun's *riſing*, but your *appearing* at the Window? 'Tis now exactly *ten*, yet

yet 'tis as *dark* in my Hemiſphere, meaning my Room, as if 'twere *midnight*, and all for want of your divine *Eyes* to enlighten it. You'll *hardly* believe me, but upon my Faith 'tis *true*, I am forced to uſe a *Candle* to write theſe few Lines to you; therefore tho' it were only to ſave me the *expence* of Candles, which the Maid, with *Tears* in her Eyes, told me are *riſen* a full Penny in the pound, ſince the *declaring* of the War, peep out of the Window, and give Light and Comfort to.

Amyntas.

Billet to the ſame.

Upon calling her a Hypocrite.

Madam,

YOU quarell'd with me laſt night for calling you a *Hypocrite*, by the ſame token I promiſed to *retract* my Words the next time I did my ſelf the *honour* to write to you. I wou'd willingly *oblige* you all I can, but having conſider'd the matter *ſeriouſly* upon

on my Pillow, my *Conſcience* tells me you are a downright *Hypocrite*, and Madam, I find, there's no going againſt ones *Conſcience*.

To be a *Hypocrite* is to be *one* thing in reality, and *another* in appearance: Now, Madam, let us examine whether you will not come within the *pale* of this definition. To ſee the charming *Innocence* of your Looks, one wou'd be apt to ſwear you never intended or executed any *Miſchief* with them, and yet you have more *bloodſhed*, they ſay, to anſwer for than the *French* King. Then your *Eyes* are the greateſt *Hypocrites* in nature; he that obſerves the languiſhing *Softneſs* of them, wou'd conclude they only warm'd us by their Beams, whereas the Sun in *Afric* does not *ſcorch* more violently. Your *Cheeks* are adorn'd with ſo *delicious* a red that half the World imagines you are *painted*, whereas you wholly owe it to the Indulgence of *Nature*. And laſtly, as for your Converſation, nothing is ſo eaſy and *free*, yet nothing ſeems ſo *artificial* and ſtudied.

On the other hand, Madam, your humble Servant is perfectly the *reverſe* of what he appears to be. You'd take

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him for a wavering *inconſtant* Fellow, and ſo does the Generality of your Sex that regulate their *Judgment* of him by *Appearances*; but, to my certain Knowledge, he's the *ſincereſt* Lover upon Earth. 'Tis true, he ſeems to proffer his Heart to a thouſand other Women; yet, take my Word for't, he only deſigns it for you: If ſometimes he acts the *Indifferent*, and tells you he cares not a *Farthing* for you, don't believe him; for then his Paſſion is at the higheſt, and he could readily die for you.

Thus, Madam, 'tis plain we are both of us *Hypocrites*, tho' of a *different* Species. What will you ſay to my *Propoſal* then of bringing both our *Noble* Qualifications into one common Stock? For perhaps ſomething very *ſincere* may be the Reſult of it.

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*To Madam *** upon ſending her Sir* Richard Blackmore's Job *and* Habbakkuk.

After Balzac's *Manner.*

TO ſhew you what an univerſal *Submiſſion* is paid to Beauty, an *Eaſtern* Prince comes to *wait* on you this morning. 'Tis true he does not appear in his *Arabian* Magnificence, nor viſits you with a Splendor *ſuitable* to his rank; but after the manner of *Suppliants* he addreſſes himſelf to you in a *penitential* habit, and you ſee him juſt as he eſcaped out of Sir *Richard's* Poetical *Powd'ring-tub*, which has prov'd more *unfortunate* to him than his *Dung-hill.* However, Madam, it was your *Command* he ſhould appear before you in this Garb; and the *Patriarch*, to ſhew his antient *Meekneſs*, has obey'd you. But altho' he enjoys the *happineſs* of your Company, yet either diſcouraged by his late unworthy *Treatment*, or overcome by your *Beauty*, he is not able to ſpeak a Syllable

for himſelf. He that had *Eloquence* enough to deſcribe all the *mighty Works* of the Creation, finds himſelf at a Loſs to deſcribe the *leaſt* of your *Charms*; he ſees that the natural Armour of his *Leviathan* is not ſo impenetrable as your *Heart*, and that the *weakeſt* of your Glances exceeds the Strength of his fam'd *Behemoth*. Tho' he firſt ſaw the *Light* in a Country which furniſhes our Altars with *Perfumes*, yet he owns, they fall ſhort of the natural *Sweetneſs* of your Breath, and confeſſes, that his own *Arabia* was unproperly call'd *happy*, ſince it never produc'd any thing ſo *beautiful* as your ſelf.

But, Madam, tho' your Commands are not to be *diſputed*, *Job* had hardly *ventur'd* to appear before you in this Diſguiſe, had not a *Brother* in Affliction, and *Fellow-ſufferer* come along with him to keep him in *Countenance*. Both of them are ſo much alter'd for the worſe, ſince they have come out of the Doctor's Hands, who not content to murder the *Living*, exerciſes his Cruelty upon the *Dead*, that their *neareſt* Relations, were they now alive, wou'd hardly *know* them. *Job* com-

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complains more of his *ill* Usage from the *City Bard*, than all his other Afflictions, which the *Devil*, in conjunction with his *Wife*, contriv'd to lay upon him; and *Habbakuk* bewails the ignoble Captivity he lies under, with a *deeper* Resentment than that of his Country-men in *Chaldea*. However, both of them will glory in their Misfortunes, if you'll but vouchsafe to cast a *pitying* Look upon them, nay, *thank* their unmerciful *Persecuter* for putting them in this *disadvantageous* Dress, if it produces so *favourable* an Effect.

To Monsieur de la—— *his Correspondent in* Paris.

Written in the Person of a French-man, *and giving an Account of all the merry Passages he observ'd in* London.

I Had long ago discharg'd my Promise, and sent you an Account of the most *remarkable* things that offer themselves to a Stranger's *Curiosity*: But *London*, Sir, is too *Gigantic*

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a Place, and the many new Objects one *daily* meets, are ſo apt to *efface* the Idea's of the *former*, that a Man may very well be *allow'd* to paſs a few Months in it, before he can regulate his Thoughts, and reduce them into *Method*. For your *Comfort*, I ſhall not trouble you with any Relations that are to be *found* in our common *Itineraries*. The *Diſcoveries* I ſend you, are either the *Reſult* of my own Obſervation, or ſuch as I *gather'd* in my frequent Converſe with the ableſt *Virtuoſo's* of this famous City. In ſhort, they very well *deſerve* your Attention, and you may depend upon the Truth of them.

People may talk as they *pleaſe*; but I am of Opinion that there is more *Religion* ſtirring in *London*, than moſt Cities in the Univerſe: Nay, that in a great meaſure 'tis *incorporated* with their very Trade. Thoſe worthy Gentlemen the Stage-Coach-Men ſhew it in their printed Bills, where they never *fail* to conclude with an *If God permit*. Nay, in one of their *Lotteries* I obſerv'd the Projector endeavour'd to *hook* in Cuſtomers with a *Text* of Scripture, and made *Solomon* Pimp to his Deſign, by quo-

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quoting that *Saying* of his, *Time and Chance happen to all.* What is more surprizing, your very *Beggars* in the common Streets use the same Tone with the *Presbyterian* Parsons. In short, *London* is so far from being a *prophane* Place, that some of the most *Eminent* Citizens, who can afford it, have *two* Religions going at once, and will march you gravely at the head of six notch'd Prentices, to *Church* in the Morning, and a *Meeting* in the Afternoon.

As for the *Women*, I'll say that for them, they are perfect *Heroines* in their Nature; they'll see you half a Score Kings and Queens *murder'd* upon the Stage, yet shew no more *Concern* than if so many Nine-pins were *tipt* down. And then at the *Old Baily*, tho' the Judge gravely tells them, *Look ye, Ladies, we have a smutty Trial coming on, where we shall be oblig'd to call every thing by its proper Name, and therefore it may be convenient for you to withdraw*; yet the Devil a Lady will *flinch* for the Business, but *sit* you *out* the whole Trial without so much as putting on their *Masks*, tho' the Witnesses now and then talk a *Heathen* Philosophy that's enough to make even a Midwife *blush*. But

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But the *merrieſt* thing of all, is their *Pindaric* Poetry. Wou'd you know what *ſort* of Verſification it is, I will tell you then: Why firſt of all, here is one huge Line as *long* as my Arm or longer; then there come one, two, or three *ſhort* Lines, like a *Pigmy* behind a *Giant*; very pretty, begar! then another *long* Line, and then a *ſhort* one, and another *ſhort*, and another *long*, and ſo on to the End of the *Stanza*. I was told that the *Engliſh* Poets borrow'd this Fancy from the Faggot-makers; for theſe Fellows will firſt of all put you down a long Stick, and then a ſhort one, and after this manner binding the Sticks together, when they have done, call it a Faggot, as the Authors call the other a *Pindaric* Ode.

Few Towns in *Chriſtendom* are ſo apt to promote *Scepticiſm* as this. There are at leaſt half a Score Pretenders to *Anderſon*'s *Scotch* Pills, and the Lord knows who has the true Preparation. The ſame Uncertainty there is about *Bateman*'s Spirit of Scurvy-graſs: Nay, as you walk to *Hogſden*, one Sign tells you, This is *the true, old, ancient Farthing-Pye Houſe*; and before you

can

can walk *three Steps* further, you meet another Sign that has *Impudence* to tell you the very *same* Story. Thus a Stranger is wonderfully puzzled which of these *two* Houses to go to, and not knowing how to *clear* the Difficulty, sometimes goes to *neither*. They abound particularly in *Holes* in the *Wall*: to the best of my Remembrance there are at least four in *Baldwin*'s-Gardens, and as many more about *Red-Lion* Square: Now, I believe it wou'd *Non-plus* the *ablest* Antiquary of them all to *determine* which is the right, *ancient*, and *primitive* Hole in the Wall.

I have been exceedingly scandaliz'd at the great *Variety* of Spelling in the publick Signs. I cou'd instance in a *hundred*, but shall content my self with the Word *Lancashire*, that has been most *inhumanly* us'd by them. You shall find it written *Lanckisheir* in one, *Lankesheare* in another, and *Lanckasheer* in a third. I foresee that this Difference of Orthography in these *public* Inscriptions, as your Ale-house-Signs most *certainly* are, will give the *Grammarians* a World of *Trouble* two or three hundred Years hence: so for my part

part I wonder that Dr. *Bentivolio* does not petition the *Parliament* that no Victualler be suffer'd to set up a Sign till it has been first *carefully* examin'd and consider'd by Commissioners *well skill'd* in these *Matters*, and *chosen* for the purpose.

They have several Latin Words in and about this Town, that are *peculiar* to *England*, and go *currant* no where else. In one of the Villages about *London* there is a very *noble* Hospital, and over the Refectory a *Latin* Inscription giving to understand that this Building was *erected* at the Charge of a Gentleman that belong'd to the *Societas Haberdasherorum*. I was for a long while *perplex'd* to know what Countrymen these *Haberdasherians* were, or from whence they borrow'd their Name. Sometimes I thought 'em the Remainders of the old *Aborigines* of the Island, and sometimes a People of the *Cimbrica Chersonesus*, that came over with the *Saxons*. I consulted *Strabo*, *Ptolomy*, *Dionysius Afer*, *Mela*, and the old Geographers, about the matter, who gave me not the *least Insight* into them: Then I turn'd over *Cluverius*, *Ferrarius*, *Du Fresne*, *Salmasius* upon *Solinus*, and who not, but

but was no *wiſer* than before. At laſt a learned *Engliſh* Gentleman told me that theſe *Haberdaſherians* were a civiliz'd *moral* People enough, and only dealt in *harmleſs* Manufactures, as *Pins*, *Tape*, *Inkle*, and *Packthread*.

Some *Airs* have been obſerv'd by Naturaliſts to breed *Agues*, as the Hundreds in *Eſſex*, ſome to breed *Calentures*, as *Guinea* in *Afric*, others to breed *contagious* Diſtempers, as *Barbados* and *Jamaica*. Now the Air of *Cheapſide* has this *peculiar* Quality belonging to it, as to *breed* Horns. 'Tis certain (and the Obſervation has been made ever ſince *William* the Conqueror's Days) that not one marry'd Man in a hundred that dwells in that Street eſcapes them. Nay, I have been *credibly* inform'd that a Linnendraper of *Cheapſide* bought him a *fine Tortoiſe-ſhell* Tobacco-box near the *Exchange*, and before he had wore it full Week in his Pocket, it was converted to perfect *Horn*.

The Merchants of *London* are nothing near ſo *polite* as ours in *Paris*. The Devil a jot do they know of the *Ouvrages d'Eſprit*, whereas ours will diſcourſe *better* upon *Books* and Authors than

than *Trade* and Commerce. I made a *Viſit* to one of them, and after the *firſt* Compliments were paſt, enquir'd of him what *Books* of Note had lately *appear'd* in the World. Oh Sir, ſays he, ſince the joining of the two *Companies*, we have had the fineſt *Bettelées*, *Palamporcs*, *Baſts* and *Jamwars*, come over that ever were ſeen. *Pardon* me, Sir, ſaid I, theſe Affairs are ſomewhat out of my *Knowledge*. ---Indeed, as for the *Mamoodies*, the *Lingooes*, the *Culgees*, and the *Chints*, continues he, they receiv'd ſome little Detriment by the Salt Water: but--- you miſtake me, Sir, cry'd I, for all this while I was talking of ----- but then for your *Mulmuls*, *Phootaes*, *Gurrah's*, *Moorées*, and *Roſtaes*, mind me what I ſay, Sir, I *defie* the whole World to *match* us, and ſo he went on, till I was forc'd to break up *abruptly* with him.

Foreigners *unjuſtly* charge the *Londoners* with Want of *Civility* and *Invention*. Don't they give a plain *Proof* of their ſingular *Courteſie*, when Curates, Surgeons, Operators for the Teeth and Toes, *Anglicè* Tooth-drawers and Corn-cutters, nay, Farriers and Sextons go by the Name of

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Doctors? And then, who dares queſtion the Goodneſs of their Invention, who conſiders that thoſe noble *Curioſities*, Swimming-Girdles, Pacing-Saddles, Chalybiate Pancakes, Engines to prevent Leaking, and that great Traveller Major *John Choke*'s famous Necklaces for breeding of Teeth, with a numberleſs Set of *Theories* were invented here? Beſides, the laſt *new* Religion that appear'd in theſe Parts of the World, was it not *wholly* contriv'd by the *Philadelphians*?

'Tis worth a Stranger's while to *peep* into the ſeveral *Conventicles* here, to obſerve how Affairs are *managed* among them. The Miniſter gets up into his *Box*, talks a great deal of *unintelligible* Snuff; the People *lugg* out their Silver Ink-horns, and take it upon *Content*; which puts me in mind of the *Fellow* in Hell that was always making of *Ropes*, and an *Aſs* ſtill devour'd them.

Among other Cuſtoms, I obſerv'd one very *ſingular*, and *ancient*, and *ſtill* kept on foot, which is, to make *Fools* of People on the firſt Day of *April*. I cou'd never inform my ſelf what gave the firſt Riſe to ſo *odd* a Frolic; but methinks

thinks they might let it alone; for ſince three Parts in four of the People are Fools *every* Day in the Year, what *occaſion* is there to ſet a Day *apart* for it?

When a Humour takes in *London*, they ride it to *death* before they can part with it. As for inſtance, *Lotteries* were firſt ſet up for Annuities and Penſions; then they came down to Books and Pictures, at laſt they *deſcended* even to Snuff and Balſam, to Plum-Cakes and Mince-Pies. Thus, becauſe *Æſop* from *Tunbridge* had the good Fortune to pleaſe, a hundred other *Æſops* from *Epſom*, *Iſlington*, and other Parts of the Kingdom were immediately trump'd up, till the very Name of *Æſop* at laſt grew *ſcandalous*. The ſame Folly *infected* the Theatre, where a *Beau* at his firſt Appearance upon the Stage happening to tickle the Fancies of the Auditors, you cou'd have ne're a Play without that Animal to ſet it off. The firſt *Beau* diverted 'em with his huge *Muff*, the ſecond with his monſtrous *Periwig*, the third with *Buttons* as big as Turnips, the fourth with an extraordinary *Cravat*, the fifth with a fantaſtical *Sword-Knot*. 'Twas the ſame original Coxcomb all the while, but only a little diverſify'd. Ha-

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Having ſeen the famous *Braſs Monument* in *Weſtminſter*, I went in the next Place to ſee Dr. *Otes*, whom I found in one of the Coffee-houſes that looks into the *Court* of *Requeſts*. He is a moſt *accompliſh'd* Perſon in his way, that's certain. The Turn of his Face is extreamly *particular*; he has the *largeſt* Chin of any Clergyman in *Europe*, by the ſame token, they tell a *merry* Story how he cheated a *two-peny* Barber by hiding it under his Cloak. In ſhort, his Mouth ſtands *exactly* in the middle of his Face, like the *White* in the *Center* of a Target.

I had the *Curioſity* ſometimes to beſtow an half Hour at Mr. *B*——'s little Manſion in *Ruſſel-Court*. Some Miniſters will make you *cry*, ſome will make you *ſleep*; but honeſt *Daniel* will make you *laugh* with his Preaching. I happen'd to *hear* him once, when he took occaſion to prove the *Tendency* of Mankind to *Corruption* from their loving *rotten* Cheeſe. Do but obſerve, my Brethren, ſays he, when an old *Cheſhire* Cheeſe is brought to the Table, how *readily* every Man ſticks his Knife into the *blue* Part, a *plain* Indication (and then he *nodded* his Head) of the *Truth* of original Sin! But

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But of all the *Virtuoſo's* in *London*, commend me to the ingenious Dr. *Thimbleſworth*, who publiſh'd the Furniture of a *Chineſe* Barber's Shop in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*. He is certainly a *profound* Philoſopher, and will aſſign you a *Phyſical* Reaſon for any thing almoſt. I will give you one remarkable Inſtance, to ſhew you the great Depth of his *Penetration*. He *chanc'd* to be in a Gentleman's Company that *fainted* away at the Sight of a few *Eggs*. What does my Doctor do upon this, but *whips* ſtreight into *Eſſex* where the Gentleman liv'd, enquires privately into the *ſecret* Hiſtory of his Family, and finds his Grandfather had ſtood in the *Pillory* for *forging* a Bond. Having made this lucky Diſcovery, he ſoon found out the *true* Reaſon of the Grandſon's *Averſion* to *Eggs*. A thouſand *other* Curioſities I cou'd impart to you, but having already *ſwell'd* my Letter to too *great* a Bulk, I will e'en *reſerve* them to a *fitter* Opportunity, and conclude with *aſſuring* you that I am

Your Humble Servant.

FINIS.

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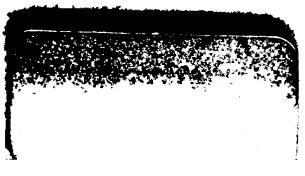

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